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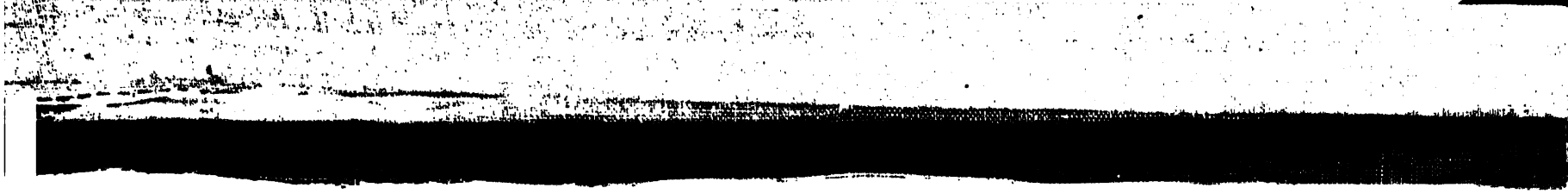

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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

Joshuah Sylvester

FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED:
WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
GLOSSARIAL INDEX, &c. &c. PORTRAITS, AND FACSIMILES, &c.

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.
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To

Mr. DAVID M. MAIN,

DOUNE, PERTHSHIRE,

EDITOR OF 'A TREASURY OF ENGLISH SONNETS.'
AND MY DEAR FRIEND.

THEY PLAY'D, MY SYLVESTER, UPON THY NAME
IN DAYS OF OLD, WHILE YET THY WREATH WAS GREEN,
AND MEN STILL LIVED WHO HAD THEE KNOWN AND SEEN;
THEY LINK'D IT ON WITH '*SYLVA*,' AND DID CLAIM
FOR THEE THAT THOU WERT 'SILVER-TONGUED.' I BLAME
THEM NOT, O POET-PAINTER! THINE, THE SHEEN
AND SHADOW O' THE GREENWOOD; AND I WEEN
THY VOICE MUSICAL AS BROOK'S. I CRY SHAME
ON OUR SMALL VARLETS OF THESE DAYS WHO SCORN
TO LIST THY PRAISE. JOHN MILTON SEARCH'D THEE OFT
AND FOUND GREAT SPOIL; THOU WERT BY WORDSWORTH BORNE
AMONG THE MOUNTAINS. THESE, LIFT THEE ALOFT
OLD BARD! AND FRIEND MAIN, NEAR THY 'TREASURY'
LET HIM HAVE PLACE, 'NEATH THY DISCERNING EYE.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

I.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

JOSHUAH SYLVESTER in the '*Sacrum Memoriæ Ornatissimi Pientissimique ipsius Amici Josuæ Sylvester*' of JOHN VICARS[1]—who knew him well and loved and mourned him—is recorded as 'aged 55' on his death in 1618. This takes us back to 1563. So that his lifetime only slightly overlaps, in beginning and close, that of SHAKESPEARE (born 1564: died 1616), or the supremest of the Elizabethan-Jacobean period—an allowable recollection without thought of either 'odious' or grotesque 'comparisons.'

He himself informs us that he was a native of Kent, as thus:—

> 'Our silver MEDWAY (which doth deep indent
> The Flowrie Meadowes of My native KENT,)
> Still sadly weeping (under Pensherst Walls)
> Th' Arcadian Cygnet's bleeding Funeralls.'[2]

This is rather indefinite; but read in the light of other ascertained *data*, guides us to either Hadley (now spelled 'Hadlow') or Eltham. The latter has been thought of because 'the first kinde fosterer of' his 'tender muses,' his 'never-sufficiently-Honoured dear Uncle, W. Plumb, Esq.,'[3] was born and seated there, and maternal relatives (it is believed). But the marriage of Plumb's sister with the Poet's father, while it explains his coming and going to Eltham, does not seem to warrant the assignation of it as his birthplace. 'Hadley' the late REV. JOHN MITFORD suggested by placing it within brackets thus, 'a native of Kent (Hadley?)'[1] There is this to be said for 'Hadley' which cannot be of Eltham, that the 'silver Medway' does 'indent the Flowrie Meadowes' in its neighbourhood on its way to classic 'Penshurst.' I fear the exact locality must remain indeterminate until some 'find' in Parish Register or elsewhere reveals it, albeit its place in the enumeration of loved spots (vol. I. p. 50, ll. 1160-1169, l. 1164) makes 'Hadley' the most probable.[2]

In 'The Wood-man's Bear'—'Wood-man' being a transparent anonym for 'Sylvester' from 'Sylva'—youthful visits to Eltham or Fulham are pleasantly recalled, *e.g.*:

> 'I was wont (for my disport)
> Often in the Summer season,
> To a Village to resort,
> Famous for the rathe ripe Peason;
> Where, beneath a *Plumm*-tree shade,
> Many pleasant walks I made:'[3]

the '*Plumm-tree*' being manifestly a play on his uncle's name of 'Plumb' or 'Plumbe.' Onward I shall have occasion to recur to the Plumbes, and the love-story of this brilliant poem. Meanwhile, it is satisfying to know that as a boy Master Joshua had the range of his uncle and aunt's 'orchard'-surrounded house. So far as I can make out from the somewhat confused genealogical materials

[1] Our Vol. I. pp. 10-11.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 41, ll. 126-9.
[3] Vol. II. p. 9.

[1] Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xxvi. (1846), p. 340.
[2] Eheu! Since the text was printed, I have learned that though the Parish Register of Hadlow goes back to 1558, no mention of Sylvesters occurs in it. So too with Eltham.
[3] Vol. II. p. 309, st. 30.

available, the father of our Joshua was a ROBERT SYLVESTER, a clothier, who took the lead in an opposition of the clothiers to the payment of alnage (or ulnage), in the city of London.[1] He is complained of in a letter from the Lord Mayor and three of the aldermen to Lord Burghley, dated 23d April 1588. JOSEPH HUNTER in his *Chorus Vatum* states this positively; but unfortunately he gives no authority for it, while other accompanying statements are contradictory.[2] Of course this Robert Sylvester's being in London in 1588, is not in discord with his origination and earlier residence away down in Kent. Still, one should have liked the connecting links. His mother must have been sister to William Plumbe of Eltham and Fulham. From the circumstance that neither parent is so much as alluded to in the entire (abundant) writings of our Worthy, while he is continually turning aside to celebrate his kin and friends, I am disposed to think, (1.) That by the fact that the 'clothier' Robert Sylvester was living in 1588, he was not his father, and (2.) That the silence on both betokens that he lost both when a mere child. The whole strain of his reminiscences and celebration of his uncle William Plumbe leaves the impression that it was to him he was indebted for his education. Again—as with his birthplace—all this must remain uncertain until further light shall arise.

The first *bit* of actual fact after his birth-year that we get, is that in his 9th year he was entered at a renowned school, to wit, that of Southampton, at whose head was the once-famous Dr. HADRIANUS SARAVIA. This we learn from his 'Funerall Elegie to my reverend friend, M. D. Hill: In pious memory of that Worthy Matrone, his right vertuous and religious Wife, Margarite Wyts (late widow of the reverend Dr. Hadrianus Saravia) Deceased.' He thus gratefully recalls his obligations:—

> 'My Saravia; to whose *reverend Name*
> Mine owes the honour of du-BARTAS' fame.
> For as our London (else for drought undon)
> Sucks from the Paps (the Pipes) of Middleton . . .
> Suckt I (my *Succour*) my short shallow *Rill*:
> The little *All* I can (and all I could,
> *In three poor years, at three times three years old.*)"[1]

Fortunately a schoolfellow—no less than ROBERT ASHLEY, later celebrated as a translator and author—in his (MS.) Memoirs, has left certain records of this school that are of special interest. Thus he informs us that Dr. Saravia limited his school to 'sixteen or twenty youths of good family, who lived with him.' Of whom was Sir Thomas Lake, Secretary of State to James I. (Fuller's Worthies, *s.n.*). Still more interestingly, he tells us that 'It was a rule all should speak French; he who spoke English, though only a sentence, was obliged to wear a fool's cap at meals, and continue to wear it till he caught another in the same fault.' Further—the 'three poor years at three times three years old' is confirmed as Master Sylvester's 9th (entering 10th) year, by the date of Saravia's closing his school and leaving England, for

[1] Hunter's *Chorus Vatum*, 24,487, *s.n.*

[2] Joseph Hunter in his *Chorus Vatum* (24,487, 24,493) has brought together a mass of heterogeneous and chaotic scraps from all manner of sources; but as above, the authorities are rarely given, and when given vaguely or inaccurately, *e.g.*, he mentions an early Italian Sylvester as having been recommended for a tutorship to the son of Lord Cobham, a 'Kentish nobleman,' in 1547; but the Harleian MS., 284, f. 18, given as authority, has no such recommendation, nor could I find it in the volume. He also notices a Daniel Sylvester as having been sent to the Emperor of Russia in 1575; but neither are his alleged 'instructions' found in the volume. Mr. Hunter claimed to descend from Sylvester of Mansfield; but he goes on to make out this 'my own ancester' a Robert Sylvester, son of Peter Sylvester, to be brother to Julian Sylvester, and to Joshua the Poet, thus muddling the whole thing. I note that he also gives the following document about another Robert Sylvester—'Md. that I Robert Sylvester dothe axse a lowanse [=allowance] for rydinge to sent tanthynes [=St. Anthony's] at Canterbury at Master Moyle's cōmandment to p'nse and to make a boke of: the nedful refrashens ther for vil. dayes by me Robert Sylvester mason.' Ordered to be paid 2s. a day 3d July 1551. It is much to be deplored that spite of his laborious industry every statement of Mr. Hunter's immense *Chorus Vatum* and other MSS. must be sifted and tested.

[1] Vol. II. p. 292, ll. 117-128.

Leyden. This was in 1576. So that his time of attendance at Southampton was 1573-1576.[1] The rigid rule as to speaking French explains the opening lines of our quotation from the 'Elegie:'—

> 'To whose reverend Name
> Mine owes the honour of du-Bartas' fame.'

This in plain prose means, that his acquisition of French at Saravia's School had enabled him to 'translate' Du-Bartas. In the 'Elegie' he thus continues:—

> 'His love and labour apted so my wit,
> That when *Urania* after rapted it,
> Through Heav'n's strong working, weaknesse did produce
> Leaves of delight, and fruits of sacred use:
> Which, had my Muse t' our either Athens flowne,
> Or follow'd him, had been much more mine owne,
> Then was the fault that so it fell not out.'[2]

By 'had my Muse t' our either Athens flowne' doubtless was intended—had he proceeded to either of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge. By 'Or follow'd him,' similarly we may understand—had he accompanied Saravia to Leyden, and completed his education there under him.

It thus appears that in his thirteenth year Master Sylvester was taken from school. Through life he deplored this: *e.g.* addressing Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, in his sonnet prefixed to his 'Hymne of Almes,' he thus laments his untoward circumstances, and quenching of hopes of higher poetic achievement:—

> 'My *Wit*, *weak* Orphan, weaned *too-too-young*
> From Pallas' *Brest*, and too-too-Truant-bred
> (*Not, as too*-wanton, *but too*-wanting) *led*
> From Arts, to Marts (*and Miseries among*)
> Had else perhaps (besides du BARTAS) *sung*
> *Some* native Strains *the gravest might have read;*
> And to your Grace now grately tendered
> *Some* fitter Sound *than* This rude Bell *hath rung.*'[3]

'From Arts to Marts' must have been a trying exchange; but he seems to have faced the trial with humble submissiveness. On a retrospect he thus turns all to profit, in the same 'Elegie':—

> 'But prais'd be God, who pleased to bring about
> His better will, to better mine; lest I,;
> Too-puft with knowledge, should be huft too-hie.'[1]

If—as seems likely from his after-occupations—his relatives were engaged in home-manufactures, as 'clothiers' and as exporters of their 'cloths,' perhaps we shall not err in concluding that the 'Marts' to which he was passed 'from Arts' were in some way or other connected with the 'Company of Merchant Adventurers,' so preparing him for that Secretaryship which he ultimately attained. On his first title-page, viz., of his 'Canticle of the Victorie obteined by the French King, Henrie the Fourth, at Yvry,' he describes himself as 'Josuah Sylvester Marchant-adventurer.' This was in 1590-1. Again in 1592 in his 'Triumph of Fame' he is similarly described. So that by 1590-1 he was in business as a 'Marchant-adventurer.' He also intercalates in the Fourth Day of the First Week (ll. 360-369) an incident of what he calls his 'lost Merchant-years.'[2] The Will of his Uncle PLUMBE—which will be found *in extenso* in Appendix to this Memoir[3]—names various cousins who were apparently 'Merchant-adventurers,' and one Captain William Smyth at Ostend. This may or may not have led Sylvester to join in the trade, and later, to proceed to the Low Countries. The GRESHAMS—illustrious pioneers of the great commerce of England—were likewise related, *i.e.* the Will of Plumbe shows that his wife was the widow

[1] See Sloane MS. 2105—onward (II. Critical) I notice Ashley further. Ashley informs us that Saravia left when he was in his 11th year, and elsewhere in his MS. we learn that he was born in 1565. On Saravia, see Wood's Athenæ (Bliss's ed.) *s.v.* for a full notice.

[2] Vol. II. p. 892, ll. 129-135.

[3] Vol. II. p. 808.

[1] Vol. II. p. 892, ll. 136-38.

[2] With reference to this incident, Lee is said, in the Index of Hardest Words, to be 'a neat little town in Essex, in the mouth of the Thames.' He means, that walking on the deck in the direction opposite to that of the ship's motion, he was at the same time going towards two places, being at the same time between both.

[3] See Appendix A—the Will is here *first printed*.

of a Gresham. It also names JAMES PARKINSON and WILLIAM LAMBERT—both commemorated by Sylvester. Be all this as it may, the fact is unquestionable that he was a 'Merchant-adventurer' himself, prior to going to Middleburgh and elsewhere.

There must have been intervals of retirement, as John Davies of Hereford recalls in his characteristic verse-address to Sylvester, *e.g.* :—

'This pain [of translating Du Bartas] so pleas'd thy
labouring thoughts, that thou
Forsook'st the *Sea*, and took'st thee to the *Soile*,
Where (from thy royall Trade) thou fell'st to plow
Art's furrows with thy *Pen*, that yeeld but toyl.
This stole thee from thy selfe, thy selfe to finde
In sacred Raptures on the *Muse's* Hill.'[1]

All, however, was not mere business in these years. I have already quoted from the 'Wood-man's Bear.' I go back upon it; for by it we learn that in his twenty-first year, *i.e.* 1584-5, he was involved in the 'old, old story' of captivity to a 'fair lady.' He thus puts it :—

'Thrice-sev'n Summers I had seen
Deckt in Flora's rich array;
And as many Winters keen
Wrapt in suits of silver gray:
Yer the Cyprian Queen's blinde Boy
Grudged at my grief-less joy.

But when on my maiden chin
Mother Nature 'gan ingender
Smooth, soft, golden Doun, and thin
Blades of Bever, silk-like slender;
Then hee, finding fuell fit,
Sought for coales to kindle it.'[2]

By st. 35, 36, and 37 of the poem, one naturally infers, from the playing on the words 'Bear' and 'Croft,' that the beloved's name was 'Bear-croft.' Whether or not, I must regard it as a mistake that he herein described the courtship of his wife. He paints the light and shadow of a passionate love; but the sum of the whole is that it was an unsuccess. She must have less or more reciprocated the affection (st. 88); but some one or some thing intervened to hinder marriage. And so he was given 'an herbe which could Love's power expell' (st. 89), with this result :—

'unto the sense apply'd,
As the juyce thereof hee tasted,
Hee might feele even in that tide
How his old remembrance wasted.
By the med'cine thus revealed,
Was the Wofull Wood-man healed.'[1]

His attachment to the Muses in the throng of the uncongenial employment of his 'lost merchant days' is avowed with touching iteration. We have seen that his 'Yvry' appeared in 1591, and the Stationers' Register enters part of Du Bartas in same year. His 'Triumph of Faith' appeared in 1592. These were succeeded by 'The Profit of Imprisonment, a Paradox,' in 1593-4; by 'Monodia' or 'An Elegie in commemoration of . . . Dame Hellen Branch' in 1594, and by Du Bartas' 'Second Week, or Childhood of the World' in 1598.[2] The Stationers' Registers (*ut infra*)

[1] Davies' Works in Chertsey Worthies' Library, vol. ii. *m*, p. 15 (Commendatory Poems), ll. 53-8.

[2] Vol. II. p. 308, st. 17-18.

[1] Vol. II. p. 313, st. 92.

[2] Herbert's Typog. Antiq. 1383, and Gent. Mag. vol. 70, pt. 2, 1800, p. 932. I place here such entries of Sylvester's Du Bartas, etc., as I have traced in Arber's Transcript of the Stationers' Registers—protesting against the delay of the index-volume, without which the four huge volumes are in a manner useless, as it is like seeking for a needle in a hay-stack to consult it for a given name or entry unhelped of an index. (1.) 14th August 1591: Gregory Seton. Entred for his Copie vnder th[e h]andes of master Judson and master Watkyns a book in English Entituled, Salustius Du Bartas *his weeke or Seven Dayes woork*, vj[d] (2.) 25th May, 1594: Edward Blunt. Entred for his Copie vnder th[e h]and of Master Cawood a booke intituled *the profitt of imprisonment, a parradox* first wrytten in Ffrenche bv Odet De La Noue, Lorde of Teleignie and translated by Josue Silvester vj[d] C. (3.) 21 April 1598: Peter Shorte. Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]andes of Master Man warden. A booke Called *An Essaie of the second weeke of the noble Learned and Divine Salustius Du Bartas*: Translated by Josua Siluester 1598, vj[d]. Provided that this entrance shall not be effectuall if any other have right to this booke by any former entrance (vol. iii. p. 112, bottom paging.) (4.) 8d July, 1603: Christopher Wilson. This is to be his copy yf no other partie have right vnto yt, *viz.*, a booke called 'the *divine Worhes* of the worldes birth' of the right noble and Rare Learned Lord V. W. Salustius du Bartas: yt is vnder th[e h]ands of master Hartwell and the wardens vj[d] (vol. iii. p. 39, bottom paging.) (5.) 22 November 1604: Master Humfrey lownes. Entred for his copy vnder the handes of master Man and master Waterson Late Wardens, and of master Leake nowe

show swift-coming publications from 1591 to 1629 (posthumous after 1618). The last named was dedicated to Robert, Earl of Essex, as later was the 'Memorials of Mortalitie' from Peter Mathieu.

These dedications remind me that among the Anthony Bacon MSS. preserved at Lambeth are two letters from the illustrious Essex

Warden, A booke called *The Divine weekes of the Worldes byrth* of the right noble and rare learned Lord W. Sallustius du Bartas. Translated by Josua Silvester 1603, vj^{d} (vol. iii. p. 276, bottom paging.) (6.) 22 January 1605; Edward Blunt. Entred for his copy vnder th[e h]andes of Master Pasfeild and the wardens A booke called the *Quadrains of* [Gui Du Faur, Seigneur de] Pybrack, translated by Joshuah Siluester vj^{d} (vol. iii. p. 280, bottom paging.) (7.) 13 November 1605: Edward Blounte. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master Pouell and the wardens A booke called *Posthumus* Bartas *The Third Daye of the Second Weeke conteyninge The Lawe, the vocacon and the Captaynes* translated vj^{d} (vol. iii. p. 304, bottom paging.) (8.) 16 December 1606. Edward Blounte. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of Master Zachariah Pasfeild and Master Whyte warden, A booke called *Posthumus* Bartas, The ffourthe Daye of this Second weeke conteyninge the Trophies, The Magnificence, the Shisme, and the Reuolte, vj^{d} R. (vol. iii. p. 335, bottom paging.) (9.) 27 November 1612: Humfreye Lownes *Junior*. Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]and of Master Harison Warden A Booke called *Lachrymæ Domesticæ. A viall of household teares shedd ouer prynce* Henryes *hearse* by his highnes fyrst worst Poett and pencioner Josua Sylvester, vj^{d} (vol. iii. p. 515, bottom paging.) (10.) 22 December 1613: master humfrey lownes. Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]andes of Master D[octor] Hill and the wardens, A book called *Micro cosmographia, or the little Worldes Description, or the map of Man* translated out of Latyn by Josua Siluester, vj^{d} (vol. iii. p. 520, bottom paging.) (11.) 13 January 1613 (*i.e.* 1614): Master Humphrey Lownes the elder. Entred for his coppie vnder the handes of Master Taverner and master warden ffeild a booke called, *The Parlament of vertues royall. Bethulias Rescue.* Little Bartas with other tractes translated and seuerally dedicated by Josua Siluester, vj^{d} (vol. iii. p. 539, bottom paging.) (12.) 11 April 1614. *Ibid.* Entred for his Coppie by assignement from Edward Blount a booke called *The profitt of imprisonment* with *the quadrans* of Pybrac and *Posthumous* Bartas and *Automachia* by Josua Siluester, vj^{d} (vol. iii. p. 544, bottom paging.) (13.) 13 December 1616: master Humfrey Lownes. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Sanford and both the wardens a booke called *Tobacco battered or the pipes scattered* &c. by Joshuah Siluester, vj^{d} (vol. iii. p. 599, bottom paging.) (14.) 6th Decr. 1619: Master H. Lownes. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Tavernor and both the wardens, *The Maydens blush* by Joshua Siluester, vj^{d} (vol. iii. p. 661, bottom paging.) (15.) 12th January 1619 [*i.e.* 1620], Thomas Jones. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of Master Tauernor and Master Swinhowe warden, A book Called *The woodmans Beare* written by Joseph [*sic*] Siluester, vj^{d} (vol. iii. p. 662, bottom paging.) (16.) 30th May 1627. Entred for their Copies by Consent of Master Lownes and of a full Court holden this Day. The Copies hereafter mencioned iij^{d}. The Divine weekes [of S. du Bartas] and workes of Josua Syluester. [Transferred to Robert Younge], (vol. iv. p. 181, bottom paging.) (17.) 6th Nov. 1628—*ibid* transferred to Master George Cole and Master George Latham, (vol. iv. p. 201, bottom paging.) (18.) 14 Nou^{r} 1629: Francis Coules. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Martin and master Purfoote warden A booke Called PANTHEA. *Divine wishes and meditacons* by Joseph [*sic*] Siluester, revised by John [*sic*—should be James] Martin with an Appendix of *some other Elegies*, vj^{d} (vol. iv. p. 222, bottom paging.) (19.) 2d March 1629 [*i.e.* 1630], John Grove. Assigned over vnto him vnder the hand of Master Purfoote warden all the estate right Title and Interest which Lawrence Chapman hath in the Copie Called *The Woodmans Beare* by Josuah Siluester vj^{d} (vol. iv. p. 229, bottom paging.) (20.) 6th December 1630. Master Younge. Assigned ouer vnto him by order of a Court of the 4th of October [1630] last and by the Consentes of Master Cole and master Latham All their estate right title and interest in the copies hereafter mencioned which were the Copies of master Humfrey Lownes, and assigned vnto them the said master Cole and master Latham 5th Novembris 1628 xiij° [Joshuah] Silvesters workes (vol. iv. p. 245, bottom paging.) (21.) 8o March 1630: ffrancis Coules. Entred for his Coppy vnder the hands of Master Austen and Master Harryson warden a booke called Du Bartas Junior [= Little] vjd (vol. iv. p. 249, bottom paging.) In the 1605 edition (4to) Lownes' part of Du Bartas' 'Weekes and Works,' *i.e.* the Seven days of the first week and 1st and 2d days of the 2d week, there were added 'Fragments and other small Works of Du Bartas, with other Translations of J. S. comprising "Jonas, a Fragment; Urania: Triumph of Faith; Miracle of Peace; a Dialogue: Ode to Astrea: Epigrams and Epitaphs; the Profit of Imprisonment: Quadrains of Pybrac."' It has an engraved title-page, but neither the Corona Dedicatoria nor the portrait of Du Bartas. Subjoined to 1605 vol., in some copies, is 'Posthumous Bartas,' dated 1606, containing 'The Vocation—the Fathers—the Lawe—the Captaines—the Tropheis and the Magnificence.' In 1608 (4to) a new impression of the preceding pieces was published, differently arranged, and 'The History of Judith, Englished by Thomas Hudson,' added. The next edition is that of 1611, 'now thirdly corrected and augmented.' The additions consist of the Corona Dedicatoria, the laureated head of Du Bartas, The Schisme, The Decaye and falling, the 'Paradox,' lines 'of the Worke, Author, and Translator.' In the 1613 edition (4to) 'Lachrymæ Lachrymarum, or the Spirit of Tears distilled,' etc., is marked '3d edition' and the 'Du Bartas his divine Weekes and Workes' are said to be 'now fourthly corrected and augmented.' The 1621 folio has a title-page as follows:—'Du Bartas his divine Weekes and Workes, with a complete Collection of all the other most delightful Workes translated and written by that famous Philomusus, Josuah Sylvester Gent.' The additional poems in this volume consist of 'Vicars' Sacrum Memoriæ—Little Bartas or brief Meditations on the Power, Providence, Greatness and Goodness of God in the Creation of the World for Man; of Man for himself—the Map of Man—the Maiden's Blush or Joseph—Panaretus—Job Triumphant—Bethuliah's Rescue—Hymne of Almes—Memorials of Mortality—St. Louis the King—Tropheis of Henry the Great—Battle of Yury—All is not gold that glisters—New Jerusalem—Selfe Civil War—Cup of Consolation—Tobacco—Lacrymæ Lacry.—Elegy on Sir Wm. Sidney—Honour's Farewell—Elegie on Dr. Hil's wife—Briefe Catechisme—Spectacles—Mottoes—Woodman's Bear—Preparations of the Resurrection—Table of the Mysterie of Mysteries.' In 1633 came another folio, greatly enlarged, and intituled 'A compleat Collection of all the other most delightfull Workes translated and written by that famous Philomusus, Joshuah Syluester Gent. Then finally the folio of 1641 'with additions'—these being the 'Posthumi.'

in behalf of our Joshua Sylvester. These have hitherto been simply notified. I am glad to have it in my power to print them *for the first time.* They belong to 1597, and thus run :[1]—

LETTERS OF ROBERT, EARL OF ESSEX, IN BEHALF OF SYLVESTER.

No. I.

Lambeth Library, Bacon Papers, vol. xv., fo. 128.

'Cousen in a generall lrẽ to yo^r selfe & y^e whole Company I haue cõmended one Josua Silluester to be ꝑferred to the place of secretary. This I doe addresse to yo^r selfe to intreat yo^r freindlie furtherance of my request as a matter whereunto I doe wish good successe & to the ꝑtie who is very earnestlie recõmended vnto me by some ꝑticuler freinds. I pray yow doe yo^r best indeuour to the effecting of my desire in his behalfe. And as yow shall make choice of a sufficient honest Man so I will rest very thankfull to yow if yow shall the rather at my instance respect him. Thus I cõmitt yow to God from the Courte y^e last of Aprill 1597.

Your very louing Cozen

ESSEX.

To my louing Cozen M^r. Ferrers Deputy Goũnour of the cõpany of ſchaunts aduenturers at Stoade.'

[*Indorsed*] 'Du Comte d'Essex a M^r. Ferrers le 2^me de May 1597.'

No. II.

Lambeth Library, Bacon Papers, vol. xv., fo. 129.

'After my very hartie cõmendacons. Whereas I am giuen to vnderstand y^t yow are to make choice of a sufficient Man to be secr. to yo^r company w^th place is now ꝑntlye at yo^r disposition: I doe at the instaunce of some good freinds recõmend vnto yo^r good fauo^r one J: Silluester a M^rchaunt of yo^r owne societye who is a sewter to be p^rferred to this place. I haue receaued a very good reporte of his sufficiencye & fittnes for the same being both well qualified w^th language & many other good partes as allsoe reputed honest & of good conſisation 2 ꝑticuler motiues of this my request in his behalfe and if my cõmendacon of him added to their respects shall y^e rather induce yow to make choice of him to this place I will take it for a very acceptable curtesie & esteme my selfe much behoulding vnto yow & besides rest reddie to deserue it towards yow or any of yow as occasion shall be ꝑnted. Thus I committ yow to Gods ꝑtection frõ the Court the last of Aprill 97.

Yo^r very louing freind

ESSEX.

To my very louing freinds y^e Deputy Goũno^r & society of the M^rchaunts Aduẽturers of Stoade.'

[*Indorsed*] 'Du Comte d'Essex ab ſchants de Stoade 1597 2 May.'

It does not clearly appear whether the office sought was obtained or not. Powerful as was the advocacy, I suspect that another was appointed. For from 1590 onward to 1603, at least, he comes before us in sorrowful poverty and struggle. From his dateless title-pages and 'parcel' or fragmentary issues of his Du Bartas until 1605, it is impossible to determine the chronology of publication; but these among many personal references move our sympathy for his 'troubles' and straits :—

'If now no more my sacred rimes distill
With Art-lesse ease from my dis-custom'd quill:
If now the *Laurell*, that but lately shaded
My beating Temples, be dis-leav'd and vaded:
And if now banisht from the learnéd Fount,
And cast down head-long from the lofty Mount
Where sweet *Urania* sitteth to endite,
Mine humbled *Muse* flag in a lowly flight;
Blame these sad Times' ingratefull cruelty,
My houshold cares, my health's infirmity,
My drooping sorrows for (late) grievous losses,
My busie suits, and other bitter crosses.
Lo, they 're the clogs that weigh down heavily
My best endeavours, whilom soaring high:
My harvest's hail: the pricking thorns and weeds
That in my soule choak those diviner seeds.
O gracious God! remove my great incumbers,
Kindle again my faith's ne'er-dying embers:
Asswage thine anger (for thine own Son's merit)
And from me (Lord) take not thy Holy Spirit.'[1]

His 'health's infirmity' is enlarged upon earlier :—

'Deer *Muse*, my guide; clear truth that nought dissembles,
Name me that Champion that w^th fury trembles,
Who arm'd w^th blazing fire-brands, fiercely flings

The Ague with her train, her kinds, and cruel effects.

[1] Birch's Elizabeth first noticed these letters.

[1] Vol. I. p. 132, ll. 12-31.

At th' Armies' heart, not at our feeble wings :
Having for Aids, *Cough, Head-ache, Horror, Heat, Pulse-beating, Burning, Cold-distilling-Sweat, Thirst, Yawning, Yolking, Casting, Shivering, Shaking,*
Fantastick *Raving*, and continuall *Aking*,
With many moe : O ! is not this the *Fury*
We call the *Fever?* whose inconstant fury
Transforms her oftner then *Vertumnus* can,
To *Tertian, Quartan*, and *Quotidian :*
And *Second* too ; now posting, somtimes pawsing,
Even as the matter, all these changes causing,
Is rommidgéd with motions slowe or quick
In feeble bodies of the *Ague-sick.*
Ah trecherous beast ! needs must I know thee best :
For foure whole years thou wert my poor heart's guest,
And to this day in body and in minde
I bear the marks of thy dispight unkinde :
For yet (besides my veins and bones bereft
Of bloud and marrow) through thy secret theft
I feel the vertue of my spirit decayd,
Th' *Enthousiasmos* of my *Muse* allaid :
My memory (which hath been meetly good)
Is now (alas !) much like the fleeting floud ;
Whereon no sooner have we drawn a line
But it is canceld, leaving there no signe :
For, the deere fruit of all my care and cost,
My former study (almost all) is lost,
And oft in secret have I blushéd at
Mine ignorance : like *Corvine*, who forgat
His proper name ; or like *George Trapesunce*
(Learnéd in youth, and in his age a Dunce).
And thence it growes, that maugre my endeavour
My number still by habite have the Fever ;
One-while with heate of heavenly fire ensoul'd ;
Shivering anon, through faint un-learned cold.' [1]

: Poet, having
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lence.

Again, his 'suits and grievous losses' are concentrated on one man named Bowyer in a 'Table of the Acts' addressed 'To the Right Honourable Lords Spirituall and Temporall; the Knights and Burgesses of the Lower House,' wherein he signs himself:—

'Your Under-Clarke
Unworthily Undon
(By over trusting to a starting *Bow-Yer*-while too strong, to my poor Wrong and Woe).' [2]

A Robert *Bowyer*, son of William Bowyer by Anne, daughter of John Harcourt of Stanton, was Clerk of the Parliament, having previously had a grant of the office of door-keeper of the Exchequer and Keeper of the Council Chamber of the Star Chamber, June 25, 1604. It would thus appear that Sylvester then holding the office of 'Under-Clarke' was aspiring to that of 'Upper' or 'Clerk' proper, and that some fraud or trick had falsified his hopes.[1] Apparently also the matter was carried to the Law-Courts, and dragged its slow length lingeringly along, to the 'Under Clarke's' ruin, spite of the intercession of the Earl of Dorset. That 'intercession' is remembered in the dedicatory-sonnet of 'Yvry' which displaced the original one to 'Maister James Parkinson and Maister John Caplin Esquires, his well-beloved friends,' of 1590-1 :—

'*As th' awefull* Child, *that long hath* truanted,
Dares not returne unto the Schoole, *alone ;*
For Shame *and* Feare *to be there disciplèd*
With many stripes for many Faults in One :
So fares (*my Lord*) *My long* Omission
Of th' humble Thanks *I ought have* tendered
For kinde Endeavours *You bestow'd upon*
My Right, *my* Wrong *to have* recovered.
And, (*as in fine*) *Hee brings his* Mother *forth*
To beg Forgivnesse, *or his Fault to 'scuse*
So bring I here my dear Du BARTAS' *Worth,*
To mediate for my too-faulty Muse ;
Whom daign to pardon : *and in gentle Part*
Accept *This last of* His, *not least in* Art.' [2]

The same 'cares and need' give pathos to the 'Monodia' of 1594, *e.g.* :—

'You my private cares (although the cause
Of your dispaires doe never, never pawse),
Pawse you a little, and give leave a-while,
'Mid publike griefs my private to beguile ;
Give leave I pray you ; for a private case
Unto a publike ever must give place.' [3]

Again, his Epistle to 'My Right Worthy deare affected, most respected Friend, Master Robert Nicolson, Gentleman,' thus plaintively opens :—

'Though providence all-prudent have decreed,
To hold mee still under the Tyrant Need,
So hard and scant, that, scarce a breathing while,
My carefull life hath had just cause to smile,

[1] Vol. I. p. 118, ll. 408-445.
[2] Vol. II. p. 142.
[1] Hunter's *Chorus Vatum*, as before.
[2] Vol. II. p. 246.
[3] Vol. II. p. 329, l. 11.

Of all the wants I feele, of all the woes,
(Witnesse hearts'-searcher which all secrets knows)
None woundeth deeper my distrestfull breast,
Then want of power to parallel the least
Of thousand favours, of a thousand kindes,
Vouchsafed mee from many noble mindes.'[1]

The 'thousand favours of a thousand kindes' must be read *cum grano salis*. They were magnified by the swift and exuberant gratitude of the lowly-hearted Poet. Nevertheless, there can be no question that 'noble mindes' of the period held him in high regard if they had less thought of his pecuniary needs than they might and ought to have had. ANTHONY BACON, brother of *the* Bacon, was evidently an 'inward' friend. In the dedication of 'The Furies,' it is expressly and unmistakably declared that he had rescued the translation from those flames to which the despondent translator was about to assign it, while other contemporaries whose names occur and recur were of mark and means. I confess that I am at a loss to account for so worthy a man having been left to fight against such difficulties as a very little help would have spared him. The problem is complicated by the well-to-do position of many of his relatives. His uncle, William Plumbe, had died in 1593, but while remembering cousins, he somehow overlooked his 'nephew,'—perchance accounting that he had already done his part toward him in his education. Yet to his own sister's son, one opines, he might have left a little of that 'welthe' of which he so gratefully speaks. Our light is dim.

With the coming of King James to the throne of England, there shot a gleam of hope. Besides the many dedicatory-sonnets and other verse-tributes to 'the wisest fool in Christendom' that the works contain, I have discovered among the royal MSS. in the British Museum, a daintily written (holograph) MS. (17 *a* xli.) thus entitled:—

[1] Vol. II. p. 336, l. 1

'The (*in gold*)
Devine Weekes, and workes,
of
The noble, learned, and religious,
Lord of Bartas (*in gold*)
translated out of French,
by
Joshuah Sylvester,
1603.
————————' (*in gold*)

This is followed by this dedication:—

'To the
Royal Patrone of Learning & Religion,
The High & mightie Prince JAMES,
By the grace of God, King of
England, Scotland, France,
and Ireland, Dfeender
of the Faith: &c.
My most dread Soveraigne Lorde.'

Then comes a Letter which I have furnished in careful facsimile (to face title-page of Vol. II.) as a specimen of his handwriting and autograph, as follows:—

'Beeing inforced (through the grievous visitacion of Gods heavie hand, vpon your Highnes poore Cittie of London) thus long (& yet longer like) to defer the Impression of my slender Labours (long since meant vnto your Ma^tie) I thought it more then tyme, by some other meane, to tender my humble Homage to Your Highnes. But wanting both leasure, in my self, & (heere in the Countrey) such helps, as I could haue wished, To copie the entire Worke (worthie your Ma^ties reading) I was faine thus soudainlie to scribble over this small Parte: That (in the mean time) by a Parte, I might (as it wear) giue your Highnes Possession of the Whole; vntill it shall please the Almightie, in his end-les Mercie to giue an end to this lamentable affliction, w^ch for his dear Sonns sake I most earnestlie beseech him: & euer to protect your sacred Ma^tie & all your Royal ffamilie, vnder the winges of his gracious ffauour.

Your Maiesties
most humble Subiect
& devoted Servant,
JOSHUAH SYLVESTER.'

Besides these, are most of the sonnets of the 'Coronia Dedicatoria,' with a few various

readings.[1] Whether James himself personally patronised Sylvester, is unknown. He had tried his own hand upon the 'Furies' and 'Urania' and others, in his 'Poetical Exercises,' printed at Edinburgh (1591), and he had given Du Bartas a right royal welcome when he had visited his court as ambassador from France—as the Histories narrate—and he had encouraged Thomas Hudson to translate 'Judith.' So that one might almost assume that His Majesty took some notice of his humble 'Beadsman.' This we know, certainly, that the king's gifted eldest son, Prince Henry, was 'drawn' to Joshuah Sylvester, and appointed him as a kind of Poet-Laureate, and had intended making him his Groom of the Privy Chamber. He had received graciously the poet's translation of the TETPAΣTIKA of Pibrac, and thus he was encouraged to 'offer' the young Prince 'Du Bartas, his Second Weeke,' in this manner:—

'*The gracious Welcome You Vouchsaft yer-while*
To my grave PIBRAC (*though but meanly clad*)
Makes BARTAS (*now, no Stranger in this* Isle)
More bold to come (*though suited even as bad*)
To kiss your HIGHNES' *Hand; and, with Your Smile,*
To Crown His Haps, and our faint Hopes to glad
(*Whose weary longings languish in our* Stile:
For in our Wants, *our very* Songs *be sad*)
He brings for Present *to so great a* PRINCE,
A Princely GLASSE, *made first for* SALOMON:
The fitter therefore for your EXCELLENCE
As oft to look in, as you look upon.
Some Glasses flatter: other-some deforme:
This, ay, presents You a true PRINCE'S Form.'[2]

[1] Vol. I. pp. 5-7. Joseph Hunter (*Chorus Vatum*, as before, 24,493) has copied all these sonnets, not observing that they were all already printed. I note these various readings: Sonnet, Mnemosyne, col. 1, l. 2 from bottom, has 'Thy sacred worth so much (o King) presume-wee-on.' *Ib.*, col. 2. Clio, l. 2 (from top), 'Though still two Kingdomes in thy Regal stile:' *ib.* Thalia, col. 2, l. 4, 'by thine' for 'at thine:' p. 6, col. 1, Melpomene, l. 3, 'Though through my rudenesse heere mis-tunde in parte Divinely warbled:' *ib.* Calliope, col. 1, l. 12, 'my Founder' for 'Author;' and closes:—

'and make mee euer blesse your Princely Line,
Praising that God who thus our Light renewes.
Our Sunne is sett, and yet no Night ensues.'

A Sermon by Sylvester's friend, Dr. William Loe, is bound up with the MS.—'The King's Sword,' on Romans xiii. 4.

[2] Vol. I. p. 93.

The Privy Books of the Prince's expenditure show that Sylvester received a 'pension,' and was a habitual visitor at Court,[1]—as JOHN VICARS reminds us in his 'Elegy,'—but all his bright hopes and 'Pleasures of Imagination' suddenly paled on the death of Henry, —than which no death since Sidney's had so moved the heart of the nation as none evoked such splendid sorrow from England's foremost names—with one prodigious exception—in 'melodious teares.' This took place on November 5, 1612. I do not envy the man who can even at this late day read Sylvester's inconsolable laments for his patron, with untroubled eyes. I do not refer merely or mainly to his 'Lacrymæ Lacrymarum,' which partakes of the inevitable hardness of an official performance, but to the many scattered after-allusions that come suddenly in with a tenderness that is priceless,—testimony alike to Henry and the Poet. In the 'Lacrymæ Lacrymarum' he exclaims of the universal loss:—

'More then most to Mee that had no Prop
But Henry's Hand, and but in Him, no Hope.'[2]

It is thus subscribed in fine modesty, and even so entered in the Stationers' Register:—

'By His (late) Highnes's
First Worst
and
Poet Pensionr. Joshuah Sylvester.'[3]

But it is in after-poems that the permanence and depth of the grief of the stricken Poet are revealed. Thus, in turning to Charles, Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles I.), in the dedication of 'The Maiden's Blush,' one line lies in the second sonnet like a great tear. We shall do well to read the whole of this extremely affecting appeal:—

'*Like sad* Arion *on his* Dolphin's *back,*
Amid the Ocean of my Carefull Feares,

[1] See Peter Cunningham's Extracts from the Exp. of P. Henry (1842), p. xvii.

[2] As before. [3] See p. xiii. of the Mem.-Introd., No. 9.

Nigh stript of all, Now stept in hoary haires:
Sit I (poore Relique, of Your Brother's *wrack.)*
My Harp-strings quaver, while my Heart-strings crack:
My hand grows weary, and my health it wears;
To stir Compassion in some Powerfull eares,
At last to land mee, and supply my lack.
You, You alone (Great PRINCE*) with Pitie's grace*
Have held my Chin above the Water's brinke:
Hold still, alas! hold stronger or I sinke.
Or haile mee up into some safer place,
Some, Privie-Groom, *some Room within your Doores:*
That, as my Heart, my Harpe may all be Yours.' [1]

Again, in two Sonnets to the same Prince introductory to 'The Second Session of the Parliament,' the same 'burden' thrills us:—

'Here (like LEANDER in the *Hellespont*)
Tost in a Tempest in the darkest Night.
Distract with fears, divorced from the sight
Of my *High Pharus* which to guide mee wont:
Spying *Bŏotes* in your HIGHNESSE Front,
For life I labour towards your hopefull Light
(May never Care beclowd that Beam so bright,
Come never Point of least *Eclipse* upon't);
Yet, though (alas!) your gracious Rayes have show'n
My wracked limbes a likely way to land:
Unlesse (by Others' Help, or by your Own)
The tender Pity of your Princely hand
Quick hale mee out, I perish instantly,
Hal'd in againe by *Six* that hang on *Mee.*

Sixe-times already, ready even to faint,
With grievous Waight of guiltlesse Want opprest,
BARTAS and I have bow'd and vow'd our best
Before the *Altar* of our *Soveraign Saint:*
And yet, the Eare that heareth every Plaint,
The Heart that pities every poore Distrest:
Alone (alas!) seems deafe to my Request;
And onely, is not mov'd with my Complaint.
Yet must I needs (NEED still importunes so)
Importune still, till some mild Soule relent:
But (under Heav'n) no Help, no Hope, I know,
Save You alone my Ruine to prevent:
You onely may, *Now* onely, if at all:
Past Help, past Hope, If *Now* You faile, I fall.
Your Highnesse's
most humbly-devoted
and observant Servant,
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.' [2]

There are others of kin with these,[3] but I leave the Reader to 'search' them out for himself. I must, however, add a hitherto unpublished holograph verse-address to Charles when he was only in his fifth year (1605), which I have fortunately found in its hiding-place in the British Museum, in a copy of 'Tetrastika' (1605, 4to: Press-mark C. 28 g. 22: pp. 669-715). It is as follows, and the penultimate and last line will arrest attention to-day:—

'TO THE SWEET AND HOPEFULL PRINCE
CHARLES, DUKE OF YORK, ETC.'

'Charles, though thy Brother, yo^r King-Fathers Heire,
By double Right must all his Crownes inherit;
Yet in his Vertues hast Thou such a share,
As to a Crowne shall mount Thee too, by Merit
And that the rather, if Their Lessons rare
Be right applied (to guide thy hopefull spirit)
Poland or Rome shall, by their Choise, be Thine;
Or, by Thy Sword, the Seat of Constantine.
Your Graces
in all humblenes
devoted
IOSHUAH SILVESTER.

En passant, this presentation-copy of 'Tetrastika' has the additional interest of having on a fly-leaf several lines scribbled in (*meo judicio*) Charles's boyish hand-writing:—

'Si vis omnia Subjicere subjice te rationi.
Sola Virtus Nobilitat.

The Cinike sought a man in Athens Streete,
To that of Sunneshyne adding Candell light.
But wonder not for it was stranger far
Three wyser men sought Sunneshyne by a Star.'

The same urgent entreaties as we have accentuated occur in his manifold dedicatory and intercalated Sonnets. Let that to LADY HONORIA HAY stand as type of the rest:—

'TO
THE RIGHT-RIGHT
HONOURABLE
HONORIA,
Wife of JAMES Lord HAY, Sole Daughter
and Heire of EDWARD Lord DENNY.

Equally bound, *in humble* Gratitude,
To two *dear* Equals (*to You equall Dear*);
Unable (*yet*) *with* Both *at once to* cleer,
Unwilling *yet*, *with* Either *to be* rude;

[1] Vol. II. p. 104.
[2] Vol. II. p. 139.
[3] See Vol. II. p. 138, ll. 1623-52: p. 229: 282, ll. 1-20: 322, Son. 9.

Faine would I crave *to have my* Bond *renew'd,*
For a more Happy, *or more* Hopefull *Year,*
When gracious Heav'n *shall daign to set me* freer
From old cold Cares, *which keep my* Muse *unmew'd.*
Would You *be pleas'd* (Madame) *to interpose*
Your gentle breath, *I would not doubt to* speed:
Such vertue hath Your Vertue *still with* Those.
Therefore in Hope *of* Your *kinde* Help (*at need*)
This simple Pledge *I* Offer *at Your* Feet;
Altar of Love, *Where* both *Their* Vowes *do meet.*
Your Honourable Vertues
humble Votary
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.'[1]

Nothing but the extremity of need could have so enforced and multiplied appeals of this sort. It saddens one to-day to realise how fruitless these dedicatory Sonnets and carefully ornamented royal and noble MS. copies must have been. Light is let in on all this by gallant HENRY PEACHAM in his 'Truth of our Times: Revealed out of one Man's Experience, by way of Essay,' 1638 (18mo); and as our Worthy is selected as an example, I glean *bits* from the quaint and loveable little book:—

'Let us looke a little backe to the Authors and Poets of late times, and consider how they have thrived by their workes and Dedications. The famous *Spencer* did neuer get any preferment in his life, save toward his latter end hee became a Clerk of the Councell in *Ireland;* and dying in *England*, hee dyed but poore. When he lay sick, the Noble, and patterne of true Honour, *Robert*, Earle of Essex, sent him twenty pound, either to relieve or bury him. *Ioshuah Silvester*, admired for his Translation of *Bartas*, dyed at Middleburgh, a Factor for our English Merchants, having had very little or no reward at all, either for his paines or Dedications: And honest *Mr. Michael Drayton* had about some five pound lying by him at his death, which was *Satis viatici ad cælum*' (pp. 37-39).

Again:—

'You may say, the Dedication will bee worth a great matter, either in present reward of money, or preferment by your Patrone's Letter, or other meanes. And for this purpose you prefixe a learned and as Panegyricall Epistle as you can, and bestow great cost of the binding of your booke, gilding and stringing of it in the best and finest manner: Let me tell thee, whosoeuer thou art, if now adaies (such are these times) thou gettest but as much as will pay for the binding and strings, thou art well enough, the rest thou shalt have in promises of great matters; perhaps you shall be willed to come another time, but one occasion or other will so fall out, that come neuer so often, you loose but your labour: your great Patrone is not stirring, he is abroad at Dinner, he is busie with such a Lord: and to be short, you and your labour are forgotten: some of his Pages in the meane time having made himselfe [owner] of your Booke' (pp. 33-4).

I have made the first quotation in full, *i.e.* including Spenser and Drayton, for two reasons; (*a.*) Because the grouping of Sylvester along with them is declarative of the estimate of him even so late as 1638; and (*b.*) Because *per se* the statement about Spenser is biographically valuable, seeing that it is from one who knew 'the Poet of Poets;' for it will be remembered that EDMUND SPENSER furnished a laudatory sonnet for Peacham's 'Minerva'—though that book does not appear to have been published until 1612—and so must have been a personal friend. This authenticates the story.

The poverty and 'care' of Sylvester were aggravated by his being married. In his 'cry' to the King he proclaims that he was 'weighed down of six,' by which I assume he intended his wife and five children. Who his wife was, and when he was married, remains somewhat uncertain. But in the Parish-Register of St. Bartholomew the Less, Mr. J. Payne Collier found these entries:—

'1612. July 26. Ursula, daughter of Joshua Sylvester bap.
1614. No. 4 still-born son of Joshua Sylvester buried.'[1]

Another entry will fall to be noted onward. That there was a purple light of romance in our Poet's wooing and wedding seems indubitable from his 'Astrea,' with its enig-

[1] Vol. II. p. 96.

[1] In Hunter's *Chorus Vatum*, as before; and in Collier's Bibliographical Account, *s.n.* There is no marriage-entry.

matic dedication,[1]—all the more suggestive of a 'Taming of a Shrew' in a small way, by that enigmatic element,—as thus :—

'TO THE MOST
MATCHLESSE
Faire and Vertuous
M. M. H.

Tetrastichon.

Thou, for whose sake my freedome I forsake;
Who, murdring mee dost yet maintain my life:
Here, vnder PEACE, *thy beautie's Type I make,*
Faire, war-like Nymph, that keepst mee still in strife.'

In the poem itself (st. 5), among other daintily-wrought descriptions of her beauty, is this :—

'Tis not (Sweet) thine yvorie neck
Makes me worship at thy beck;
Nor that prettie double HILL
Of thy bosome panting still:
Though no fairest *Læda's* Swan
Nor no sleekest Marble can
Be so smooth or white in showe,
As thy Lillies, and thy Snowe.'[2]

In relation to the M. M. H. of the dedication (*ut supra*) I ask if the 'Hill' printed in capitals in this stanza does not suggest that these initials stood for M[rs.] M[ary] H[ill]? —her maiden initials concealing that she was Mrs. Sylvester. I further ask if she were not sister to DR. ROBERT HILL, to whom and of whom Sylvester speaks goldenly in his 'Elegie' for his widow, also the widow of Dr. Saravia?[3] The poem of 'Astrea' and its two appended Sonnets I take to have been part of the 'wooing' and 'romance:' the dedication and tetrastichon I fear were of the 'wedded life' and the disillusioned 'reality,' notwithstanding the abiding 'beauty.' Your 'Shrew' who needs 'Taming' is often enough 'a paragon of beauty.' It is pitiful to think of the harsh commonplace of the 'household cares' of our Worthy. I hope I do not wrong Mrs. Sylvester in suspecting that she was too much of a 'fine lady' for so necessarily humble a home and circumstances.

But after all, I willingly persuade myself that the cloud lifted or was illumined by a 'silver lining' ultimately. For he did receive the appointment of Secretary to the Company of Merchant-Adventurers. He is thus enrolled among the subscribers for Minshew's 'Guide to Tongues'—'Joshua Sylvester, Secretary to the English Company of Merchants at Middleburgh.' This book was not published until 1617, but the 'approbation' is dated 22d November 1610, and thus the subscription may have been given in any year between 1610 and 1617. Then, he had slowly but surely won his way to notice, had caught the public ear. Exclusive of the fragmentary or piecemeal issues of his Du Bartas, it is important to keep in mind that there were large collective editions in 1605, 1608, 1611, 1613, 1614, and probably others. His Du Bartas won for him the 'laud' of Ben Jonson, Drayton, Davies of Hereford, and others of note. His name was sought for as likely to advance the sale of a book—as witness his Sonnet to 'MASTER CLEMENT EDMONDS,' in his 'Observations vpon Cæsars Commentaries' (1609), and to JOHN VICARS 'November the 5, 1605: The Quintessence of Cruelty,' etc. (1605 : 1641), and Blaxton's 'Usurer' (1634).[1] Further—There are glimpses of him—confirmed by Ashmole and Plot's notices—as tutor in the family of the Essexes of Lambourn, and charming attestations of kindly relations with that eminent 'household,'—as witness his vivid celebration of the 'dogs' there, and intimation that there he had worked upon his Du Bartas :—

'*So have I seen on* LAMBORN'S *pleasant Downes*
When yelping Begles or some deeper Hounds
Have start a Hare, how milk-white Minks *and* Lun
(*Gray-bitches both, the best that ever run*)
Held in one leash, have leapt, and strain'd, and whin'd
To be restrain'd, till (*to their Master's minde*)
They might be slipt, to purpose; that (*for sport*)
Watt *might have law neither too-long nor short.*'

. . . . . .

[1] Vol. II. p. 48. [2] Vol. II. p. 49. [3] Vol. II. p. 292.

[1] See Appendix C, to this Memoir, for these occasional pieces.

'*And little* LAMBE'S-BOURN, *though thou match not* Lers,
Nor had'st the Honour of DUBARTAS' *Verse;*
If mine *have any*, Thou *must needs partake*
Both for thine Owne, *and for thine* Owner's *sake;*
Whose kind Excesses *Thee so* neerly *touch*,
That Yeerely *for them thou doost* weepe *so much*,
All Summer-long (*while all thy Sisters shrinke*)
That of thy teares *a million daily drinke;*
Besides thy waste, which then in haste doth run
To wash the feet of CHAUCER'S Donnington:
But (*while the rest are full unto the top*)
All Winter-long, *Thou never* show'st *a drop*,
Nor send'st a doit *of need-less Subsidie*,
To Cramm the Kennet's *Want-less Treasurie*,
Before her Store be spent, and springs be staid:
Then, then alone Thou lend'st a liberall Aid;
Teaching thy wealthy Neighbours (*Mine of late*)
How, When, and Where to right-participate
Their streams of Comfort, to the poore that pine,
And not to grease still the too-greasy Swine:
Neither for fame, nor forme (*when others doo*)
To give a Morsel, or a mite or two;
But severally, and of a selfly motion,
When others miss, to give the most devotion.' [1]

'Urania' is dedicated to the Essexes.[2] Yet again—It must have been extremely gratifying to our Poet to know that Orlando Gibbons in his 'Cantvs: The First Set of Madrigals and Mottets of 5 Parts: apt for Viols and Voyces' (1612), took the words for four of these 'Madrigals' from his poem of 'a Contented Minde.'[3] The music is very fine, and the whole has recently been splendidly reproduced under the editorship of the late DR. RIMBAULT.

Probably SYLVESTER proceeded permanently to MIDDLEBURGH shortly after the death of Prince Henry, in 1612-13. The 'Company' of which he became Secretary was a powerful one. It was of great antiquity. The original charter was granted by Henry IV., and bears date 5th Feb. 1406-7. King Henry VII., in the year 1505, confirmed by charter 'to the merchants trading in woolen clothes of all kinds to the Netherlands, their former privileges.' In this new charter of confirmation they were now first properly styled 'The fellowship of merchant adventurers of England.' The 'Company' holds a prominent place in the history of English Commerce.[1]

Our Worthy did not fill his 'post' of Secretary very long; for he died 28th September 1618, at Middleburgh. He had touchingly deprecated this death in exile in a vivid interpolation into the 'Colonies,' which may fitly be read at this point:—

'*But shall I still be* Boreas' *Tennis-ball?*
Shall I be still stern Neptune's *tossèd Thrall?*
Shall I no more behold thy native smoak,
Dear Ithaca? *Alas! my Bark is broak,*
And leaks so fast, that I can row no more:
Help, help (*my Mates*) *make haste unto the shore.*
O! we are lost; unlesse some friendly banks
Quickly receive our Tempest-beaten planks.
Ah, courteous ENGLAND, *thy kinde arms I see*
Wide-stretched out to save and welcome me.
Thou (*tender Mother*) *wilt not suffer Age*
To snow my locks in Forrein *Pilgrimage;*
That fell Brasile *my breath-lesse Corps should shrowd,*
Or golden Peru *of my praise be proud,*
Or rich Cathay *to glory in my Verse:*
Thou gav'st me Cradle; thou wilt give me Herse.' [2]

Even the stern *ultra*-Puritan JOHN VICARS melts into tenderness, and almost into poetry, as he 'laments' his death, and portrays his 'character.' We may be none the worse of pausing over this 'Elegie:'—

'In *Verse* to personate what *Art* hath painted,
Craves not *Apelles*, but *Apollo's* skill;
The *veine* and *straine* of *Maro's* learned Quill,
Or some, with sweet *Vrania* best-acquainted.

Yet, sith ev'n all, whose *brows* are deckt with *bayes*,
Seem to neglect Thee; *Pan* hath ta'n the paines
(With Oaten-pipe, in homely rustick *Strains*)
To sound, not *Arts*, but *Hearts* plain warbled *layes*.

Is't not a Wonder, worthy admiration,
In this so *Sin-full*, *Sin-foule* Age, to see

[1] Vol. I. p. 201, ll. 384-91, and Vol. I. p. 43, l. 380-403.
[2] See Vol. II. p. 2. Griffin dedicates his Fidessa to Sir Wm. Essex. See my edn. of Fidessa in Occasional Issues. On the Essexes, see Collins' Baronet, 1720, I. 404. Fuller's Worthies, *s.n.* Clarendon: Aubrey: and Harleian MS. 1532, f. 176.
[3] Vol. II. p. 340. See II. Critical, for more on this.

[1] Cf. Anderson's Origin of Commerce, 4 Vols. 4to, 1787: Fox-Bourne's 'English Merchants,' 'Memoirs in illustration of the Progress of British Commerce,' 'English Seamen under the Tudors,' and 'Romance of Trade;' also Notes and Queries, 2d series, vol. x. p. 439, and p. 515 (Mrs. Green).
[2] Vol. I. p. 152, ll. 750-65.

All reall *Vertues* in one Man to be?
All, met in one, to have cohabitation?

Thou wast no Lordly great *Cosmopolite;*
Yet, much renownèd by thy vertuous *Fame:*
A *Saint* on Earth (No need of greater Name.)
A true *Nathanael, Christian-Israelite.*

Thy *Wisedome*, in thy *Sparing-Speech* was shown.
'Tis strange his *Words* should drop, whose *works* did stream:
Yet words & works shone, *all*, with *grace's* beam:
Thy *Piety*, *sobriety*, well known.

Religious, valiant, like good *Josua.*
Religious, in Thy Selfe and Familie:
Courageous, to withstand Adversitie
And worldly Cares; which most men, most dismay.

No *Temporiser;* yet, the *Court* frequenting:
Scorning to *sooth*, or *smooth* this Age's crimes:
At *War* with *Vice*, in all thy holy *Rymes:*
Thine *Israel's*-Sins (with *Jeremie*) lamenting.

No *Crœsus*-rich, nor yet an *Irus*-poore:
The *Golden-Mean*, was thy Chiefe Love's delight.
Thy *Portion* pleas'd thee well; and well it might:
Then *Piety*, what Riches better? more?

Adornèd with the *Gift* of *God's* good *Spirit:*
I mean the *Gift* of *Tongues;* French, Spanish, Dutch, Italian, Latin. As thy Selfe, few such:
But, for thy Native-English, of most Merit.

Wherein, like former fluent *Cicero*
(With Figures, Tropes; Words, Phrases, sweetly rare)
Of Eloquence thou mad'st so little spare,
That *Nile* (in *Thee*) may seem to overflow.

Witnesse *Du Bartas* (that rare *Master-peece*
Of *Poetry*) to past and future Times:
By whose mellifluous, sugred, sacred *Rimes*,
Thou got'st more fame, then *Jason* by his *Fleece.*

Of which thy *Work* (I justly may averre)
The radiant Sun-shine is so fair, so trim,
As other Poets Moon-light much doth dim;
Admirèd *Silver-Tonguèd Sylvester.*

Yea, All thy full-ear'd Harvest-Swathes are such,
As (almost) all thy *Brethrens* high-topt *Sheaves*
Bend, bow to thine, like Autumn-scattered *leaves*,
So *white* thy *Wheat* is, and the *Weight* so much.

Nor wrong I them, by this harsh appellation.
Their pleasing Veine was oft too vaine: but, Thine,
Still-pleasant-grave: Here, Morall; There, Divine.
Right *Poet Laureat Thou* wert of our Nation.

This then, say I (maugre the Spleen infernall
Of Elvish-*Envie*) shall promote thy *Prayse*,
And trim thy Temples with ne'er-fading *Bayes.*
Such heav'nly *Off-springs* needs must live eternall.

What should I say? much more then I can say.
A *Man* thou wert; and yet, then man much more.
Thy Soule resembled, right, an *House* of *Store;*
Wherein all *Vertues*, in *Thee*, treasur'd lay.

A blessèd Death a holy Life ensues,
Thy pious End this *Truth* hath well exprest:
Such as thy *Life*, such was thy *Death;* all-blest:
Thy Heav'n-born *Soule*, her Native-home did chuse.

And hadst thou dy'd at *Home* it had been better;
It would (at least) have given thee much Content:
But, herein, *England's* worthy to be shent,
Which to thy Worth did prove so bad a *Debter.*

Nor minde I this, but then I blush for shame
To think, that though a *Cradle*, *Thee*, *it gave*,
Yet (O unkinde) deny'd thy *Corps a Grave;*
Much more a *Statue*, rearèd to thy *Name.*

But, *Thou* wert wise; who to *thy Selfe* built'st One
(Such, such an *One*) as is of endlesse Date:
A reall, royall-one; which (spite of Hate)
To *Time's* last time shall make thy *Glory* known.

Now, though thy step-Dame Countrey cast thee off:
(Ah! too ungratefull, most unkinde, to Thee.)
Yet here accept a Mite of Love from Mee,
(Thy meanest Brother) This Mean Epitaph:'

HIS EPITAPH.

Here lyes (*Death's* too-rich *Prise*) the *Corps* enterr'd
Of JOSHUA SYLVESTER, DU BARTAS Peer;
A *Man* of *Arts* best *Parts*, to *God*, *Man*, deare
In formost *Rank* of *Poets* best, preferr'd.

JOHN VICARS.'[1]

He left a widow and a number of children. On August 31st, 1625, Bonaventura, daughter of Mary Silvester, widow, is entered in the Register of St. Bartholomew the Less as buried. One son—named Henry—then in the Charter House (like young ANDREW MARVELL), fell into the snares of the Jesuits. This crops up in Gee's 'Foot out of the Snare' (1624 edn. 4to.):—'Some of the Priests' agents dealt in the same sort with a very pretty modern youth, one Henry Sylvester (son to the no less worthy than famous poet Joshua Sylvester, the translator of Du Bartas), who being a scholar at Sutton Hospital near London, was drawn to such places as the priests often frequent, and there had books bestowed on him. They inveigled and wrought so far with him, he

[1] Vol. i. pp. 10-11.

consented to be sent beyond the seas, and away they [had] packed him, but that their plot was in time discovered.'

The Will of—it is believed—a son of JOSHUA SYLVESTER named Peter, seems to warrant us in assuming that he and his brothers were more prosperous in the world than their father. As this Will has never before been printed, and furnishes various family-names and details, I gladly give it a place here :—

'In the name of God Amen This six and Twentith Day of Januarie In the yeare of our Lord Christ One Thousand Six hundred ffiftie and Seaven I Peter Silvester of London Marchant now inhabiting in the Parish of Saint James Dukes place London being att this present sick in Bodie but of good and perfect minde and memorie thankes be therefore giuen to Almightie God Doe hereby revoake all former Wills by mee heretofore made, and Doe make and declare this my last Will and Testament in manner and forme following (that is to say) I commit my soule into the hands of Almightie God that gaue it And my Bodie to the Earth from whence it was taken to be buried att the discretion of my Executor hereafter named And for such Worldy Estate as it hath pleased God to bestowe vpon mee in this World I doe dispose of the same as followeth (that is to say) ffirst I will and appoynte that all such Debts as I shall owe att the time of my decease be withall Convenient speed truely paid and satisfyed And whereas my deare Mother Mary Silvester of London Widdowe did obleige her selfe by promise to giue unto mee the sume of one Thousand pounds of lawfull monie of England ffor which said Summe of one Thousand pounds my said Mother att my request hath this day become bound by obligation of the penaltie of Two Thousand pounds unto Thomas Middleton of Stratford Bowe in the Countie of Middlesex, Esq. Conditioned for the payment of the said one thousand pounds within Six yeares after the date of the said bond unto mee or to Mary my now wife or to the Survivour of us or to the Executors Administrators or assignes of such Survivour and alsoe to pay Threescore pounds more yearely in such manner and forme as therein is expressed vntill the said One Thousand pounds shall be paid as by the same obligation and Condition may appeare Now I doe hereby giue limitt and appointe the said bond or obligation and all Summe and Summes of monie benefitt and advantage to be thereupon due or payable or to be had receiued or gotten vnto my said deare and louing wife Mary. Item I doe further giue and bequeath vnto my said louing Wife Mary my best Bedd Bedstead rugg Blancketts Boulsters pillows Curtaines and Vallance of purple Coulor Chaires Stooles hangings and all other the goods implem^ts and furniture now vsed for the compleate furnishing of the Roome wherein I now lie Item I give and bequeath vnto my onlie Daughter Mary the Summe of Six hundred pounds of lawful monie of England which said Summe of Six hundred pound I doe will and appoynte to be paid vnto my said Daughter when she shall attaine vnto her full age of one and Twenty yeares or day of her marriage which shall first happen And I doe further will and appoynte That interest for the same six hundred pounds after the rate of ffiue poundes by the hundred for every one hundred pounds thereof soe soone as the same can be raised out of my Estate shall be from time to time thence forth during the minoritie of my said Daughter be payd and allowed vnto my said Wife if she be liueing or in Case she die before my said Daughter Then to such person or persons as shall be Guardian vnto my said Daughter halfe yearely by equall payments for and towards the maintenance and education of my said Daughter and if in case my said Daughter shall happen to die before she shall attaine to her age of one and Twentie yeares or day of marriage first hapning Then I doe will and dispose of the said Summe of Six hundred pounds in manner following That is to say I doe giue Two hundred pounds thereof vnto my said Deare and Louing Wife One hundred pounds more thereof vnto my brother Nathaniell Silvester One hundred pounds more thereof to my brother Joshua Silvester One hundred and ffiftie pounds more thereof to my brother Giles Silvester And fiftie pounds more thereof to my Sister Cartwright And I doe expresly will order and appoynte that my Executor hereafter named shall with all Convenient speed next after my decease pay the said Summe of Six hundred pounds before by me bequeathed vnto my said Daughter vnto my loving Brother Constante Silvester marchant now Resident in the Barbadoes Soe as he the said Constant Silvester vpon his receipte of the same doe become bound vnto my Executor hereafter named by obligation of a reasonable penaltie be Conditioned for the true payment of the said Summe of Six hundred pounds and the interest before mentioned of and for the same in such manner and forme as is herein before expressed and according to the true intent and meaning of this my will and to free discharge and saue harmlesse my said Executor his Executors and Administrators of from and against all persons

for or Concerning the same and of and from all Suites dammages and expences that shall or may happen or arise by reason or meanes thereof in anie manner of wise Item I giue and bequeath vnto each and everie of my owne Brothers and brother in Lawes forty shillings a peece to make each of them a ring to weare in remembrance of mee. Item I giue and bequeath vnto my Vncle Jeoffrie Silvester the Summe of Twentie and five pounds of lawfull monie of England. Item I giue to my Cozine Joseph Gascoigne the Summe of ffifteene pounds of like monie Item I giue vnto my Aunt Gascoigne the Summe of fiue pounds of like monie Item I giue vnto her Daughter Anne Gascoigne the Summe of ffiue pounds of like monie Item I giue vnto my Louing ffreinde Richard Duke Scrivener ffortie shillings to make him a Ring Item I giue vnto the poore of the said parish of Saint James Dukes place the Summe of fiue pounds to be paid vnto the Churchwardens and Overseers of and for the poore of the same parish The rest and residue of all and singular my goods Chattells monie and Estate whatsoever (my debts and Legacies being paid and funerall Charges deducted) I giue and bequeath vnto my said Louing ffreind Thomas Middleton Esq. And I doe hereby make ordaine and appoynte the said Thomas Middleton full and sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament And I doe nominate ordaine and appoynte my Louing Vncle Nathaniell Arnold Overseer of this my last Will and Testament desiring him to be aiding and assisting vnto my said Executor in the due performance and execution thereof And I doe giue vnto him the said Nathaniell Arnold for his paines and Care to be taken therein the Summe of ffiftie pounds of lawfull English monie In Witnes whereof to each Sheete or leafe of this my last Will and Testament being with this ffower in number all written only on one side and being all fixed att the vpper end with a Labell of parchment I haue subscribed my name and to the same Labell and to the Last Sheete thereof I haue sett to my Seale in redd wax Dated the Day and yeare First aboue written : Peter Silvester.

'Bee it remembred That the Words (marchant now Resident in the Barbadoes wer interlined, and the other words thereunto next following att the ende of the second sheete were Strooke out, And alsoe the words and name (vncle Nathaniell Arnold) in the Two and twentieth Line of the Third Sheete were raised out (and freind Thomas Middleton Esquire) interlined over the same, and alsoe the words and name (my said Vncle Nathaniell Arnold) was raised out of the Three and Twentieth Line of the said Third Sheet, and the words name (the said Thomas Middleton) were interlined over the same and the Testator did declare the same was soe done by his direction and that he did after the same raising and interlining Seale publish and deliver this for his last Will and Testament in the presence of Edw. Warrren, Hum : Richardson, Richard Duke. Scr.

'This Will was proved att London the Eleaventh Day of ffebruarie In the yeare of our Lord God One Thousand Six hundred ffiftie and Seaven before the Judges for probate of Wills and graunting Administrations lawfully authorized by the oath of Thomas Middleton Esquire the sole and only Executor named in the aboue written Will To whome Administration of all and singular the goods Chattells and Debts of the said Deceased was granted and Committed he being first Legally sworne truly and faythfullie to administer the same.

Prerog. Court of Cant^y.
Somerset House. 95 Wotton.'

JOSEPH HUNTER, in his *Chorus Vatum*, has brought together a singular collection of documents and correspondence relative to lineal descendants of our Worthy in Barbadoes (West Indies), and in New England, United States of America. One letter (dated October 7th, 1858) from a Nicoll H. Dering, Esq., of Utica (U. S. A.), gives a most interesting account of a visit to 'the old Brinley Sylvester House,' with the old monuments of the Sylvesters and Derings. The combination of Brinley and Sylvester originated in the marriage of Grisell, daughter of Thomas Brinley, Auditor of Charles I. and II., to a Nathanael Sylvester. Thus the name of our Translator is perpetuated across the Atlantic. It is also still *quick* in England, though I know not if of his blood. And so with much more fulness than hitherto—for hitherto hardly anything has been known or written of him—I have told the life-story of JOSHUA SYLVESTER. I ask the student-Reader now to turn with me to his Works in

II.—CRITICAL.

IDEAL circumstance is the Paradise of Fools. And yet the case of JOSHUA SYLVESTER—as also sorrowfully too many others—gives poignancy to our heart-ache, that outward circumstances were not more propitious to the nurture and expression of the poetic faculty that indisputably was possessed by him. I am told that your bird-fanciers put out with hot wire the eyes of their captured and captive singing-birds (nightingale, lark, thrush), in order that they may continue to sing at late night-hours, and amid the glare and clamour of drinking saloon, or other place of congregation. But our Poet had his eyes—full-opened and penetrative—and it was hard to 'sing' with his mean and care-full surroundings, and ever-ness of entanglement in sordid needs. We have the testimony of JOHN VICARS ('Sacrum Memoriæ' Elegy) that he bore himself bravely and unrepiningly in his well-nigh life-long miserable fight for bare existence and subsistence:—

'A Saint on Earth (No need of greater Name).
A true Nathanael, Christian-Israelite.'

. . . . . .

'Religious, in Thy Selfe and Familie:
Courageous, to withstand Adversitie
And worldly cares; which most men, most dismay.'[1]

ANTHONY-A-WOOD forgets his spleen against the Puritans, and transmutes the verse-praise of Vicars for once into tender and sympathetic euology. Still, there are again and again recurring in his Poetry—often in most unlooked-for places—revelations of how deeply the iron of poverty had driven into his soul. The marvel to me is how, from within such a framework of antagonistic circumstance, he was able to hold his own and to continue 'singing' as he did to the close. I—for one—am satisfied that if only his uncle, WILLIAM PLUMBE, had created for JOSHUA SYLVESTER some post of leisureliness, our England had received in him a Maker worthy to mate with (at least) the second rank of the great Elizabethans (the highest necessarily excluded, and the Dramatists). It will be remembered that our Worthy has himself lamented that he was in a manner enforced to be a Translator rather than a 'native Poet.' He was conscious of an *afflatus* that might and ought to utter itself in poetry of his own. Perhaps the Reader will return upon the pathetic pleading.[1] And there is more. Young ABRAHAM COWLEY might have caught inspiration for his 'What shall I do to be for ever known?' from the opening of 'Urania or the Heavenly Muse,' which, if it be based on Du Bartas, also interprets the yearning of the paraphrast, as witness:—

'Scarce had the *Aprill* of mine Age begun,
When brave desire t' immortalize my Name,
Did make mee (oft) Rest and Repast to shun,
In curious project of some learned *Frame*.

But, as a Pilgrim, that full late doth light
Upon a crosse-way, stops in sudden doubt;
And, 'mid the sundry Lanes to finde the right,
More with his Wit than with his Feet doth scout:

Among the many flowry paths that lead
Up to the Mount, where (with green Bayes) *Apollo*
Crowns happy Numbers with immortall meed,
I stood confus'd, and doubtfull which to follow.

One while I sought, the *Greekish-Scæne* to dress
In *French* disguise: in loftier stile anon
T' imbrew our Stage, with Tyrants' bloudy Gests,
Of *Thebes*, *Mycæna*, and proud *Ilion*.

Anon, I sacred to th' *Aonian* Band
My Countrie's Storie; and, condemning much
The common error, rather took in hand
To make the *Mein French*, then the *Sein* be *Dutch*.

Anon, I meant with fawning Pen to praise
Th' un-worthy Prince; and so, with gold and glorie,
T' inrich my Fortunes, and my Fate to raise,
Basely to make my *Muse* a Mercenarie.

Then (gladly) thought I, the Wag-Son to sing
Of wanton *Venus*; and the bitter-sweet,

[1] Vol. I. p. to, col. 1, st. 4, 6.

[1] I. Biographical, p. xi. col. 1.

Doe but a little vaile your beames divine,
Whose over-brightnesse dimmes my tender sight;
Yet, vaile them not, for then eternall night
In ever darknesse drowns this soule of mine.

Alas, faire eyes, how will yee stint this strife?
Favour or frowne, love ever makes mee languish
In living deaths and in delightfull anguish,
How ere you looke, I looke to lose my life:
Ah looke no more (then) if you doe, ye spill mee,
Yes, looke (alas) unlesse yee looke yee kill mee.' [1]

Other of his Sonnets in *Posthumi* and dedicatory, will richly reward meditative reading. I pass from them to other love-inspired 'fancies;' and I must be no judge at all if I am mistaken in affirming that, interpenetrating all these and kindred, is a presence of authentic inspiration combined with a musical utterance that will compare with anything contemporary on the same plane. His friends DANIEL and DRAYTON would smile graciously on 'A Maske Sonnet to Queen Anne:'—

'Hye wee,
Hye wee, Sisters, Fairies,
Dead our comfort, deep our Care-is
While wee misse our Mistresse' grace:
In the mirrour of whose Face,
Majesty and mildnesse meet
Stately shining, smiling sweet;
In whose bosome
Aye repose-em
All the Honours of Diana;
Say, who saw our Glorie-Anna?
This way,
This way Grace did guide-her,
Could so rich a Jewell hide her?
So unseene that none can say,
Whither Shee is gone this way.
Or doth envie make you mum?
Or hath Wonder strook you dumb?
Iô Sisters,
Here's our mistresse.
Iô, Fairies have wee found her?
Daunce wee rapt with joy and wonder.
After the Daunce.
Haile,
All haile; O Queen of Graces,
Whose aspect, auspicious, chaces
All our cares and feares away,
Cleering all with cheerfull ray:
Whom, who-ever never saw,
Knowes not Vertue's Love nor Law;
Bountie's presence,
Beautie's pleasance;
Modell and divine Idea,
Both of Pallas and Astrea.

Welcome,
Welcome Phœnix royall,
Wils and Wals her eccho loyall;
In all Fairie is not found
A more happy piece of ground,
Then your presence maketh here,
Where, together with your Pheere,
All I wish-you
And your Issue,
With all joyes of grace internall,
Outward glory and eternall.' [1]

Fit companion for the Masque-sonnet (so called) is this quaint-fancied love-lilt:—

'Even as the timely sweet heat-temp'ring showers
Feed the faint Earth and fill it all with flowers green;
Green, grain, and grasse, and plants, and fruits, and flowers
Whereby the beauty of the world is seene:
Even so my tears temp'ring mine inward fire,
Doe feed my Love and foster my Desire.
And as a sudden and a stormy raine,
Makes *Flora's* children hang their painted heads,
And beateth downe the pride of *Ceres'* plaine,
Drowning the Pastures and the flow'ry Meades:
Even so my teares that overflow my fire
Drowne my Delight but not my Love's desire.
And as a little Water, cast upon
A Forge, doth force the flame to mount the more;
Which being by the panting bellows blowne,
It glowes, and growes much hotter, then before:
Even so my teares cast on mine inward fire,
Blown by my sighs augment my high desire.
And as a Brooke that Meadowes undermines,
Doth make them seem more green, more fresh more fair:
And as the deaw before bright *Phœbus* shines,
Gives the sweet Rose a more delightfull aire;
Even so my teares wat'ring mine inward fire,
Adorn my love, and garnish my desire.
Thus, then, though weeping waste my life away
And drench my Soule in ever-flouds of care,
Yet by my teares I doe my faith display,
Whereby my merits (still) recorded are:
So that my teares refresh mine inward fire,
And yet my tears quench not my high desire.' [2]

I would ask now that 'Astræa,' which is a transfiguration rather than translation of Du-Bartas, be STUDIED after a first listening to its 'dulcet music' and vivid imagery not without soupçon of sarcasm. I reproduce

[1] Vol. II. p. 324, Sonnet 15.

[1] Vol. II. p. 324, Sonnet 14. [2] *Ibid.* p. 323, No. 13.

it here that it may be at once read undisturbed by turning back :—

'Sacred PEACE, if I approve thee,
If more then my life I love thee,
Tis not for thy beauteous eyes :
Though the brightest Lamp in skies
In his highest Summer-shine,
Seems a sparke compar'd with thine,
With thy paire of selfe-like-Sunnes,
Past all else-comparisons.

'Tis not (deare) the dewes Ambrosiall
Of those prettie lips so Rosiall,
Make me humble at thy feet :
Though the purest honey sweet
That the Muse's birds do bring,
To Mount *Hybla* every spring,
Nothing neere so pleasant is,
As thy lively loving kisse.

'Tis not (Beautie's Emperesse)
Th' Amber circlets of thy tresse,
Curled by the wanton windes,
That so fast my freedome bindes :
Though the precious glittering sand
Richly strow'd on *Tagus'* Strand,
Nor the graines *Pactolus* roll'd,
Never were so fine a gold.

'Tis not for the polisht rowes
Of those Rocks whence Prudence flowes,
That I still my sute pursue :
Though that in those Countries new
In the Orient lately found
(Which in precious Gemmes abound)
'Mong all baits of Avarice
Be no pearles of such a price.

'Tis not (Sweet) thine yvorie neck
Makes me worship at thy beck ;
Nor that prettie double HILL
Of thy bosome panting still :
Though no fairest *Læda's* Swan
Nor no sleekest Marble can
Be so smooth or white in showe,
As thy Lillies, and thy Snowe.

'Tis not (O my Paradise)
Thy front (evener than the yce)
That my yeelding heart doth tye
With his milde-sweet Majestie :
Though the silver Moone be faine
Still by night to mount her waine,
Fearing to sustain disgrace,
If by day shee meet thy face.

'Tis not that soft Gattin limme,
With blew trayles enameld trimme,
Thy hand, handle of perfection,
Keeps my thoughts in thy subjection :
Though it have such curious cunning,
Gentle touch, and nimble running,
That on Lute to heare it warble,
Would move rocks, and ravish Marble.

'Tis not all the rest beside,
Which thy modest vaile doth hide
From mine eyes (ah too injurious !)
Makes mee of thy love so curious ;
Though *Diana* being bare,
Nor *Leucothoë* passing rare,
In the Crystall-flowing springs
Never bath'd so beauteous things.

What then (O divinest Dame)
Fires my Soule with burning flame,
If thine eyes be not the matches
Whence my kindling Taper catches?
And what *Nectar* from above
Feeds and feasts my joyes (my Love)
If they taste not of the dainties
Of thy sweet lips' sugred plenties?

What fell heat of covetise
In my feeble bosome fries ;
If my heart no reckoning hold
Of thy tresses' purest gold?
What inestimable treasure
Can procure me greater pleasure
Then those Orient Pearles I see
When thou daign'st to smile on me?

What? what fruit of life delights
My delicious appetites
If I over-passe the nests
Of those apples of thy brests?
What fresh Buds of scarlet Rose
Are more fragrant sweet then those,
Then those Twins thy Straw-berry teats,
Curled-purled Cherrylets?

What (to finish) fairer limne,
Or what member yet more trimme,
Or what other rather Subject
Makes me make thee all mine object?
If it be not all the rest
By thy modest vaile supprest ;
(Rather) which an envious cloud
From my sight doth closely shroud.

Ah 'tis a thing more divine,
'Tis that peere-lesse Soule of thine,
Master-peece of Heav'n's best Art,
Made to maze each mortall heart.
'Tis thine all admired wit,
Thy sweet grace and gesture fit,
Thy milde pleasing courtesie
Makes thee triumph over mee.

But, for thy fair Soule's respect,
I love Twin-flames that reflect
From thy bright tra-lucent eyes :
And thy yellow locks likewise :
And those Orient-Pearly Rocks :
Which thy lightning smile un-locks :

And the *Nectar*-passing blisses
Of thy honey-sweeter kisses.

I love thy fresh rosie cheek,
Blushing most *Aurora*-like:
And the white-exceeding skin
Of thy neck and dimpled chin,
And those Ivorie-marble mounts }
Either, neither, both at once:
For, I dare not touch to know
If they be of flesh or no.

I love thy pure Lilly hand
Soft and smooth, and slender: and
Those five nimble brethren small
Arm'd with Pearl-shell helmets all.
I love also all the rest
By thy modest vaile supprest;
(Rather) which an envious cloud
From my longing sight doth shroud.'[1]

In another direction, and as marked by perfect artistic workmanship and thorough command of resource, is 'The Woodman's Bear.' Independent of its autobiographical interest, I must regard this poem as infinitely superior to much contemporary love-verse that has received traditionary recognition, *e.g.* the meagre inanities of THOMAS WATSON. Will the reader give half-an-hour to it? (Vol. II. pp. 307-313.) In still another direction, and placing him—though their considerable precursor—alongside of GEORGE HERBERT, HENRY VAUGHAN the Silurist, and Dr. HENRY MORE, are his Religious Poems. I will limit myself to six of these:[2]—

A contented Minde.

I waigh not Fortune's frowne or smile,
I joy not much in earthly Joyes,
I seeke not state, I reake not stile,
I am not fond of fancie's Toyes:
I rest so pleas'd with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.
I quake not at the Thunder's crack,
I tremble not at noise of warre,
I swound not at the newes of wrack,
I shrink not at a Blazing-Starre;
I fear not losse, I hope not gaine,
I envie none, I none disdaine.
I see Ambition never pleas'd,
I see some *Tantals* starv'd in store,
I see gold's dropsie seldome eas'd,
I see even *Midas* gape for more;
I neither want, nor yet abound,
Enough 's a Feast, content is crown 'd.
I faine not friendship where I hate,
I fawne not on the great (in show),
I prise, I praise, a meane estate,
Neither too lofty nor too low:
This, this is all my choice, my cheere,
A minde content, a conscience cleere.

Vol. II. p. 340.

The Fruits of a cleer Conscience.

To shine in silke, and glister all in gold,
To flow in wealth, and feed on dainty fare,
To have thy houses stately to behold,
Thy Prince's favour, and the people's care:
The groaning, Gout, the Collick or the Stone,
Will marre thy mirth, and turne it all to moane,
But, be it, that thy body subject be
To no such sicknesse, or the like annoy:
Yet, if thy Conscience be not firme and free,
Riches are Trash, and Honours but a Toy.
This peace of Conscience is the perfect joy,
Wherewith God's Children in the world be blest;
Wanting the which, as good want all the rest.
The want thereof made *Adam* hide his head;
The want of this made *Cain* to waile and weep:
This want (alas) makes many goe to bed,
When they (God wot) have little list to sleep.
Strive, O then strive to entertaine and keepe
So rich a Jewell, and so rare a Guest,
Which being had, a rush for all the rest.'

Vol. II. p. 340-1.

[1] Vol. II. pp. 49-50.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 340, 'A Contented Minde:' p. 340/1, 'Fruits of a cleer Conscience:' p. 344, 'The Induction,' and I. Wish, and p. 346, Nos. IV. and V., 'Wish or Meditation.' It must be recorded here that as mentioned in I. Biographical (p. xxi. col. 1) Orlando Gibbons set 'A Contented Minde' to his charming and genuine English music. Probably Sylvester's consent was sought; for a preliminary stanza not in the poem itself forms No. 1., thus:—

'O that the learned Poets of this time,
Who in a Loue-sicke line so well can speake,
Would not consume good wit, in hateful rime
But, with deep care some better subiect finde.
For if their Musicke please in earthly things,
How would it sound if strung with heavenly strings?'

See Rimbault's Bibliotheca Madrigaliana: Introduction, p. xi. (1847). 'It has been asserted,' says Dr. Rimbault, 'that the poetry of this collection was written by Sir Christopher Hatton, the nephew of the Lord Chancellor of England. This, however, could not have been the case, as Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5 are certainly the productions of Joshua Sylvester, and No. 15 is part of a longer poem by Dr. Donne. The passage then in the dedication to Sir Christopher Hatton,—"the *language* they speak you provided them," merely intimates that Sir Christopher *selected* the poetry.' I question if Dr. Rimbault be not himself mistaken, as the context runs:—'They were most of them composed in your own house, and doe therefore properly belong unto you, as Lord of the Soile; the language they speake you provided them. I onely furnished them with Tongues to utter the same.' It is a courtly way of saying that Sir Christopher had inspired the music, and has no reference at all to the words.

The Induction.

What should I wish for on the Earth?
Goodnesse *is grown to such a dearth;*
While want of Grace *doth make abuse*
Of that which might be for good Use;
That who observes what most men wish,
Shall finde how fond and vaine it is.
Some wish for Wealth, *to pamper Pride:*
The Med'cin's good, but ill appli'd.
Some wish for Honour, *in high thought;*
Honour is good, Ambition nought.
Some wish for Health, *to live at ease;*
Health may be good, Ease breeds Disease.
Some wish for Power, *to wrong at will;*
Power oft is good, Oppression ill.
Some wish for Youth, *to nourish Folly;*
Youth may be good, the Wish unholy.
Some wish for Love, *to answer Lust;*
Love may be good, the Wish unjust.
Some wish for Strength, *to crush and kill;*
Strength may be good, but Murther ill.
Thus still th' Abuse which Will brings forth
Doth make the Wishes nothing worth.
Yet since that Wishes *may be good,*
When Worth is truely understood,
Let mee set downe my Heart's desire,
And what hath set my soule on fire.
It is not Earth, nor earthly Treasure,
Nor worldly Honour, fleshly Pleasure,
Nor Power, nor Place, nor Youth, nor Strength,
Nor drawing out this Life at length,
Nor idle pleasing Nature's Eye
With fond Affection's Vanity.
Not one of these comes near the White
Of my Heart's Wish and Soule's Delight,
The Course of my true Care's content
Extends above the Firmament.
The levell of my Soule's chiefe Love
Is onely in the Heav'ns above;
Where I shall see my Saviour sweet,
And how his Saints and Angels meet
With such an Harmony of Voyces,
As shewes how every Soule rejoyces
In the beholding his sweet Face,
That is the glory of all Grace.
This, this, my Wish *shall onely be,*
To live where I may ever see
My Saviour sweet, and in his sight
Have all my Heart's and Soule's Delight.
Daigne then (my God) this Boone *to give*
Whiles here upon this Earth I live,
That neither Wealth, *nor* Poverty,
Nor Comfort, *nor* Calamity,
Nor Health, *nor* Sicknesse, Ease, *nor* Paine,
Nor Hope, *nor* Feare, *nor* Losse, *nor* Gaine,
May ever take such hold on mee,
But still my Joy in CHRIST *may be.*

Vol. II. p. 344.

I. *Wish or Meditation.*

Oh! had I of his *Love* but part,
That chosen was by God's owne heart,
That Princely Prophet, *David*, hee,
Whom in the Word of Truth I see
The King of Heav'n so dearely lov'd,
As mercy beyond measure prov'd:
Then should I neither *Gyant* feare,
Nor *Lion*, that my soule would teare;
Nor the *Philistims*, nor such Fiends,
As never were true Christians' Friends:
No *Passions* should my spirit vex,
Nor *Sorrow* so my minde perplex,
But I should still all glory give
Unto my God by whom I live.
Then *Health* nor *Sicknesse*, *Griefe* nor *Ease*,
Should so my minde disease or please;
But *Want*, or *Woe*, what-ere I prove,
The Lord of Life should be my Love.
To him I should my minde impart,
And to him onely give my heart,
And to his mercy onely pray,
To put my secret sinnes away:
To heale my sinfull wounded Soule,
And put my Name in Mercie's Roll:
In all my *Cares* and *Crosses* still
To comfort mee with his good Will:
And when I cry and roar in Griefe,
In deepe despaire of Hope's Reliefe,
My Faith should yet in Mercy find
The Comfort of a constant Minde;
And I should ever joy to see
How Mercie's Eye did looke on mee;
Then should my Heart tune every string,
That to his glory I might sing
A *Song* of ever-lasting Praise,
To end in never-ending daies.
Then should I *play*, and *sing*, and *dance*,
And to the Heav'ns mine Eyes advance,
With joy to see in Triumph so
The *Arke* of God in Glory goe:
And whatsoever I possesse
In *Power* or *Honour*, more or lesse,
Nor Earth nor Heaven should mee move,
But still my Lord should be my love.
If I were *sicke*, Hee were my *Health*;
If I were *poore*, Hee were my *Wealth*;
If I were *weake*, Hee were my *Strength*;
If *dead*, Hee were my *Life* at length;
If *scorn'd*, Hee onely were my *Grace*;
If *banisht*, Hee my *Resting place*;
If *wrong'd*, Hee onely were my *Right*;
If *sad*, Hee were my Soule's *Delight*;
In Summe, and all, All-onely Hee
Should be All, above All, to mee.
His *Hand* shall wipe away my *Teares*,
His *Favour* free mee from all *Feares*,
His *Mercy* pardon all my *Sinne*,
His *Grace* my life *anew* begin,

His *Love* my *Light* to Heav'n should be,
His *Glory*, thus to comfort mee.
Thus was the Kingly Prophet blest,
To live in Love's eternall Rest.
And since I see his Grace so great,
To all that Mercy doe intreat:
And how the faithfull Soule doth prove
An heavenly blessing in his Love;
Let me but onely *This* request,
To be but *thus* with *David* blest,
That *Joy*, or *Griefe*, what-ere I prove
The Lord of Life may be my Love.

Vol. II. p. 344.

IV. *Wish* or *Meditation.*

Oh! that I had that *Gracious Call*
That from the Heav'ns had Blessed *Paul;*
That chosen Saint of sacred Blisse,
Where onely Saints' true blessing is:
Who from the way of wicked Thought,
Unto the gates of *Grace* was brought;
And when his *Eyes* were stricken blinde,
Had such an insight of the *Minde*,
As made him see through *Mercie's* light,
(That is the Soule's eternall sight)
How blinde is *Reason's* ruthfull Eye,
Where Errour leads the Heart awry;
Whil'st *Conscience* thinking to doe well,
Doth carry *Misconceit* to Hell;
Till *Mercy* meeting on the way,
Brings home the Sheepe that went astray:
Then should no *Office*, *Power*, nor *Place*
Make mee to seek my Soule's Disgrace.
To take a Tyrant's powerfull Rod,
To persecute the Saints of God.
But I should more in soule rejoyce
In Mercie's Gracious-Glorious Choice,
All *Persecutions* to abide,
Where *Patience*, *Faith*, and *Love is try'd*
Of the sweet Lord of Heaven's Blisse,
Then persecute one Saint of his:
But all my *Love*, and Love's *Delight*,
My *Meditation* day and night,
Should onely, all, and ever be
Of *Mercy* that so called mee.
No *Griefe*, no *Paine*, no *Want*, nor *Woe*,
That I should ever live to know,
But I should thinke too little all,
In Love to answer Mercie's Call:
For all the World I would not care,
Nor K[ing] nor *Kesar* would I feare;
No *threats*, nor *thraldom*, *scourge* nor *death;*
To speake his Praise, should stop my breath;
But I should plainely speake and write
My knowledge of the Lord of Light:
And to the Glory of his Name,
Throughout the World divulge the same.
My *Walke* should be but in his Waies;
My *Talke* but onely in his Praise;
My *Life* a Death, but in his Love;
My *Death* a Life, for him to prove:
My *Care* to keepe a Conscience cleane:
My *Will* from wicked thoughts to weane;
My *Prayers* for the Good of all,
That Mercy unto Grace doth call:
My *Labour* for the Love of Truth
To leade the Life of Age and Youth:
My *Comfort* truely to convert
The Soules which Sathan did pervert:
My *Health*, to labour for their Love,
That seeke their blessing from above:
My greatest *Ease*, to worke for those
Whom Mercy to Salvation chose:
My Paine, and pleasure, Travell, Ease,
My God *thus* in his Saints to please.
Then should I this base *World* despise,
With all Earth's *idle Vanities;*
And governe mine *Affections* so
That Sin should never overthrow
This wounded woefull Soule of mine,
But still in Mercie's love divine,
My Soule should finde that *life* of Grace,
As should all *Earthly love* deface:
And I should onely wish to live,
All *Glory* to my God to give;
And all in all my *Joy* to be
His *servant* that so *called* mee.

Vol. II. p. 346.

V. *Wish* or *Meditation.*

Oh that my Soule might live to prove
Some part of that sweet blessed Love,
Which *John* th' Evangelist possest,
When hee lean'd on our Saviour's brest:
When *Wisedome*, *Vertue*, *Grace* and *Truth*,
Embrac'd the blessed dayes of Youth!
Then should I fly with *Eagles'* wings
Unto the Glorious King of Kings;
And see that *Heav'nly Court* of his
The Beauty of the Angels' Blisse;
Where *Goodnesse*, *Grace*, *and Glory* dwels,
And *Love*, and *Life*, and nothing else
But *Holinesse* and Heav'nly *Light*,
All, onely in my Saviour's sight:
Then should I *loath* this World of Woe,
That doth *bewitch* the Worldling so;
And seeke (but at my Saviour's *feet*)
To finde my Soule's eternall *Sweet;*
Till Mercy will vouchsafe mee grace
To have a glimpse of his Sweet *Face*,
In whose least sweetest *Looke* of Love,
A *Sea* of Joy the *Heart* doth prove;
And swimming in the Soule's Delight,
Is *ravisht* with that Glorious *Sight.*
But though I cannot be so blest,
To leane upon my Saviour's *Brest;*
As all unworthy of such Grace,
To looke on his Cœlestiall *Face:*

Yet let mee beg at *Mercie's* Feet,
That I may but receive this Sweet
That when his Saints and Angels sing
Their *Haleluiaks* to their King,
My Soule in Joy all-sounding then,
May have but leave to sing *AMEN.*
Vol. II. p. 346.

I can only name the good, sound, and solid work of the 'Letanies on the Lord's Prayer' at close of the works.

Keeping in mind that all, or nearly all of these Poems belong to the closing years of the 16th century (1583-1600), and how relatively empty is the same type of poetry within these years,—again excluding supreme names,—I shall be disappointed if, for themselves, these examples of JOSHUAH SYLVESTER'S own gifts as a Poet, do not win for him higher recognition than hitherto, and the admission that he had a right to promise 'native strains' to the good Archbishop of Canterbury if only he had not passed 'from arts to marts and miseries.' I am not at all seeking for my worthy '*great* things.' What I claim for him is that he has given sanctions for recognition of his personal 'faculty' distinct and distinctive from his most noticeable achievements as a Translator. It is of ignorance not knowledge; of hasty assumption not judicial impartiality as not of insight, that any one sneers at our 'brave old English gentleman' and Poet.

Advancing now, I have to look at JOSHUA SYLVESTER as a Translator. His 'Du Bartas' has overshadowed all his other Works ('Sylvester's *Workes*' long before Ben Jonson's folio, is the recurring entry in the Stationers' Register), and I am glad to be enabled to preface what I have myself to say with a little paper on DU BARTAS, most pleasantly sent me by a living and variously-qualified master in this special department of criticism —GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Esq. His 'wine' needs no 'bush' as he himself needs no introduction to any cultured reader of to-day; and so here is his right-welcome communication just as it reached me:—

'Independently of the influence which he exercised throughout Europe, and which Sylvester's translation with all its shortcomings helped to extend, Du Bartas has from two very different points of view an important place in the story of French literature. He represents in the first place the extreme development of the Ronsardising innovation; in the second place the highest literary culture attained by the French Calvinists. This sect, which was in the next age to deserve to the full the reproach often unjustly brought against the literary sterility of the more thoroughgoing Protestant bodies, was during the last three quarters of the Sixteenth Century, and even a little later, extraordinarily fertile in men of letters. In its early days the names of Marot, of Marguerite, and others may perhaps be disputed by the general impulse of the Renaissance as having no specially Protestant tendency. But the Calvinism militant of those who opposed the league, produced many remarkable literary figures of whom the most remarkable are perhaps Du Bartas himself, Agrippa D'Aubigné, and the Tragedian Monchrestien. Inferior to D'Aubigné in knowledge of the world, in the choice of subjects perennially interesting, and in terse vigour of expression, Du Bartas was the superior of the great Protestant Satirist in picturesqueness, in imagination, and in facility of descriptive power. The stately and gorgeous abundance of the vocabulary with which the Hellenizing and Latinizing innovations of the pléiade enriched the French language supplied him with colours and material to work with, and his own genius did the rest. There is indeed no doubt that he went too far. His attempt to naturalise Greek compounds such as 'Aime-Lyre' 'Donne-Ame' and all the rest, has done him more harm than anything else, and was doomed to failure by the genius of the language. But it must be remembered that experiments were the order of the day, and that certain great contemporary names in England indulged in classicisms which were hardly less hopeless and absurd. Ronsard's denunciations of his

"Vers ampoullez dont le rude tonnerre
S'envole outre les airs,"

may sometimes be justified, but it is as well to remember that Ronsard had spoken in very different language before his jealousy was excited by the setting up of the Gascon Calvinist as a rival to himself. As a matter of fact Du Bartas' combination of classical learning with the varied colour and vivid imagination of the middle age and the Renaissance, often results in extraordinarily striking expressions. "L'eschine Azurée," for instance, is a singularly picturesque if also somewhat barbaric reminiscence of *εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης*. Nor is it in single passages only, that the

beauties of the Seigneur Du Bartas consist. Such a passage as the following in its enforcement of the idea 'hora novissima, tempora pessima' is worthy of D'Aubigné himself:

"Nos exécrables moeurs dedans gomorrhe aprises,
Les troublées saisons, les civils fureurs,
Les menaces du ciel sont les avant-coureurs
De Christ, qui vient tenir ses dernières assises."

A rather longer quotation will illustrate the style of the author still better, and will certainly remind all readers of modern French poetry of the greatest of the living (shall we say of the living and dead?) Poets of France:

"Un jour, de comble en fond, les rochers crouleront,
Les monts plus sourcilleux, de peur de dissoudront;
Le ciel se crevera: Les plus basses campagnes,
Boursouflées, croistront en superbes montagnes;
Les fleuves tariront, et si dans quelque estang
Reste encor quelque flot, ce ne sera que sang;
La mer deviendra flamme, et les sècmes balenes,
Horribles, mugleront sur les cuites arenes,
En son midy plus clair le jour s'espaissira
Le ciel d'un fer rouillé sa face voilera;
Sur les astres plus clairs courra le blev neptune,
Phoebus s'emparera du noir char de la lune,
Les etoiles cherront. Le désordre, la nuict,
La frayeur, le trespas, la tempeste, le bruit,
Entreront en quartier, et l'ire vengeresse
Du juge criminel, qui jà desjà nous presse,
Ne fera de ce tout qu'un bucher flamboyant,
Comme il n'en fit jadis qu'un marest ondoyant."

There are accents here which were, save now and then in the work of Regnier Rotrou and Corneille, not to be heard in France till the author of the Contemplations and the Châtiments began to sing. Nor are the sources of Du Bartas' inspiration hard to discover. A diligent perusal of the Scriptures, and of the splendid if sombre vernacular prose which Calvin had drawn from the study of those Scriptures and of the Latin Fathers, must rank first of all; next to it must be placed a familiarity with the profaner classics, and last a knowledge of the brilliant literature which the Poet's own country had produced in earlier times. All that was wanting to make Du Bartas a poet of the first rank was some portion of the faculty of self-criticism; for of natural verve and imagination he certainly had no lack. But in such critical faculty he seems to have been totally deficient, and his memory has paid the inevitable penalty. His beauties, rare in kind and not small in amount, are alloyed with vast quantities of dull absurdity, and the alloy, as has so often happened, has attracted more attention than the true metal. Had he, like the lighter singers of our time, written short pieces, he would almost certainly have produced some whose unalloyed beauty would have saved him as Belleau and Du Bellay have been saved. But vast Scriptural epics need a Milton to maintain them at a safe distance above the waters of oblivion; and Du Bartas, though undoubtedly Milton's creditor, was scarcely Milton's equal.'

I do not know that it is needful to enlarge on my accomplished friend's verdict on Du Bartas. I would wish, however, to emphasise that much of the 'alloy' in Sylvester's Du Bartas must be credited to Du Bartas himself. I do not gainsay that his Translator has his own faults and blame. There is much too frequently a *fantastique* of bathos—as 'glorious John' waggishly recalled [1]—or a perverse mingling of sorriest lath and plaster with noblest marble. But *as a rule* the intermixture is only a too-faithful and unsifted rendering of his original. This I will avouch for JOSHUAH SYLVESTER, that wheresoever Du Bartas chances to be great, he is co-equally great. No 'purple patch' loses its depth of colour in his hands, as no true note is robbed of its melodious richness. We shall find anon that the compound epithets of Du Bartas are not merely 'translated,' but that, with rare skill and seeingness, the Translator fashions new with a fine audacity that only occasionally overleaps itself. These are not French but English, with felicitous reminiscences of Greek.

As a Translator JOSHUAH SYLVESTER 'grew' marvellously. I have taken pains to study and collate the original and early 'parcel' issues of his Du Bartas; and nothing has struck me more than the advance in the after-editions. This has never, that I am aware, been noticed. Had it been, we should have been spared the nonsense of Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER'S criticism and general treatment of our Worthy.[2]

[1] See Vol. I. p. 124, ll. 186-7, and Dryden's Translation of Boileau's Art of Poetry, *with his application of it to English Writers*.

[2] In his Bibl. Cat., *s.n.*, Mr. Collier criticises Sylvester on the strength, *i.e.* weakness, of the two early tractates, in utter ignorance of the 'sea-change' subsequently wrought, and the universally conceded after-triumph.

The first known translation by our Sylvester was 'A Canticle of the Victorie obtained by the French King, Henrie the Fourth at Yvry' (1591). It thus opens:—

'*A Canticle of the Victorie obtained by the French King, Henrie the fourth at Yury.*

O God! what glorious sun, beams bright about our bounds?
What high triumphall hymne, so sweetly shirle resounds;
In our archt temples faire? what noise runs longst our streets?
What ruddy flakes of fire with clouds high climing meets?
Then is the victory ours: and heauen's most righteous wrath
Vpon the cruell campe of Leaguers showered hath.
My browes beslick your-selues, and you my throbbing thoghts
(Deepe sunke in sigh-full cels of sorrowes sable vaughts)
Soar vp to heauen againe: you sisters three-fold three,
Which of your sweets some yeeres haue now bin niggardlie,
And left my lips a-drie: insucket now my tong
In your best syrops; now poure downe vpon this song,
A lake of learned gold, a rich May-wreath of flowers.
Let not my blubbered eies disturbe with sorrowes showers,
The common publike ioy: nor mee dumbe-thanklesse hide,
Among so many Orphes, these braue Trophés tride.'—
(P. 1.)

Cf. this with our text in Vol. II. p. 247, l. 1-16.

His second book was his 'Triumph of Faith.' 'The Sacrifice of Isaac.' 'The Shipwracke of Ionas,' etc. (1592). Take these *bits* from the 'Triumph of Faith,' which is different throughout:—

'*The Triumph of Faith.*

'I hate the pens that practise to backbite;
I hate the pens that shamelese sooth vp sin:
For enuious th' one, the other claw-backs bin:
But he is wise can chuse the meane aright.
Nor oft to pinch, nor oft to praise I vse,
Yet must I praise, the praise-deseruing still,
For (free) I cannot hold my forward quill,
From those who heauen with speciall beams indues.
Now all that God giues by retaile (I see)
To perfect'st men, to thee in grosse he giues,
That 's 'cause my muse thy praise so often driues,
For duties sake, but not to flatter thee,' etc., etc.

'*The first song of the Triumph of faith.*

The God of dreames came in through's hornie gate
(When Erycine Aurora cal'd in Ynde,
And she the Sunne) and shewed my musing minde,
A sacred Virgin's triumph full of state.
Then Faith (for that's hir name) commands with speed,
That pen and paper I prepare to write,
What friendly heauen would offer to my sight,
To be recorded to our after-seed,' etc., etc.

Cf. this again with our text in Vol. II. p. 11, onward.

The other pieces of the title-page are 'fragments' taken from Du Bartas' great poem; and more than even those thus far quoted, illustrate the after *labor limæ*. Thus—

'*The Sacrifice of Isaac.*

The babe is blest that godly parents breed;
And sharp-sweet Tutors traine in louing-dreed:
But cheeflie that (in tender cradle-bed),
With sincere milke of pietie is fed.
So blest is Isaac. But his inclination
Excels his birth and carefull education,
His faith, his knowledge, wit, and iudgement sage,
(Preuenting times), anticipates his age.
Being but a babe, he feares the liuing Lord,
And (wise) depends vpon his father's word;
Whose steady steps the child obserueth so
That by his gesture he his mind dooth know,
So far, that euery word, each glance and nod,
Serues for a certaine warning, lesson, rod:
And thus this child by diligence out-reacht.
The holy precepts that his father preacht.
Now though that Abram were a man discreet,
Graue, wise, and modest, knowing what was meet:
Though his sweet son sometime he seeme to chide,
Yet can he not his kind affection hide,
Nor shrowd his loue, but still his eyes are pight
And fixed still on Isaac his delight.
Sweet *Isaac's* face serues for his looking-glasse,
No name but *Isaac* through his mouth doth passe.
But God who sees how perfect is this loue,
Takes thence occasion Abram's faith to proue
And tempteth him; but not as dooth the diuell
His vassals tempt, or man his mate to euill:
When Sathan tempts he seeks our faith to foile,
But God dooth seale it neuer to recoile:
Sathan suggesteth it, God moues to grace:
The diuel seeks our baptisme to deface,
But God to make our burning zeale to shine
Amongest the candles of his church deuine.'—(P. 1-2.)

. . . . . .

'Now giue to me a voice (O voice deuine)
With heauenly fire inflame this brest of mine:

Ah rauish me, and make all kind of men,
Admire thine Abram, picturd with my pen.
And let that voice (of kings the only kinger)
Lead mine vnlearned eie and art-lesse finger,
To imitate in English dies vn-darke,
This faire French patterne of that Patriarke,
So that (excepting change of tire alone)
The French and English Abram may be one.—(P. 3.)

. . . . . .

Abram, mine Abram (quoth the God of power)
I am thy God, thy king, thy strength, thy tower,
Go straight to *Salem*, and in any wise
Thy sweet sonne Isaac see thou sacrifice:
There slay the child, and in consuming fire
Offr' vp his lims t' appease my iealous ire.—(P. 4.)

. . . . . .

Yet on he goes and mounts the hil apace.
And strengthd by faith he dooth seréne his face,
Like siluer Cynthia when in Thetis waues
Her amber tresses wantonlie she laues,
He builds his aultar, laies his wood thereon,
And tenderly he binds his sonne anon.—(P. 11.)

. . . . . .

Isaac my sonne, my sweet (too sweet indeed)
Alas, thy sweetnesse makes me more to bleed,
Makes my losse greater, and like red-hot tongs
Gripes hard my heart, torments my lights and longs,
I take deere sonne (not mine but God's i wis)
My last fare-wel, seal'd with my latest kisse.—(P. 13.)

. . . . . .

Christ dies (indeed) but Isaac is repriu'd
Because the Lord had otherwise contriu'd;
The blood of Isaac was too base a price
To free our soules and purge our filthy vice;
Our soules defilde with such foule faults of ours
Had need be washed with more plentious showres.'—
(P. 17.)

Cf. this once more with our text in Vol. I. p. 178, ll. 12-49, and p. 179, line 86 onward, and line 90 onward.

Again there is—

'*The Ship-wracke of Ionas.*

As after th' end of long and wearie raine
The hunny-birds hast from their hiues again,
Sucke here and there, and beare unto their bower,
The sweetest sap of euery fragrant shower:
So of the towne beseegd each burges hies
Straight to the tents of feare-fled enemies,
And there such store of corne and wine they pill,
That in one day their hungrie towne they fill:
And th' issuing presse treads downe amid the throng
Th' incredule courtiar nice the dust among:
So that (at once) euen both effects agree
Iust with Elisha's holy prophesie.

From this schoole parts the prophet *Anethyte*
The twise-borne preacher, doctor Niniuite.
Go (saith the Lord) go hast thee hence with speed,
To high-wald Niniu' and cry out (sans dreed)
Both day and night, yet forty daies to come
And *Niniue* shall perish all and some.'—(P. 18.)

. . . . . .

Then God reacht out his hand, vnfolds his frowns,
Dis-arms his arme of thunder-bruising-crownes,
Bowes downe his holy hed that flames like fire
And milde he grants these harrolds last desire.
Now readers, if your gentle doome shall daigne
With good aspect to grace my lowly muse:
If you vouchsafe a friendly entertaine,
To these first fruites shee offers to your veiwes:
If you accept these patterns of her paine,
Andhelp her faultes with fauour to excuse:
If this first messe doe not your mouthes misleeke,
Your second course shal be the *Second Weeke.*'—(P. 24.)

YOUR IOSVAH SILUESTER.

Cf. Vol. I. p. 248, l. 896 onward.

These may suffice. Everywhere it will be observed pleasurably, that the after-work has not worn away the original substance, but contrariwise replaced tin with gold or gold-leaf with bullion.

Another way of marking the power and plenitude of Sylvester is to put him in comparison with contemporary Translators of Du Bartas. King James I. tried his 'prentise hand' on portions. To-day, though be-praised at the time, the royal 'paraphrases,' rather than translations, are beneath criticism. Equally poor are those of THOMAS HUDSON (whose 'Judith' was bound up with all the folios of Sylvester, and earlier). There remain THOMAS WINTER and WILLIAM L'ISLE OF WILLBURGHAM—for alas! Sir Philip Sidney's has perished.

The former—Thomas Winter—is thus entered in the Stationers' Register (Arber's Transcript):—

'(*a.*) 18 Novembris 1602: James Shawe. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master Doctor Mountford and the Wardens, A booke called *the Second Daye of the first weeke of the most excellent Learned and Devine poet* William Lord Bartas Donne into English by Thomas Winter vj^d^ (vol. iii. p. 221, bottom paging).

(*b.*) 13 Septembris [1604]: Thomas Clerke. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of the wardens A booke called *the Third Dayes Creacon*, donne by William Lord Bartas, and translated out of Frenche by Thomas Winter, Master of Artes.

Provided that yf any other partie hath Right therevnto or that *the firste and seconde bookes* of the said Lord Bartas be not alreadie printed: then this entrance to be void, vj^{d} (*ibid.* p. 271).'

It so chances that I have the latter now before me. Its title-page is as follows:—'The Third Dayes Creation. By that most excellent, learned, and diuine Poet, William Lord Bartas. Done verse for verse out of the original French by Thomas Winter, Master of Arts' (1604). It is dedicated to Henry Prince of Wales, who had 'accepted' the former part. This is the opening:—

'The Third Dayes Creation. By that most excellent, learned, and diuine Poet, William Lord Bartas. Done verse for verse out of the original French by Thomas Winter, Master of Arts. London 1604.'

'My Muse that whilome ouer-topt each spheare
Whose course life-giuing influence doth beare;
That in so braue a stile discours'd of Winds
And ayrie meteors frighting silly minds:
And did of sulphur'd-lightning stormes intreate,
And made her verse so graue a path to beate:
Creeping to-day in the base elements,
Must cloath her speech with base habiliments:
Where if by chaunce she sing a loftie straine,
She 's lifted higher by the swelling Maine.
Great King of earth, and of the liquide plaine,
Whose very heate doth dreadfully constraine
The sturdiest hils to quake, and oft exaults
The stormie waues vp to the starrie vaults,
Grant that my reasoning skill may well surnay
The fleeting and firme element this *Day*.
Grant that my learned verse may well discouer,
The nature of the sea, and of our Mother:
That with a flowring stile I may pourtray
The flowers, that cloath the earth with rich array.
All those high hils, whose forked tops do border
Vpon the clouds, that wander in disorder,
Did hide their bossed backs vnder the floud,
While on the earth a pudled marish stood,' etc.

(P. 1.)

Cf. Sylvester, Vol. I. p. 40, onward.

This is near the close:—

'In clymbe-fall court he spends no wretched yeares,
His will depends not on the greatest peares:
He changeth not religion with his Lord,
His mercenarie stile doth not accord
With lies to make an Ant an Elephant,
Or stile a coward hard and valiant;
Or make an Adon of some foule Thersite,
Or wrong leud Flora with Alcestes right:
But liues within himselfe, serues God in feare,
And sings the verie thought his heart doth beare.
Pale feare doth neuer feede vpon his heart;
Nor doth he practise conicatching art,' etc.

Cf. Sylvester, Vol. I. 49-50.

William L'isle's volume is also under my eye. It was not published until 1625; but from an appended Epistle to the Lord Admirall dated 1596, it seems to have been done before or in 1596. The following is its title-page:—

'Part of
Dv Bartas
English and French,
and in his owne kinde of
Verse, so neare the French Englished, as
may teach an English-man French, or
a French-man English.
. . . . . .
By William L'isle of *Willburgham*,
Esquier for the King's Body.
London 1625, 4°. (9 leaues and pp. 188).'

This is the commencement:—

'*The end of Adam and beginning of Nöe.*

Then thus he gan foretel | the wauy territorie
Of people skalie-backt, | all this high vaulted story,
Wherein the thundring God | by his e'rlasting might
Hath placed sentinel | Sunne for day, Mone for night.
The highest Aire, the Mean | wherein the clouds do play,
And this below, the field | appointed for the fray
Of sturdie counterwinds | that with a roaring sound
Throw many a wood that stands | betwixt them, to the ground:
The flower-decked Inne | that lodgeth crazie Man,
Were all by this aufull word, | in six daies made, and than
Was hallowed the seuenth. | In like sort Earth, See, Aire,
And th' Azure-guilt that foldes | the world in curtane faire,
Shall last six other daies, | but long and faire vnlike
The daies that Heauens bright eye | meates out with golden stroke,' etc. (P. 1.)

Cf. Sylvester, Vol. I. p. 132, onward.

This will I daresay be reckoned enough; but I must add the explanatory Epistle with its serene condemnation of Spenser:—

'To the Reader.

'Thus much onely may suffice (I presume) to helpe an Englishman vnderstand the whole French of Bartas, or a Frenchman the whole English of Siluester. If you aske me why I keepe this kind of Hexameter verse, I need say no more but that it is the same, which the Author kept in the originall, etc.

'The Bartasian verse, (not vnlike herein to the Latin Pentameter) hath euer this propertie, to part in the mids betwixt two wordes; so much doe some French prints signifie, with a stroke interposed, as here in the first two pages you may see for example. The neglect of this hath caused many a braue stanza in the Faerie Queene to end but harshly, which might haue beene preuented at the first; but now the fault may be sooner found than amended.'

Robert Ashley—school-fellow at Saravia's with our Poet as we have seen[1]—in 1589 published 'L'Vranie or mvse celeste de G. de Saluste Seigneur du Bartas. Vrania sive Mvsa cœlestis Roberti Ashelei de Gallica G. Sal. Bartasij delibata, 1589. Comparison here is scarcely possible; yet the opening stanza may be acceptable:—

'Nondum florentem, viridemque ætatis Aprilem
Contigeram, sacro cum mens, mea rapta furore,
Tentandum docet esse viam, qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo, & post fata virûm volitare per ora.

I thought once of similarly presenting the various readings so as to exhibit VERBAL CHANGES in the successive editions of Sylvester's translations of Du Bartas. I have decided to withhold these (*a*), Because the Works have already considerably exceeded the extent estimated, and (*b*), Because neither Du Bartas nor the Translator so belong to our highest literature as to call for either the toil, or the cost, of tabulated variations. Enough to state, that in almost every edition the revising hand is seen, and that love of labour that transmutes even task-work into a labour of love.

But though I do not care to inflict upon myself or readers elaborate variations of texts, it were to wrong our Worthy not to show his power as a Translator. I can only at most offer merest specimens of noteworthy things; and what have struck me may be held by others as excelled by him elsewhere. So be it as it must ever be.

Here is a noble outburst (Vol. I. p. 20, ll. 152-159):—

'It glads me much, to view this Frame; wherein
(As in a Glasse) God's glorious face is seen:
I love to look on God; but, in this Robe
Of his great Works, this Universall Globe.
For, if the Sun's bright beams do blear the sight
Of such as fix'dly gaze against his light;
Who can behold above th' Emperiall Skies,
The lightning splendor of God's glorious Eyes?'

There is the calm of night itself in this of 'The cõmoditie that the night bringeth us' (Vol. I. p. 24, ll. 546-99):—

'But yet, because all Pleasures wax unpleasant,
If without pawse we still possesse them, present;
And none can right discerne the sweets of Peace,
That have not felt War's irkesom bitterness;
And Swans seem whiter if swart Crowes be by
(For, Contraries each other best descry.)
Th' All's Architect, alternately decreed
That night the day, the day should night succeed.
The Night, to temper daie's exceeding drought,
Moistens our Aire, and makes our Earth to sprout.
The Night is she that all our travailes easeth,
Buries our cares, and all our griefes appeaseth.
The Night is she, that (with her sable wing,
In gloomy Darkness hushing every thing)
Through all the World dumb silence doth distill,
And wearied bones with quiet sleep doth fill.
Sweet Night, without Thee, without Thee (alas!)
Our life were loathsome; even a Hell to passe:
For, outward paines and inward passion still,
With thousand Deaths, would soule and body thrill.
O Night, thou pullest the proud Mask away
Wherewith vaine Actors in this World's great Play,
By Day disguise-them. For, no difference
Night makes between the Peasant and the Prince,
The poore and rich, the Prisoner and the Judge,
The foule and faire, the Master and the Drudge,
The foole and wise, *Barbarian* and the *Greek*:
For, Night's black Mantle covers all alike.
He that, condemn'd for some notorious vice,
Seeks in the Mines the baits of Avarice;

[1] Robert Ashley, besides his Latin 'Urania,' wrote and translated a number of now long-forgotten books. See all the bibliographical authorities. I have examined most of them, but they brought me no reward.

Or, swelting at the Furnace, fineth bright
Our soule's dire sulphur; resteth yet at night.
He that, still stooping, toghes against the tide
His laden barge alongst a River's side,
And filling shoares with shouts, doth melt him quite;
Upon his pallet resteth yet at Night.
He, that in Sommer, in extremest heat
Scorchèd all day in his owne scalding sweat,
Shaves with keen Sythe, the glory and delight
Of motly Medowes; resteth yet at night,
And in the arms of his deare Pheer forgoes
All former troubles and all former woes.
Onely the learnèd Sisters' sacred Minions,
While silent Night under her sable pinions
Folds all the world, with pain-lesse paine they tread
A sacred path that to the Heav'ns doth lead;
And higher than the Heav'ns their Readers raise
Vpon the wings of their immortall Layes.
EVEN NOW I listned for the Clock to chime
Dayes latest hower; that for a little time,
The Night might ease My Labours: but I see
As yet *Aurora* hath scarce smil'd on me;
My Work still growes: for, now before mine eyes
Heav'n's glorious hoast in nimble squadrons flyes.'

In our first quotation from 'The First Day' the description of the 'eyes' of God arrests. Equally notable is another (Vol. I. p. 34, ll. 803-8):—

'Me thinks I hear, when I doe hear it thunder,
The voice that brings Swains up, and *Cæsars* under:
By that Towr-tearing stroak I understand
Th' undannted strength of the Diuine right-hand:
When I behold the Lightning in the Skies,
Me thinks I see th' Almightie's glorious Eies.'

One of the most signal interpolations into the text of Du Bartas—printed carefully like all the others in italics—by the translator, is a striking and wistful and patriotic address to England 'to rouze her from her present security' (Vol. I. p. 35, ll. 899-958):—

'And wanton ENGLAND, *why hast Thou forgot*
Thy visitation, as thou hadst it not?
Thou hast seen Signes, *and thou hast felt the rod*
Of the revenging wrathfull hand of God.
The frowning Heav'ns in fearfull Sights fore-spoke
Thy Roman, Saxon, Dane, *and* Norman *Yoke:*
And since (alas!) unkinder wounds then those,
The Civill rents of thy divided ROSE:
And, last of all, the raging Wolves of Rome,
Tearing thy Limbs (Christ's Lambs) in Martyrdome.
Besides Great Plagues, *and grievous* Dearths, *which erst*
Have oft the sinews of thy strength reverst.
But Thou, more faulty, more forgetfull art
Then Boyes that fear but while they feel the smart:
All this is past, and Thou, past fear of it,
In Peace *and* Plenty, *as a Queen, dost sit;*
Of Rods *forgetfull, and for* Rest *ingratefull,*
(That, sottish dulnesse; this, a sin most hatefull:)
Ingratefull to thy God, who all hath sent;
And thy late Queen, his sacred Instrument,
By whose pure hand he hath more blessed Thine,
Then erst his own Choice-planted Hebrew Vine:
From whence hee look'd for Grapes (as now from thee):
That bore him Crabs: Thou worse (if worse may be):
That was destroy'd, the wild Boar entred in.
ENGLAND, *beware:* Like punishment, like sin.
But, O! what boots, or what avails my song
To this deaf Adder, that hath slept so long,
Snorting so loud on pillows of Security,
Dread-lesse of danger, drowned in Impurity:
Whose senses all, all over-growne with fat,
Have left no doore for fear to enter at?
Yet once again (deer Country) must I call:
ENGLAND, *prevent; Fall, to repent thy* Fall.
Though thou be blinde, thy wakefull Watchmen see
Heav'n's irefull vengeance hanging over thee
In fearfull Signes, threatning a thousand Woes
To thy Sins' Deluge, *which all over-flowes.*
Thine uncontroll'd, bold, open Atheism:
Close Idol-service: *cloaked* Hypocrism:
Common Blaspheming *of God's Name in* Oaths:
Usuall profaning *of his* Sabbaoths:
Thy blind, dumb Idol-shepheards, *choak'd with steeples,*
That fleece thy Flocks, and do not feed thy Peoples:
Strife-full Ambition, Florentising *States:*
Bribes *and* Affection *swaying Magistrates:*
Wealth's mercy-lesse Wrong, Usury, Extortion:
Poore's Idlenesse, repining *at their portion:*
Thy Drunken Surfets; *and* Excesse *in* Diet:
Thy Sensuall *wallowing in* Lascivious Riot:
Thy huff'd, puff'd, painted, curl'd, purl'd, wanton Pride,
(The Baud to Lust, *and to all sins beside)*
These are thy sins: These are the Signes *of Ruin,*
To ev'ry State *that doth the same pursue-in:*
Such, *cost the* Jewes *and* Asians *Desolation,*
Now turned Turks, *that were* the holy Nation.
Happy who take by others' dangers warning:
All that is writ, is written for our learning;
So preach thy Prophets: But, who heeds their cry?
Or who beleeves? *then much lesse hope have I.*'

John Vicars in his 'Elegie' commemorates our Poet's dauntless 'courage of his convictions:'—

'No Temporizer; yet, the Court frequenting:
Scorning to sooth, or smooth this Age's crimes:
At War with Vice, in all thy holy Rymes:
Thine Israel's Sins (with Jeremie) lamenting.'
(Vol. I. p. 10, st. 7.)

Here is another proof of this fearlessness and seer-like fidelity in rebuke of the highest-seated (Vol. I. p. 44, ll. 508-39):—

'O Princes (subjects unto pride and pleasure)
Who (to enlarge, but a hair's-breadth, the measure
Of your Dominions) breaking Oaths of Peace,
Cover the Fields with bloudy Carkases!
O Magistrates, who (to content the Great)
Make sale of *Justice*, on your sacred Seat!
And, breaking Laws for Bribes, profane your Place,
To leave a Leek to your unthankfull Race!
You strict Extorters, that the poor oppress,
And wrong the Widdow and the Father-less,
To leave your Off-spring rich (of others' good)
In Houses built of Rapine and of Blood)
You City-Vipers, that (incestious) joyn
Use upon use, begetting Coyn of Coyn!
You Marchant Mercers, and Monopolites,
Gain-greedy Chap-men, perjur'd Hypocrites,
Dissembling Broakers, made of all deceipts,
Who falsifie your Measures and your Weights
T' inrich your selves, and your unthrifty Sons
To Gentilize with proud possessions!
You that for gaine betray your gracious Prince,
Your native Country, or your deerest Friends!
You that to get you but an inch of ground,
With cursèd hands, remove your neighbour's bound,
(The ancient bounds your Ancestors have set)
What gaine you all? alas! what do you get?
Yea, though a King by wile or war had won
All the round Earth to his subjection;
Lo here the Guerdon of his glorious pains,
A needle's point, a Mote, a Mite he gains,
A Nit, a Nothing (did he All possess);
Or if then Nothing any thing be less.'

But none the less was he proud of the great Queen. The poorest contemporary rhymester somehow becomes ennobled, and is given larger utterance when his theme is 'sacred Elizabeth.' It certainly again and again inspires Sylvester, as in this quaintly imaged tribute to her (Vol. I. pp. 45-6, ll. 620-57):—

'*Here* (*deer* S. BARTAS) *give thy Servant leave*
In thy rich Garland one rare Flower *to weave,*
Whose wondrous nature had more worthy been
Of thy divine immortalising Pen:
But, from thy sight, when SEIN *did swell with bloud,*
It sunk (*perhaps*) *under the Crimsin Flood*
(*When Beldam* Medices, Valois, *and* Guise,
Stain'd Hymen's *Robe with* Heathen *cruelties*)
Because the Sun, to shun so vile a view,
His Chamber kept, and wept with Bartholmew.
For so, so soon as in the Western Seas
Apollo *sinks, in silver* Euphrates
The Lotos *dives, deeper and deeper ay*
Till Mid-night: then, remounteth toward Day:
But not above the Water, till the Sun
Doth re-ascend above the Horizon.
So ever true to Titan's *radiant Flame,*
That (*Rise he, Fall he*) *it is* Still the same.
A Reall Emblem of her Royall Honour
That worthily did take that Word *upon her;*
Sacred ELIZA, *that ensu'd no less*
Th' eternall Sun of Peace and Righteousness;
Whose lively lamp (*what ever did betide-her*)
In either Fortune was her onely Guider.
For in her Father's and her Brother's Dayes,
Fair rose this Rose *with truth's new-springing raies:*
And when again the Gospel's *glorious Light*
Set in her Sister's superstitious Night,
She sunk withall under affliction's streams
(*As sinks my* Lotos *with* Sol's *setting beams*):
But, after Night, when Light again appear'd,
There-with, again her Royall Crown she rear'd;
And in an Ile amid the Ocean set
(*Maugre the* Deluge *that* Rome's *Dragon spet,*
With spightfull storms striving to over-flowe her,
And Spain *conspiring jointly t' over-throwe-her*)
Her Maiden *Flowr flourisht above the Water;*
For, still Heav'n's Sun cherisht his loving Daughter.'

We have seen how he used to steal away in earlier years to Eltham and Fulham, and in later to Stafford and Berkshire. He was a lover of the country. He breathed freer among the green fields and lanes. The bird within him 'sang' under the shine and shadow of the green-wood. His life-weariness and wornness fell away from him as he left the roar of the great city behind him. He renewed his youth in contact with mother-earth. Its fragrances, its dewiness, its sparkle, its inviolate skies, brought tranquillity. The homely simplicities, the unrestrained intercourse with 'gentle and simple,' the bright laughter of children, the breath of kine, the smell and refreshment of milk, and butter, and honey, the sweetness and brightness of the daisied meadow, the butter-cupped fallows, the pollard trees, the bird-voices from 'red-stomachered Robin' to the cawing rooks, set themselves to spontaneous music in his soul. Accordingly, if the Reader is vigilant, he will observe nicety of epithet wherever rural memories are worked in, or tree-beauty, flower-beauty, grass-beauty,

brook-beauty, country-beauty in ever-varying aspects, are recalled. I select one complete passage, which, if it have weaknesses, has also strength and cunningness of word-painting (Vol. I. p. 49, ll. 1016-91):—

'All-hail fair Earth, bearer of Towns and Towrs,
Of Men, Gold, Grain, Physick, and Fruits and Flowrs;
Fair, firm, and fruitfull, various, patient, sweet,
Sumptuously cloathed in a Mantle meet
Of mingled-colour; lac't about with Floods,
And all imbrod'red with fresh blooming buds,
With rarest Gemmes richly about embost,
Excelling cunning, and exceeding cost.
All-hail great Heart, round Base, and stedfast Root,
Of all the World, the World's strong fixed Foot,
Heav'n's chastest Spouse, supporter of this All,
This glorious Building's goodly Pedestall.
All-hail deer Mother, Sister, Hostess, Nurse
Of the World's Soverain: of thy liberall purse,
W' are all maintained: match-less Empéress,
To doe thee service, with all readiness,
The Sphears before thee bear ten thousand torches;
The Fire, to warm thee, foulds his heatfull Arches
In purest flames above the floating Cloud:
Th' Aire, to refresh thee, willingly is bow'd
About the Waves, and well content to suffer
Milde *Zephyr's* blasts, and *Boreas* bellowing rougher:
Water, to quench thy thirst, about thy Mountkins
Wraps her moist arms, seas, rivers, lakes, and fountains.
O how I grieve, deer Earth, that (given to gays)
Most of best Wits contemn thee now a-dayes:
And noblest hearts proudly abandon quite
Study of Hearbs, and *Country-life's* delight,
To brutest men, to men of no regard,
Whose wits are Lead, whose bodies Iron-hard.
Such were not yerst the reverend Patriarks,
Whose praise is penned by the *sacred* Clarks.
Noah the just, meek *Moses*, *Abraham*
(Who *Father of the Faithfull Race* became)
Where Shepheards all, or Husbandmen (at least)
And in the Fields passed their Dayes the best.
Such were not yerst *Attalus*, *Philometor*,
Archelaus, *Hiero*, and many a *Prétor*;
Great Kings and Consuls, who have oft for blades
And glistring Scepters, handled hooks and spades.
Such were not yerst, *Cincinnatus Fabricius*,
Serranus, *Curius*, who un-self-delicious,
With Crowned Coulters, with Imperiall hands,
With Ploughs triumphant plough'd the *Roman* lands.
Great *Scipio*, *sated* with fain'd curtsy-capping,
With Court-*Eclipses*, and the tedious gaping
Of golden beggars: and that Emperour
Of Slave turn'd King; of King turn'd Labourer;
In countrey Granges did their age confine:
And ordered there, with as good Discipline,
The Fields of Corn, as Fields of Combat first;
And Ranks of Trees, as Ranks of Souldiers yerst.

O thrice, thrice happy He, who shuns the cares
Of City-troubles, and of State-affairs;
And, serving *Ceres*, tils with his owne Teem
His own *Free-land*, left by his Friends to him!
Never pale Envie's poysonie heads do hiss
To gnaw his heart; nor Vultur Avarice:
His Fields' bounds, bound his thoughts: he never
For *Nectar*, poyson mixt in silver Cups;
Neither in golden Platters doth he lick
For sweet *Ambrosia*, deadly *Arsenick*:
His hand's his boaul (better then Plate or Glass):
The silver Brook his sweetest *Hippocrass*:
Milk, Cheese, and Fruit (fruits of his own endeavour)
Drest without dressing, hath he ready ever.
False Counsailers (Concealers of the Law)
Turn-coat Atturneys, that with both hands draw;
Sly Peti-Foggers, Wranglers at the Bar,
Proud Purse-Leaches, Harpies of *Westminster*,
With fained chiding, and foul jarring noyse,
Break not his brain, nor interrupt his joyes:
But cheerfull Birds, chirping him sweet *Good-morrows*,
With Nature's Musick to beguile his sorrows;
Teaching the fragrant Forrests, day by day,
The *Diapason* of their Heav'nly Lay.'

Again, with a fine yearning and consciousness of possibilities of 'higher strains' (Vol. I. p. 50, ll. 1160-71):—

'Let me, good Lord, among the Great un-kend,
My rest of dayes in the Calm *Countrey* end.
Let me deserve of my deer EAGLE-Brood
For Windsor-*Forrest*, *walks in* Almes-wood:
Bee Hadley *Pond*, *my Sea*; Lambs-bourn, *my Thames*;
Lambourn, *my* London; Kennet's *silver streams*,
My fruitfull Nile; *my Singers and Musicians*,
The pleasant Birds with warbling repetitions;
My company, *pure thoughts*, *to work thy will*;
My Court, *a Cottage on a lowely* Hill;
Where, *without let*, *I may so sing thy Name*,
That times to-come may wonder at the same.'

There are memorable things of the birds; and what of jar there is through artificial and technical terms, belongs, be it remembered, to Du Bartas, while what of vividness belongs to them is of the Translator. Take the Lark and Nightingale (Vol. I. p. 67, ll. 672-709):—

'The pretty *Lark*, climbing the Welkin clear,
Chaunts with a cheer, *Heer peer-I neer my Dear*;
Then stooping thence (seeming her fall to rew)
Adieu (she saith) *adieu deer Deer adieu*.
The *Spink*, the *Linot*, and the *Gold Finch* fill
All the fresh Aire with their sweet warbles shrill.
But, These are nothing to the *Nightingale*,
Breathing so sweetly from a brest so small,

So many Tunes; whose Harmony excels
Our Voyce, our Viols, and all Musick els.
Good Lord! how oft in a green Oaken Grove,
In the cool shadow have I stood and strove
To marry mine immortall Layes to theirs,
Rapt with delight of their delicious Aiers!
And (yet) me thinks, in a thick thorn I hear
A *Nightingale* to warble sweetly, cleer.
One while she bears the Base, anon the Tenor,
Anon the Treble, then the Counter-Tenor:
Then all at once; (as it were) chalenging
The rarest voices with herself to sing.
Thence thirty steps, amid the leafie Sprayes,
Another *Nightingale* repeats her Layes,
Just Note for Note, and adds some strain at last,
That she hath conned all the Winter past:
The first replyes, and descants there-upon;
With divine warbles of Division,
Redoubling Quavers; And so (turn by turn)
Alternately they sing away the Morn:
So that the conquest in this curious strife
Doth often cost the one her voyce and life:
Then, the glad Victor all the rest admire,
And after count her Mistress of the Quire.
At break of Day, in a delicious song
She sets the *Gam-ut* to a hundred yong:
And, when as fit for higher Tunes she sees them,
Then learnedly she harder Lessons gives-them;
Which, strain by strain, they studiously recite,
And follow all their Mistress' Rules aright.'

There is power as well as vehemence in his 'Detestation of Avarice' (Vol. I. p. 67, ll. 738-61):—

'O! ever may'st thou fight so (valiant Fowl)
For this dire bane of our seduced soule:
And (with thee) may the *Dardan* Ants so ward
The Gold committed to their carefull Guard,
That hence-forth hopeless, man's frail mind may rest her
From seeking that, which doth it's Masters master.
O odious poyson! for the which we dive
To *Pluto's* dark Den: for the which we rive
Our Mother Earth; and, not contented with
Th' abundant gifts she outward offereth,
With sacrilegious Tools we rudely rend-her,
And ransack deeply in her bosom tender,
While under ground we live in hourly fear
When the frail Mines shall over-whelm us there:
For which, beyond rich *Taproban*, we roule
Through thousand Seas to seek another Pole;
And maugre Winde's and Water's enmity,
We every Day new vnknow'n Worlds descry:
For which (alas!) the Brother sels his Brother,
The Sire his Son, the Son his Sire and Mother,
The Man his Wife, the Wife her wedded Pheer,
The Friend his Friend: O! what not sell we here?
Sithence, to satiate our Gold-thirsty gall,
We sell ourselves, our very soules, and all.'

Very considerable dexterity and ingenuity is shown alike by Du Bartas and Sylvester, in the physical-metaphysical descriptions of man's creation and nature in the 'Sixth Day of the First Week.' Thus (Vol. I. p. 78, ll. 744-65):—

'T sufficeth me in some sort to express,
By this Essay, the sacred mightiness,
Not of *Japhetus'* witty-fained Son,
But of the true *Prometheus*, that begun
And finisht (with inimitable Art)
The famous Image, I have sung in part.
Now, this more peer-less learned Imager,
Life to his lovely Picture to confer,
Did not extract out of the Elements
A certain secret Chymick Quint-essence
But, breathing, sent as from the lively Spring
Of his Divineness, some small Riverling,
Itself dispersing into every Pipe
Of the frail Engin of this Earthen Type.
Not, that his own Self's-Essence blest he brake,
Or did his *Triple-Unity* partake
Unto his work; but, without Selfe's expence,
Inspir'd it richly with rare excellence:
And by his powr so spred his Rayes thereon,
That, even as yet, appears a portion
Of that pure lustre of Coelestiall Light
Wherewith at first it was adorn'd and dight.'

Compare Vol. I. p. 81, ll. 1002-13. The image of the spider was later utilised by Sir John Davies and Pope. One is startled to come upon this anticipation of chloroform or anæsthetics; and surely the Eve is a vision that could not fail to be greeted with rapture by young John Milton (of whose familiarity with Sylvester's Du Bartas onward)—Vol. I. p. 81, ll. 1030-65:—

'Even as a Surgeon, minding-off-to-cut
Some-cureless Limb; before in ure he put
His violent Engins on the vicious member,
Bringeth his patient in a sense-less slumber,
And griefe-less then (guided by Use and Art)
To save the whole, sawes off th' infested part:
So, God empal'd our Grandsires' lively look,
Through all his bones a deadly chilness strook,
Siel'd-up his sparkling eyes with Iron bands,
Led down his feet (almost) to *Lethd* Sands;
In brief, so numm'd his Soule's and Bodie's sense,
That (without pain) opening his side, from thence
He took a rib, which rarely He refin'd,
And thereof made the Mother of Mankinde:
Graving so lively on the living bone
All *Adam's* beauties; that, but hardly, one

Could have the Lover from his Love descry'd,
Or known the Bridegroom from his gentle Bride:
Saving that she had a more smiling Eye,
A smoother Chin, a Cheek of purer Dye,
A fainter Voyce, a more inticing Face,
A deeper Tress, a more delighting Grace,
And in her Bosom (more then Lillie-white)
Two swelling Mounts of Ivory, panting light.
Now, after this profound and pleasing Transe,
No sooner *Adam's* ravisht eyes did glance
On the rare beauties of his new-come Half,
But in his heart he 'gan to leap and laugh,
Kissing her kindly, calling her his Life,
His Loue, his Stay, his Rest, his Weal, his Wife,
His other-Selfe, his Help (him to refresh)
Bone of his Bone, Flesh of his very Flesh.
Source of all joyes! sweet *Hee-Shee*-Coupled-One!
Thy sacred Birth I never think upon,
But (ravisht) I admire how God did then
Make Two of One, and One of Two again.'

Puritan born and bred, he 'commends' the public services of the Church, and his was a bright not a gloomy Sunday (Vol. I. p. 87, ll. 422—77):—

'God would, that men should in a certain place
This-Day assemble as before his face,
Lending an humble and attentive ear
To learn his great Name's dear-drad Loving-Fear:
He would, that there the faithfull Pastor should
The Scripture's marrow from the bones unfould,
That we might touch with fingers (as it were)
The sacred secrets that are hidden there.
For, though the *reading* of those holy lines
In private Houses som-what move our minds;
Doubtless, the Doctrin *preacht* doth deeper pierce,
Proves more effectuall, and more weight it bears.
He would, that there in holy Psalmes, we sing
Shrill praise and thanks to our immortall King,
For all the liberall bounties he bestow'th
On us and ours, in soule and body both:
He would, that there we should confess his Christ
Our onely Saviour, Prophet, Prince, and Priest:
Solemnizing (with sober preparation)
His blessed Seals of Reconciliation:
And, in his Name, beg boldly what we need
(After his will) and bee assur'd to speed;
Sith in th' Exchequer of his Clemency
All goods of Fortune, Soule, and Body ly.
He would, this Sabbath should a figure be
Of the blest Sabbath of Eternity.
But th' one (as Legall) heeds but outward things;
Th' other to Rest both Soule and Body brings:
Th' one but a Day endures; th' other's Date
Eternity shall not Exterminate:
Shadows the one, th' other doth truth include:
This stands in freedome, that in servitude:
With cloudy cares th' one's muffled up som-whiles;
The other's face is full of pleasing smiles:
For never grief, nor fear of any Fit
Of the least care, shall dare come neere to it.
'Tis the grand *Jubile*, Feast of all Feasts,
Sabbath of Sabbaths, end-less Rest of Rests;
Which, with the Prophets, and Apostles zealous,
The constant Martyrs, and our Christian Fellows,
God's faithfull Servants: and his chosen Sheep,
In Heav'n wee hope (within short time) to keep.
He would this Day, our Soule (sequestered
From busie thoughts of worldly cares) should read
In Heav'n's bow'd Arches, and the Elements,
His bound-less Bounty, Power, and Providence;
That every part may (as a Master) teach
Th' illiterate, Rules past a vulgar reach.
Come (Reader) sit, come sit thee downe by mee;
Think with my thoughts, and see what I doe see:
Hear this dumb Doctor: study in this Book,
Where day and night thou maist at pleasure look,
And thereby learne uprightly how to live:
For every part doth speciall Lessons give,
Even from the gilt Studs of the Firmament,
To the base Centre of our Element.'

Very admirable is this 'turning aside' to laud Samuel Daniel (Vol. I. p. 99, ll. 30-69):—

'And gracious Guide, which dost all grace infuse,
Since it hath pleas'd thee task my tardy Muse
With these high Theames, that through mine Art-less Pen
This holy Lamp may light my Country-men:
Ah, teach my hand, touch mine unlearned lips;
Lest, as the Earth's grosse body doth Eclipse
Bright Cynthia's *beams when it is interpos'd*
'Twixt her and Phœbus: *so mine ill-dispos'd,*
Dark gloomy Ignorance, obscure the rayes
Of this divine Sun of these learned dayes.
O! furnish me with an un-vulgar stile,
That I by this may wain our wanton ILE
From Ovid's *heires, and their un-hallowed spell*
Here charming senses, chaining soules in Hell.
Let this provoke our modern Wits to sacre
Their wondrous gifts to honour thee their Maker;
That our mysterious ELPHINE *Oracle:*
Deep, morall, grave, Invention's miracle;
My dear sweet DANIEL, *sharp conceipted, brief,*
Civill, sententious, for pure accents chief:
And our new NASO, *that so passionates*
The Heroick sighes of love-sick Potentates:
May change their subject, and advance their wings
Up to these higher and more holy things.
And if (sufficient rich in selfe-invention)
They scorn (as I) to live of Stranger's Pension,
Let them devise new Weeks, *new Works, new Waies*
To celebrate the supreme Prince of praise.
And let not me (good Lord) be like the Lead
Which to some City from some Conduit-head

Brings wholsome Water; yet (self-wanting sense)
Itself receives no drop of comfort thence:
But rather, as the thorough-seasoned But
Wherein the tears of death-prest Grapes are put,
Retains (long after all the Wine is spent)
Within it selfe the Liquor's lively sent:
Let me still savour of these sacred sweets
Till Death fold-up mine earth in earthen sheets;
Lest my young layes, now prone to preach thy glory
To BRUTUS' *heirs, blush at my elder Story.*'

So too of Dowland (Vol. I. p. 109, ll. 214-225):—

' But this stands sure, how-ever else it went,
Th' old Serpent serv'd as Satan's instrument
To charme in *Eden*, with a strong illusion,
Our silly Grandam to her self's confusion.
For, as an old, rude, rotten, tune-lesse Kit,
If famous Dowland *daign to finger it,*
Makes sweeter Musick then the choicest Lute
In the grosse handling of a clownish Brute:
So, whiles a learned Fiend with skilfull hand
Doth the dull motions of his mouth command,
This self-dumb Creature's glozing Rhetorike
With bashfull shame great Orators would strike.'

Still again—of ESSEX (Vol. I. p. 112, ll. 622-641):[1]—

' *Those that (in quarrell of the Strong of strongs,*
And just revenge of Queen, and Countrie's wrongs)
Were witnesses to all the wofull plaints,
The sighes, and tears, and pitifull complaints,
Of braving Spaniards *(chiefly brave in word)*
When by the valiant Heav'n-assisted sword
Of Mars-*like* ESSEX, England's *Marshall-Earle*
(Then Albion's *Patron, and* Eliza's *Pearle)*
They were expulst from Cad'z, *their deerest pleasure,*
Losing their Town, their Honour, and their Treasure:
Wo worth (said they) wo worth our King's ambition;
Wo worth our Clergie, and their Inquisition:
He seeks new Kingdoms, and doth lose his old;
They burne for Conscience, but their thirst is Gold:
Wo, and alas, wo to the vain bravados
Of Typhon-*like invincible* ARMADOS;
Which, like the vaunting Monster man of Gath,
Have stirr'd against us little David's *wrath:*
Wo worth our sins: wo worth our selves, and all
Accursed causes of our sudden fall.'

There is more than quaintness or strangeness in this metaphor (Vol. I. p. 87, ll. 522-531:—

' Nay, there is nought in our dear Mother found,
But pithily some Vertue doth propound.
O! let the Noble, Wise, Rich, Valiant,
Be as the base, poor, faint, and ignorant:
And, looking on the fields when *Autumn* shears,
There let them learn among the bearded ears;
Which still, the fuller of the flow'ry grain,
Bow downe the more their humble heads again;
And ay the lighter and the less their store,
They lift aloft their chaffie Crests the more.'

One gives swift shrive to such an interpolation as the description of old London with its house-bearing bridge, whereof the Translator apologises in a margin-note:—' In this Comparison my Author setteth downe the famous city of *Paris:* but I have presumed to apply it to our owne City of London, that it might be more familiar to my meer English and un-travell'd Readers' (Vol. I. p. 102, ll. 348-75):—

' But when he once had eatred Paradise,
The remnant World he justly did dispise:
[Much like a Boor far in the Countrey born,
Who, never having seen but Kine and Corn,
Oxen, and Sheep, and homely Hamlets thatcht
(Wch, fond, he counts as Kingdoms; hardly matcht)
When afterward he happens to behold
The wealthy London's *wonders manifold,*
The silly peasant thinks himselfe to be
In a new world; and gazing greedily,
One while he, Art-lesse, all the Arts admires,
Then the fair Temples, and their top-lesse spires,
Their firm foundations, and the massie pride
Of all their sacred ornaments beside:
Anon he wonders at the differing graces,
Tongues, gests, attires, the fashions and the faces,
Of busie-busing swarmes, which still he meets
Ebbing and flowing over all the streets;
Then at the signes, the shops, the weights, the measures,
The handy-crafts, the rumours, trades, and treasures.
But, of all sights, none seemes him yet more strange
Then the rare, beauteous, stately rich Exchange.
Another while he marvels at the Thames,
Which seems to beare huge Mountaines on her streams:
Then at the fair-built Bridge; which he doth judge
More like a tradefull City then a Bridge;
And glancing thence along the Northrene shore,
That Princely Prospect doth amaze him more.']

I can picture the mighty poet of 'Paradise Lost,' while he was feeling his way towards its ultimate form, pencil-marking this Rembrandt-etching in words, of Satan (Vol. I. p. 107, ll. 46-75:—

[1] Cf. I. p. 69, l. 968: also on Sidney, I. 41, l. 128.

'WHILE *Adam* bathes in these felicities,
Hell's Prince (sly parent of revolt and lies)
Feels a pestiferous busie-swarming nest
Of never-dying Dragons in his brest,
Sucking his bloud, tyring upon his lungs,
Pinching his entrails with ten thousand tongues,
His cursed Soule still most extreamly racking,
Too frank in giving torments, and in taking:
But above all, *Hate*, *Pride*, and *Envious* spight,
His hellish life do torture day and night,
For th' hate he bears to God, who hath him driv'n
Justly for ever from the glittering Heav'n,
To dwell in darknesse of a sulph'ry clowd
(Though still his brethren's service be allow'd):
The Proud desire to have in his subjection
Mankind inchain'd in gyves of Sin's infection:
And th' Envious heart-break to see (yet) to shine
In *Adam's* face God's image all divine,
Which he had lost; and that Man might atchieve
The glorious blisse, his Pride did him deprive;
Grown barbarous Tyrant of his treacherous will,
Spurs-on his course, his rage redoubling still.
Or rather (as the prudent Hebrew notes)
'Tis that old *Python* which through hundred throats
Doth proudly hisse, and (past his wont) doth fire
A hell of Furies in his fell desire:
His envious heart, self-swoln with sullen spight,
Brooks neither greater, like, nor lesser wight:
Dreads th' one as Lord; as equall, hates another;
And (jealous) doubts the rising of the other.'

JOHN DAVIES OF HEREFORD'S 'Humours Heauen on Earth' has weird and unforgetable portraitures of London during the plague and famine. They do not, however, surpass those of Sylvester (Vol. I. pp. 116-117, ll. 280-341):—

'Having attain'd to our calm Hav'n of light,
With swifter course then *Boreas'* nimble flight,
All fly at Man, all at intestine strife,
Who most may torture his detested life.
Here first comes DEARTH, the lively form of Death,
Still yawning wide, with loathsom stinking breath,
With hollow eys, with meager cheeks and chin,
With sharp lean bones piercing her sable skin:
Her empty bowels may be plainly spy'd
Clean through the wrinkles of her withered hide:
She hath no belly, but the bellie's seat,
Her knees and knuckles swelling hugely great:
Insatiate Orque, that even at one repast,
Almost all creatures in the World would waste;
Whose greedy gorge, dish after dish doth draw,
Seeks meat in meat: For, still her monstrous maw
Voyds in devouring, and somtimes she eates
Her own dear Babes for lack of other meats:
Nay more, somtimes (O strangest gluttony!)
She eats her selfe, her selfe to satisfie;
Lessening her selfe, her self so to inlarge:
And, cruell, thus she doth our Grand-sire charge,
And brings besides from *Limbo* to assist-her,
Rage, *Feeblnesse*, and *Thirst*, her ruth-less sister.
Next marcheth WAR, the mistris of enormity,
Mother of mischiefe, monster of deformity:
Laws, manners, arts, she breaks, she mars, she chaces:
Bloud, tears, bowrs, towrs; she spils, swils, burns, and rases:
Her brasen feet shake all the Earth asunder,
Her mouth 's a fire-brand, and her voice a thunder,
Her looks are lightnings, every glance a flash:
Her fingers guns, that all to powder pash.
Feare and *Despaire*, *Flight* and *Disorder*, coast
With hasty march, before her murderous hoast:
As, *Burning*, *Waste*, *Rape*, *Wrong*, *Impietie*,
Rage, *Ruine*, *Discord*, *Horror*, *Cruelty*,
Sack, *Sacriledge*, *Impunitie*, and *Pride*,
Are still stern consorts by her barbarous side:
And *Pouertie*, *Sorrow*, and *Desolation*,
Follow her Armies' bloudy transmigration.
Heer 's th' other FURIE (or my judgement fails)
Which furiously man's wofull life assails
With thousand Canons, sooner felt then seen,
Where weakest strongest; fraught with deadly teen:
Blinde, crooked, cripple, maymed, deaf, and mad,
Cold-burning, blistered, melancholike, sad,
Many-nam'd poyson, minister of Death,
Which from us creeps, but to us gallopeth:
Foule, trouble-rest, fantastick, greedy-gut,
Bloud-sweating, heart's-theef, wretched, filthy Slut,
The Childe of Surfeit, and Ayr's-temper vicious,
Perillous know'n, but unknowne most pernicious.
Th' inammeld meads, in Summer cannot showe
More Grashoppers above, nor Frogs belowe,
Then hellish murmurs heer about doe ring:
Nor never did the pretty little King
Of *Hony-people*, in a Sun-shine day
Lead to the field, in orderly array,
More busie buzzers, when he casteth (witty)
The first foundations of his waxen Citie;
Then this fierce Monster musters in her train
Fell Souldiers, charging poor mankind amain.'

Again (Vol. I. p. 120, ll. 654-717):—

'But, lo! foure *Captains* far more fierce and eager,
That on all sides the Spirit it selfe beleaguer,
Whose Constancy they shake, and soon by treason
Draw the blinde Judgement from the rule of Reason:
Opinions issue; which (though selfe unseen)
Make through the Body their fell motions seen.
Sorrow's first Leader of this furious Crowd,
Muffled all-over in a sable cloud;
Old before Age, afflicted night and day,
Her face with wrinkles warped every-way;
Creeping in corners, where she sits and vies
Sighs from her heart, tears from her blubber'd eyes;
Accompani'd with selfe-consuming *Care*,
With weeping *Pity*, *Thought*, and mad *Despaire*,

That bears, about her, burning Coales and Cords,
Asps, Poysons, Pistols, Halters, Knives, and Swords:
Foule-squinting *Envie*, that selfe-eating Elfe,
Through others' leanenesse fatting up her selfe,
Joying in mischiefe, feeding but with languor
And bitter tears her Toad-like-swelling anger:
And *Jelousie* that never sleeps, for fear
(Suspicious Flea still nibbling in her eare)
That leaves repast and rest, neer pin'd and blinde
With seeking what she would be loth to finde.
The second Captain is excessive Joy;
Who leaps and tickles, finding th' *Apian-way*
Too-streight for her: whose senses all possesse
All wished pleasures in all plenteousnesse.
She hath in Conduct, false vain-glorious *Vaunting*,
Bold, soothing, shameless, loud, injurious, taunting:
The winged Gyant lofty-staring *Pride*,
That in the clouds her braving Crest doth hide:
And many other, like the empty bubbles
That rise when rain the liquid Crystall troubles.
The third, is bloud-less, heart-less, witless *Feare*,
That like an Asp-tree trembles every-where:
She leads black *Terror*, and base clownish *Shame*,
And drowsie *Sloath*, that counterfeiteth lame,
With Snail-like motion measuring the ground,
Having her arms in willing fetters bound,
Foule, sluggish Drone, barren (but, sin to breed)
Diseased, beggar, starv'd with wilfull need.
And thou *Desire*, whom nor the Firmament,
Nor Aire, nor Earth, nor Ocean can content:
Whose-lookes are hooks, whose belly's bottomlesse,
Whose hands are gripes to scrape with greedinesse,
Thou art the Fourth; and under thy Command,
Thou bring'st to field a rough unruly Band:
First, secret-burning, mighty swoln *Ambition*
Pent in no limits, pleas'd with no Condition;
Whom *Epicurus* many Worlds suffice not,
Whose furious thirst of proud aspiring dyes not
Whose hands (transported with fantastick passion)
Bear painted Scepters in imagination:
Then *Avarice* all-arm'd in hooking Tenters
And clad in Bird-lime; without bridge she venters
Through fell *Charybdis*, and false *Sertes* Nesse;
The more her wealth the more her wretchednesse;
Cruell, respect-lesse, friend-lesse, faith-lesse, Elf,
That hurts her neighbour, but much more her self:
Whose foule base fingers in each dunghill poar
(Like *Tantalus*) starv'd in the midst of store:
Not what she hath, but what she wants she counts:
A wel-wing'd Bird that never lofty mounts.'

Patriotism and homage to Elizabeth are once more united (Vol. I. p. 122-3, ll. 50-73):—

'*Much more, let us* (*deer, World-divided land*)
Extoll the mercies of Heav'n's mighty hand,
That (*while the World, War's bloudy rage hath rent*)
To us so long, so happy Peace *hath lent*
(*Maugre the malice of th'* Italian Priest,
And Indian Pluto (*prop of Antichrist*)
Whose Hoast like Pharaoh's *threatning* Israel,
Our gaping Seas have swallowed quick to hell)
Making our Ile a holy safe retrait
For Saints exil'd in persecution's heat.
Much more let us with true-heart-tuned breath,
Record the praises of ELIZABETH
(*Of martiall* Pallas *and our milde* Astræa,
Of grace and wisedome the divine Idea)
Whose prudent Rule, with rich religious rest,
Wel-neer nine Lustres hath this kingdome blest.
O! pray we him that from home-plotted dangers,
And bloudy threats of proud ambitious strangers,
So many years hath so securely kept her,
In just possession of this flowring Scepter;
That (*to his glory, and his deer Son's honour*)
All happy length of life may wait upon her:
That we her Subjects, whom he blesseth by her,
Psalming his praise, may sound the same the higher.'

I must draw a halt at this point in respect of larger examples; but the reader will scarcely turn over a page from first to last without being struck with something. 'Commonplace' applies to little in the vast translation. With every concession as to the 'wood, hay, stubble' built into it, the structure of the translated Du Bartas is a noble four-square pile. The man must be a mere goose who fails to be interested, or to be led on in faith to read and re-read.

Memorabilia, or short proverb-like and inevitably-noted things abound. I have gleaned a number that may, perchance, send the reader to 'search' for himself.

1. *Contrasts.*

'Swans seem whiter if swart Crowes be by.'
(Vol. I. p. 24, l. 550.)

2. *Ingratitude.*

'On thanklesse furrowes of a fruitlesse sand
Their seed and labour lose, with heedlesse hand.'
(*Ibid.* p. 27, ll. 20/1.)

3. *Labour lost.*

'Resemble Spiders that with curious pain
Weave idle Webs, and labour still in vain.'
(*Ibid.* p. 27, ll. 23/4.)

4. *Sleep.*

'When the honey of care-charming sleep
Sweetly begins through all their veines to creep.'
(*Ibid.* p. 69, ll. 88a/3.)

5. *Lips.*

'Two moving Leaves of Corall, soft and sweet.'
(Vol. I. p. 77, l. 601.)

6. *A Landscape.*

'Anon, upon the flowry Plains he looks,
Lacëd about with snaking silver brooks.'
(*Ibid.* p. 84, ll. 80/1.)

7. *Jealousy.*

'Jelousie that never sleeps, for fear
(Suspicious Flea still nibbling in her eare).'
(*Ibid.* p. 120, ll. 674/5.)

8. *Snow.*

'And perriwig with wool the balde-pate Woods.'
(*Ibid.* p. 124, l. 187.)

9. *Noah as a Preacher.*

'So the care-charming hony that distils
From his wise lips, his house with comfort fills,
Flatters despair, dryes tears, calms inward smarts,
And re-advanceth sorrow-daunted hearts.'
(*Ibid.* p. 133, ll. 68-71.)

10. *Written-memory.*

'And there-with-all, my Dream had flown (I think)
But that I lim'd his limber wings with ink.'
(*Ibid.* p. 144, ll. 710/11.)

11. *New World.*

'Wᵉʰ Spain (like Delos floating on the Seas)
Late digg'd from darknesse of Oblivion's Grave.'
(*Ibid.* p. 148, ll. 397/8.)

12. *Good deeds.*

'For Alms (like leaven) make our goods to rise
And God his own with blessings plentifies.'
(*Ibid.* p. 175, ll. 1144/5.)

13. *Recognition.*

. . . 'a fire so great
Could not live flameless long: nor would God let
So noble a spirit's nimble edge to rust
In Shepheard's idle and ignoble dust.'
(*Ibid.* p. 213, ll. 54-7.)

14. *Braggarts.*

'Big-looking Minions, brave in vaunts and vows,
Lions in Court, now in the Camp be Cows.'
(*Ibid.* p. 214, ll. 168/9.)

15. *Bad use of Holy Scripture.*

'That, in the Sugar (even) of sacred Writ.
He may em-pill us with some bane-full bit.'
(*Ibid.* p. 220, ll. 766/7.)

16. *Beauty's Splendor.*

'Bright Beautie's eye, like to a glorious Sun,
Hurts the sore eye that looks to-much there-on.'
(*Ibid.* p. 223, ll. 1186/7.)

17. *Law-Favour.*

'Let not thy Lawes be like the Spider's Caul,
Where little Flies are caught and kil'd; but great
Passe at their Pleasure, and pull down their Net.'
(Vol. I. p. 228, ll. 219-21.)

18. *Divine Art.*

'Some sacred Picture admirably drawn
With Heav'nly pencill, by an Angel's hand.'
(*Ibid.* p. 229, ll. 376/7.)

19. *Time servers.*

'Loose with the Lewd; among the gracious, grave:
With Saints, a Saint: and among Knaves, a Knave.'
(*Ibid.* p. 254, ll. 312/3.)

20. *Vain Expectations.*

'Alas! poor People, I lament your hap,
This lewd Impostor, doth but puff you up
With addle hope, and idle confidence.'
(*Ibid.* p. 256, ll. 564/5.)

21. *Vaunter.*

'A jolly Prater, but a Jade to doe;
Braver in Counsail then in Combat, far.'
(*Ibid.* p. 259, ll. 893/4.)

22. *Many rather than much.*

'Who readeth much and never meditates
Is like a greedy Eater of much Food
Who so surcloyes his stomach with his Cates,
That commonly they doe him little good.'
(Vol. II. p. 28, st. 62.)

23. *Subtlety.*

'The Mind 's before the Work; and works within,
Upon th' Idea yer the deed begin.'
(*Ibid.* p. 90, ll. 573/4.)

24. *Evill turned to good.*

'As from a Bramble springs the sweetest Rose.'
(*Ibid.* p. 185, l. 505.)

25. *Permanence.*

'Straw kindles quickly, and is quickly past:
Iron heats slowly, and its heat doth last.'
(*Ibid.* p. 192, ll. 192/3.)

26. *Ghost.*

'I stalke and walke and wander day and night,
Even like a ghost with unperceived foote.'
(*Ibid.* p. 324, Son. 16.)

27. *Love-passion.*

'Weepe wayward eyes, then let my soule complain
For it hath tasted Love's immortall paine.'
(*Ibid.* p. 326, Son. 24.)

These further *notabilia* the reader will not regret turning to—

28. *Language, words,* (Vol. I. p. 142, l. 482a): 'worm gnawn words of yore' (l. 491).

29. *Antiquity of Nations* (Vol. I. p. 147, l. 230).
30. '*Peopled a village of a hundred fires*' (*Ibid.* p. 150, l. 536).
31. *National characteristics* (*Ibid.* p. 151, l. 640).
32. *London* (*Ibid.* p. 151, l. 666).
33. '*All hail, dear Albion*'—noble description (*Ibid.* p. 152, l. 766).
34. *Pestilence* (*Ibid.* p. 152, l. 845).
35. *Sleep* (*Ibid.* p. 169, l. 596).
36. *Hare-coursing* (*Ibid.* p. 201, l. 384).
37. *Right Common-weal* (*Ibid.* p. 207, l. 1012).
38. *Democracy* (*Ibid.* p. 207, l. 1076).
39. *Powder Plot* (*Ibid.* p. 209, l. 1230).
40. *David's Poesie* (*Ibid.* p. 221. l. 942).
41. *Bersabe* (*Ibid.* p. 222, l. 1100).
42. *Sylvester's retrospect, Powder Plot in Pestilence* (*Ibid.* p. 224, l. 1304).
43. *Love's Grove* (*Ibid.* p. 232, l. 655).
44. *Superstition, etc.* (*Ibid.* p. 243, l. 328).
45. *Drought* (*very vivid*) (*Ibid.* p. 243, l. 400).
46. *Fear* (*Ibid.* p. 247, l. 860).
47. '*People less settled then the sliding sand*' (Vol. II. p. 40, Son. 24).
48. '*Supernall Lord, Eternall King of Kings*' (*Ibid.* p. 85, l. 65).
49. '*Prayers were her stairs*' (*Ibid.* p. 189, l. 417).
50. '*Gain-greedy Fathers*' (*Ibid.* p. 191, l. 77).
51. *London's poverty, vanity, etc.* (*Ibid.* p. 210, l. 189).
52. '*That Kings were made for subjects; and not they, Not they for kings*' (*Ibid.* p. 235, l. 607).
53. *Combat between Lion and Bull* (*Ibid.* p. 248, l. 115, *seq.*).
54. '*Alas! to see a goodly field of wheat*' (*Ibid.* p. 291, l. 41).
55. *Sonnet 12—airy and elegant verses.*
56. *Lists of Diseases* (Vol. I. pp. 117/18).
57. *Great Authors* (*Ibid.* p. 143).
58. *Places* (*Ibid.* p. 148).
59. *Miltonic mixture of heathen and Christian names* (*Ibid.* p. 85, l. 297, *et frequenter*).
60. *Miltons* '*comet*,' '*with fear of change perplexing*' (*Ibid.* p. 33, l. 681).
61. *Wyatt* (*Ibid.* p. 46, l. 660).
62. *Flavio* (*Ibid.* p. 49, l. 983).
63. *Hunt is up* (*Ibid.* p. 50, l. 1114).
64. *George Goodwin* (Vol. II. p. 264.) See Index of Names, p. 432.
65. '*Pearl-shell helmets*' = *finger nails* (*Ibid.* p. 50, col. 2, l. 20). Dr. George Mac Donald quotes this couplet in (if I err not) his Scottish story of 'Malcom.'
66. *Pipes of Middleton* = supply of water to London by the famous knight, who was inter-related to Sylvester through the Plumbes and Greshams (*Ibid.* 292/120).
67. Mores, Vol. I. 46/676—apparently = quality, nature, properties (Latin), as in Plautus (18, 24, 56, sect. 266). See the Dictionaries, *s.v.*

In reading Sylvester's Du Bartas and other Works, the open-eyed and open-eared Reader will constantly be reminded of after-parallel passages. I do not affirm that in each separate instance the parallel is other than fortuitous; but in not a few there is evidence of knowledge of Sylvester. I deem it only right to adduce some representative examples from my own note-book, with additions from my always-helpful and thoughtful reading friend and fellow book-lover, GEORGE H. WHITE, Esq. of Glenthorne, Torquay. Turning back again to the beginning, these successively suggest themselves:—

1. . . . 'Chaos
Where hot and cold were jarring with each other.'
(Vol. I. p. 21, l. 258).

Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, Bk. II. l. 898.
'For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
Strive here for Maistrie.'

2. . . . 'round-round-round it rumbles.'
(*Ibid.* p. 33, l. 712 and p. 116, l. 264, 271.)

Is this an inspiration caught from Phaer's Virgil?

3. 'Poudred with Stars streaming with glorious light.'
(*Ibid.* p. 54, l. 209.)
'With glistering Stars imbost and poudred rich.'
(*Ibid.* p. 156, l. 273.)

Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, Bk. VII. l. 579—
'That milkie way
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou sees't
Poudred with starrs.'

4. 'To the bright Lamp that serves for *Cynosure*
To all that sail upon the Sea obscure.'
(*Ibid.* p. 88, l. 584.)

Cf. Milton, L'Allegro—
'The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.'

5. (Turtle-Dove) 'On dry boughs doth her dead Spouse deplore.' (*Ibid.* p. 88, l. 619, and II. p. 194, l. 318.)

Cf. Spenser, Son.—
'Like as the Culver on the bared bough,' etc.

6. 'As the wise Wilde-geese, when they over-soar
Cicilian Mounts, within their bils do bear
A pebble-stone both day and night,' etc.
(Vol. I. p. 88, l. 623.)

See Glossarial Index to Davies of Hereford, *s.v.* Geese.

7. 'Whose hair doth stare, like bristled Porcupine.'
(*Ibid.* p. 120, l. 720.)

Cf. Sh. Hamlet, I. sc. 5—
'Like quills upon the fretful Porcupine.'

8. '. . round about the Desart Op, where oft
By strange *Phantasma's*, Passengers are scoft.'
(*Ibid.* p. 148, l. 338.)

Cf. Milton, Comus, l. 206—
'Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's name.'

9. 'Planting the Trophies of thy glorious Arms
By Sea and Land, where ever Titan warms.'
(Vol. I. p. 152, l. 771.)

Cf. Milton, Sonnet 8—
'And he can spread thy name o're Lands and Seas,
Whatever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.'

10. 'The supreame Voyce placed in every Sphear
A Syren sweet; that from Heav'n's Harmony
Inferiour things might learn best melody.'
(*Ibid.* p. 160, l. 723.)

Cf. Sh. Merchant of Venice, v. sc. 1.

11. 'While milde-ey'd Mercy stealeth from his hand
Th' sulph'ry Plagues prepar'd for sinfull Man.'
(*Ibid.* p. 161, l. 682.)

Cf. Giles Fletcher, p. 129, st. 84 (my ed.).

12. . . . 'on the sea of richest Histories
Hulling at large.' (*Ibid.* p. 164, l. 28.)

Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, Bk. II. l. 836—
'He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the floud.'

13. 'With staffe in hand, and wallet at our back,
From Town to Town to beg for all we lack.'
(*Ibid.* p. 166, l. 190.)

Cf. Sh. Troilus and Cressida, III. sc. 3—
'Time hath my Lord a Wallet at his back.'

14. . . . 'and now began
Aurora's Usher with his windy Fan
Gently to shake the Woods on every side.'
(*Ibid.* p. 180, l. 273.)

Cf. Milton, Par. Lost, Bk. V. l. 5—
'Th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan.'

15. '. . . as a Curre, that cannot hurt the flinger,
Flies at the stone and biteth that for anger.'
(*Ibid.* p. 216, l. 380.)

A commonplace. So S. Nicholson in 'Acolastus,' p. 226:
'Much like a Curre, who smitten with a stone
Bites the poor peble, lets the man alone.'

16. 'While Hesperus in azure Waggon brought
Millions of Tapers over all the Vault.'
(*Ibid.* p. 235, l. 1096.)

Cf. Sh. Titus Andronicus, IV. sc. 2—
'The burning tapers of the sky.'

17. 'His Cake is dough. . . .' (*Ibid.* p. 252, l. 138.)

Cf. Sh. Taming of the Shrew, V. sc. 1—
'My cake is dough.' See also Breton, *s.v.*, Glossarial Index.

18. 'Scarce had the Aprill of mine Age begun. . . .'
(Vol. II. p. 3, l. 1.)

Cf. S. Nicholson, Acolastus, p. 79 (my ed.)—
'Although the Aprill of my dayes be spent.'

19. 'This goodly Globe,
Wherein they see but (as it were) his Robe
Embrodered rich, and with Great Works embost,
Of Pow'r, of Prudence, and of Goodnesse, most.'
(Vol. II. p. 85, l. 21, and see I. p. 20, l. 154.)

Cf. 'The living visible Garment of God.' Faust.
(Carlyle, Sartor Resartus, p. 54, l. 1838.)

20. 'Her winged manage rightly to command
With hempen Rains, and wooden Bridle.'
(*Ibid.* p. 130, l. 704.)

Cf. 'With hempen bridles, and horse of tree.'
Scott, Minstrelsy, IV. p. 155 (Thomas the Rhymer.)

21. 'I must recant, lest I be stript and whipt.'
(*Ibid.* p. 211, l. 228.)

An allusion to Wither's Satire?

22. (The Soul) 'Pure, in shee came; there living, shee impures.' (*Ibid.* p. 219, st. 70.)

Sir John Davies, vol. i. p. 88, etc. (my ed.), discusses this question at large.

23. 'Wasps break the Web, Flies are held fast and hurt.'
(*Ibid.* p. 226, st. 55.)

A frequent commonplace.

24. 'Nature hath broke the Mould shee made him in.'
(*Ibid.* p. 243, l. 459.)

A commonplace, and recently:—
'And broke the mould in forming Washington.'

25. 'Sorrow, with us doth both lye down and rise.'
(*Ibid.* p. 244, l. 589.)

Possibly an echo of Sh. King John, Act III. sc. 4—
'Grief fills the room up of my absent child
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me.'

It will be noticed that in these 'parallel passages' Milton is most frequently recalled. This demands fuller statement and illustration than I can conveniently find space for here. But it is the less to be regretted, in that the subject has been treated exhaustively and with rare scholarliness and urbanity, in a volume which no one who cares for either Milton or JOSHUA SYLVESTER will go without, and which is readily to be picked up in London. The following is the title-page of this now classic book:—'Considerations on Milton's early Reading and the Prima Stamina of his Paradise Lost; together with extracts from a poet of the Sixteenth Century. In a letter to William Falconer, M.D., from Charles Dunster, M.A., London, 1800 (12°

pp. 249). Very different from the malignant and fraudulent dealing with the problem of our illustrious Poet's 'Early Reading,' by WILLIAM LAUDER (eheu! Samuel Johnson's protégé), is that of CHARLES DUNSTER. The former first tracked Milton in the footsteps of Sylvester, and thus triumphed in his discovery:—'Du Bartas's divine Weeks and Works, Milton has made use of as a hidden mine. Besides the numberless fine thoughts Milton is indebted to this author for, he has contracted from him his low trick of playing upon words, and his frequent use of technical terms; for which he has been often censured. For though this last may properly enough challenge a place in such a poem as Du Bartas's, which purposely treats of the creation, nature and property of things; yet in Milton it appears only as an unnecessary ostentation of learning, finely calculated to amuse the illiterate part of his readers, and raise their wonder at the profundity of his erudition; but without giving the least addition to the real dignity or worth of his poem. Milton has borrowed from this author the long conference between Adam and Michael, which constitutes the greater part of the two last books of Paradise Lost; and has done little more than refined Sylvester's language, the translator of Du Bartas, with a few additions and variations, according to his usual custom. From this author Milton has borrowed many elegant phrases and single words, which were thought to be peculiar to him; such as *palpable darkness*, and a thousand others. In short, as I showed before, Milton has used this work of Du Bartas as a mine producing gold, silver, and precious stones, and sometimes pebbles and trash.'[1] Dunster, on the other hand, *in limine* thus judicially writes:—'Nothing can be further from my intention than to insinuate that Milton was a plagiarist, or servile imitator; but I conceive, that, having read these sacred poems of very high merit, at the immediate age when his own mind was just beginning to teem with poetry, he retained numberless thoughts, passages, and expressions therein, so deeply in his mind, that they hung inherently on his imagination, and became, as it were, naturalized there. Hence many of them were afterwards insensibly transfused into his own compositions. In common conversation we imperceptibly to ourselves adopt the particular phraseology or tone of voice of those persons whom we perhaps admire; and we frequently catch their characteristic manners, without meaning in any respect to copy them, nor being at all aware of any observable resemblance between us. From Milton's frequent adoption of Sylvester's language, I similarly infer his having been *much conversant* with it, and his earnest admiration of his poetry' (pp. 11-12). Again:—'Upon the whole, from the internal evidence of the book itself, combined with all the additional circumstances which I have been enabled to lay before you, I think you will admit "Milton's early acquaintance with Sylvester's Du Bartas, and his predilection for it:"—let me add, "his obligations to it." —By *obligations*, as I have already intimated, I certainly do not mean such as in any respect detract from his genius and talents; but such as render them more conspicuous, by marking the fineness of his penetration and the accuracy of his judgment. Neither do I merely point to its immediately suggesting (which I have no doubt it did) the "argumentum ingens" of his sublime poem; but I look to obligations of a higher and more general kind. I cannot but consider Sylvester's Du Bartas as having primarily taught Milton (what he was exquisitely framed to learn, and what was, at that time, very little understood) that "SACRED POETRY" was capable of assuming the most elevated *tone;* and that, while neither Calliope, nor

[1] Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns, 1750, 8vo.

Clio, could aspire to the *divine sublimity* of Urania, the Heavenly Muse in reality united with her own *native dignity* the *sweetness* of the ONE, and the power of the OTHER' (pp. 232-3).

In my judgment, while substantially CHARLES DUNSTER vindicates his thesis, he does so rather as broadly regarded than in detail. Many of his resemblances are purely fanciful or trivial, not a few are common to others, and some have the parallelism put into them—much as 'holy preachers' with their Old Testament texts. But with every deduction, the book was a real addition to our critical literature, and an effective contribution to our understanding of Milton's early training and discipline at the most impressionable and plastic period of his age. Extrinsically, the early quartos and duodecimos and folios of Sylvester's Du Bartas were printed and published in Milton's own street of 'Bread Street,' and while he was still resident there. The elder Milton, as himself a bookish man, was unquestionably on familiar terms with the successive occupants of the 'Bread Street Hill' press establishment, to wit, of Peter Short, Humphrey Lownes, and Robert Young. There is the imprint of 1613: 'printed by Humphrey Lownes, dwelling in Bread-street-hill at the sign of the Star,' which had been Short's.[1] The first folio was published there in 1621, when Milton was just turned thirteen; and everybody knows that Milton has told us in his *Defensio Secunda*, how from his 12th year he was so passionately fond of reading, as hardly ever to retire from his books to bed before midnight —Pater me puerulum humaniorum literarum studiis destinavit; quas ita avide arripui, ut ab anno ætatis duodecimo, vox unquam ante mediam noctem a lucubrationibus discederem; quæ prima oculorum pernicies fuit,' etc.

I must now content myself with a summary view of the indebtedness to Sylvester of Milton; and this is laid to my hand in an interesting paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (New Series, vol. xxvi. pp. 339-47) by the late Rev. JOHN MITFORD:—

'We will give a small specimen of these imitations from the large number produced by Mr. Dunster; but sufficient, we think, to prove with what attention Milton, in his youthful days, had studied the *language* of the older poet, so that he appeared to have composed his early poems with Sylvester's volume opened before him.[1]

Psalm cxxxvi. v. 45—

Milton. The *ruddy* waves he *cleft* in twain,
Of the *Erythræan* main.

Sylvester. His dreadful voice to save his ancient sheep
Did *cleave* the bottom of th' *Erythræan deep*,
Where the Erythræan *ruddy* billows roar.

Psalm cxxxvi. v. 53—

M. 'But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power.

[1] Cf. Dunster, as before, pp. 5, 7, 8, 219-231.

[1] Cf. Dunster, as before, pp. 5, 7, 8, 219-231. In the elaborate closing reference (pp. 219-231) it is conclusively shown that the Printers and Publishers of the 'Bread Street Hill' press were Puritan as distinguished from mere Church of England. So that the elder Milton and his family-tutor (Dr. Young) would the more readily introduce Master John Milton to Sylvester's Du Bartas. Sylvester himself was pronouncedly Puritan, while the Sylvesters of Mansfield—from whom Joseph Hunter boasted he descended—held their mansion as a kind of asylum for the persecuted Nonconformists. All this being so, Dunster over-refines when he sets about to prove that Milton's home was on the 'Hill of Bread Street.' The street was only a short one altogether, and it may safely be assumed that young Milton needed no such immediate neighbourhood to draw him to the book-shop of Lownes and Robert Young.

It is somewhat noticeable that to-day the 'Bread Street Hill' press has lost none of its ancient quality. The name of CLAY is found in many of the foremost books of our generation.

En passant, Mr. Mitford in a foot-note to our quotation (*ut supra*) hastily notes:—'On Sylvester's thefts from Spenser, see Todd's edition of Spenser, vol. iv. p. 2.' This is simple nonsense. Todd refers to a solitary epithet, which he assigns to Spenser as Milton's source rather than Sylvester. This is all. Sylvester certainly read Spenser, and reverenced him, but was very slightly indebted to him. Mr. Mitford also notes as follows:—'There is a curious piece mentioned in the British Bibliographer, iv. 220, "The Miracle of the Peace in France, by the *Ghost* of Du Bartas, translated by J. Sylvester;" and we may mention that a poem called "The Trophies of the Life and Tragedy of the Death of that Virtuous and Victorious Prince, Henry the Great, translated by J. Sylvester," consisting of twenty-nine pages, is appended to Matthieu's "Heroyk Life and Deplorable Death of the most Christian King Henry IV., translated by Grimestone," 4to, 1612.'

S. But contrary, the Red Sea did devour
The barbarous tyrant, with his mighty power.

Vacation Exercise, 93—

M. Trent, who spreads
His thirty arms along the *indented* meads.

S. Silver Medway, which doth deep *indent*
The flowery meadows of my native Kent.

Vales, with hundred brooks *indented.*

The word "indent," as applied to the course of a river, being very unusual.

Penseroso, v. 6—

M. And fancies formed which gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay moats that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams, etc.

S. Fantastic swarms of dreams there hovered,
Green, red and yellow, tawny, black and blue;
They make no noise, but right resemble may
Th' unnumbered moats that in the sunbeams play.

Comus, v. 636—

M. And yet more medicinal is it than moly
Which Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.

S. Or else the rich fruit of the garden rare,
Or pretious moly, which Jove's pursuivant,
Wing-footed Hermes, brought to th' Ithacan.

Lycidas, v. 136—

M. ——Where the mild whispers use.

Mr. Dunster says, 'I do not recollect to have met with "*use,*" precisely in this sense, *anywhere but in Sylvester;* where Urania is represented as exciting Du Bartas to the study of Heaven-born poesy.'

S. Dive day and night in the Castalian fount;
Dwell upon Homer and the Mantuan muse;
Climb day and night the double-topped mount,
Where the Pierian learned maidens *use.*

Sonnet to Sir Henry Vane—

M. Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old.

S. Isaac, in years young, but in wisdom grown.

Sonnet on his Blindness—

M. ——Thousands at his bidding stand,
And *post* o'er land and ocean without rest.

S. The ministry of angels shall be here,
But these quick *posts* with ready expedition
Try to accomplish their divine commission.

We extract as the last specimen a longer passage from the *Vacation Exercise*, written when Milton was only *nineteen years of age;* and it might be reasonably asked if these were the *original* ideas of so young a mind:—

M. Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such where the deep transported mind may soar,
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
Look in, and see the blissful deity,
How he, before the thundrous throne, doth lie,
List'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire,
Then, passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
And misty regions of rude air next under,
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves
In the air defiance, mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldam Nature in her cradle was.

Let the following *mental excursion* into the elementary and celestial regions of the sacred poet be compared with the above:—

S. And though our soul live as imprisoned here
In our frail flesh, and buried, as it were,
In a dark tomb, yet at one flight she flies
From Calpe to Imaus, from th' earth to skies,
Much swifter than the chariot of the sun,
Which in a day about the world doth run;
For sometimes, leaving these base slimy heaps,
With cheerful spring above the clouds she leaps,
Glides through the air, and there she learns to know
The original of wind, and air, and snow,
Of lightning, thunder, blazing stars, and storms,
Of rain, and ice, and strange exhaled forms.
By the air's steep steps she boldly climbs aloft
To the world's chambers. Heaven she visits oft,
Stage after stage; she marketh all the spheres,
And all th' harmonious various course of theirs.
With sure ascent, and certain compasses,
She counts the stars, and metes their distances

And different paces; and, as if she found
No object fair enough in all this round,
She mounts above the world's extremest wall,
Far, far beyond all things corporeal,
Where she beholds her Maker, face to face,
His frowns of justice and his smiles of grace;
The faithful God, the chaste and sober port,
And sacred pomp of the celestial court.
P. 133.

Milton, as has been observed, has in fact compressed Du Bartas's description, only reversing the order of it, and *heathenising*, with some fine classical touches, the Ολυμπια δωματα of his predecessor.

It must be acknowledged that Sylvester was a poet whose work, in many parts and passages, was well worthy of Milton's attention and respect. Poets of his age are at all times making strange deviations from the rules of taste, and offending the judgment and feeling; but they must be judged by their best passages, their highest achievements, and then there will be found much to praise and to approve. We take the following lines from the Creation of Eve as a proof of our assertion:—

And thereof made the mother of mankind.
Graving so lively on the living bone
All Adam's beauties, that but hardly one
Could have the lover from his love descried,
Or known the bridegroom from his gentle bride,
Saving that she had a more smiling eye,
A smoother chin, a cheek of purer dye,
A fainter voice, a more enticing face,
A deeper tress, a more delighting grace.

THE SITE OF PARADISE.

Yet, over-curious, question not the site
Where God did plant this garden of delight;
Whether beneath the equinoctial line,
Or on a mountain near Latona's shrine,
Nigh Babylon, or in the radiant East:
Humbly content thee, that thou know'st, at least,
That that rare, plenteous, pleasant, happy thing,
Whereof the Almighty made our grandsire king,
Was a choice soil, through which did roaring glide
Swift Gihon, Pishon, and rich Tigris' tide,
With that fair stream whose silver waves do kiss
The monarch towns of proud Semiramis.

THE DECAY.

Ye honey-dropping hills we erst frequented,
Ye milk-full vales with hundred brooks indented,—
Delicious gardens of dear Israel!
Hills! gardens! vales! we bid you all farewell.
Turn, therefore, turn your bloody blades on me,
But let these harmless little ones go free.
O! stain not with the blood of innocents
Th' immortall trophies of your great attents.
So ever may the Riphean mountains quake
Under your feet; so ever may you make
South, east, and west your own; on every coast
So may victorious march your glorious host!'[1]

The GLOSSARIAL INDEX—so matterful and noticeable—will guide the student-Reader to many a curious word and thing and allusion. Your 'Word-Hunter' in these our days of special word-hunting, will never consult it in vain.

My appointed task—though 'task' is not the right word for what has been a joy—is completed. Now I feel somewhat confident that a 'fit audience' if 'few' because of the elect, may be afresh counted on for my 'silver-tongued' Worthy and Poet. John Vicars notes wonderingly that he was chary of speech:—

'Thy Wisedome, in thy Sparing-Speech was shown.
'Tis strange his *Words* should drop, whose *works* did stream:
Yet words and works shone, all, with grace's beam:
Thy *Piety*, *sobriety*, well known.' (Vol. I. p. 10, st. 5.)

The same good friend had engraved under Cornelius Van Dalen's portrait of him—reproduced for us—these lines:—

'Honestissimi Poetæ et Gallici Du Bartæ translatoris inclytissimi
M'ri Joshuo Sylvestri vera Effigies.
Behold the man whose words and workes were one;
Whose life and labours have few equals knowne;
Whose sacred layes his browes with bayes have bound,
And him his age's poet-laureat crowned;
Whom Envy scarce could hate, whom all admir'd,
Who liv'd beloved, and a saint expir'd.
John Vicars.'

MICHAEL DRAYTON dedicated his 'Miracles of Moses' to Du Bartas and Sylvester:—

'Sallust, to thee and Sylvester thy friend,
Comes my high poem, peaceably and chaste,
Your hallowed labours humbly to attend,
That wreckful time shall not have power to waste.'

[1] I would invite attention to Dunster's remarks on Milton's lines in 'The Passion:'—

'The leaves should all be black whereon I write
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white,'

as illustrated by Sylvester's 'Lachrymae Lachrymarum' as originally published. I have seen contemporary Elegies with 'wannish white' tears on a jet-black ground.

Du Bartas is constantly quoted in Swan's *Speculum Mundi*, 1643 (4to), where he is called 'that Nightingale of France;' and the same bird-name is applied to his Translator. So in Nicoll's *Vertue's Encomium*:—

> 'Beneath the shadow of your favour's wing
> A sweet *Silvester* Nightingale doth sing.'

In a copy of the folio on a fly-leaf were written certain old verses on Du Bartas and Sylvester signed W. H.; which initials I am willing to believe represent WILLIAM HERBERT. They are thus given by the bookseller who owned the exemplar:—

> 'Silvester signifies a woode
> that's green, that's goode;
> That like a Spring doth bloome and budd,
> And like to Autumne, fruit doth beare
> that's ripe, that's rare,
> Not once alone but all the yeare.'[1]

EDWARD PHILLIPS—nephew of Milton, and writing under his supervision—observes of the Du Bartas that it 'has ever had many great admirers among us' (Theatrum Poet. *s.n.*). Among the 'commendatory poems' (Vol. I. pp. 13, 14, 15) 'rare Ben,' well-languaged Daniel, and Bishop Hall[2] may be singled out; and I gladly add to them an unpublished celebration of him from a MS. in the British Museum, 'The Newe Metamorphosis or a Feast of Fancie' (Addl. MS. 14824/5, 1600):—

> 'Monday, Lilly, Britton, Danyell, Draiton,
> Chapman, and Jonson, Withers, auncient Tusser,
> With *the divine Soule-pleasing Sylvester*,
> And noble Spencer.'

Finally, there is his own assurance of after-remembrance in the 'Toomb of Words' before his 'Triumph of Faith:'—

> 'Which (though it cost lesse) shall out-last
> The proud cloud-threat'ning Battlements,
> Th' aspiring Spires by Nilus plac't,
> And Hell-deepe-founded Monuments.'
> (Vol. II. p. 9.)

And so adopting and (slightly) adapting JAMES SHIRLEY's verses to 'Master Philip Massinger in his Renegado,' I leave JOSHUA SYLVESTER as recalled to memory at this later day, to win new admirers:—

> 'Dabblers in poetry, that only can
> Court this weak lady, or that gentleman,
> With some lowe wit in rhyme;
> Others that fright the time
> Into belief with mighty words, that tear
> A passage through the ear;
> Or nicer men
> That through a perspective will see a play,
> And use it the wrong way,
> (Not worth thy pen),
> Though all their pride exalt them; cannot be
> Competent judges of thy lines, or thee.
>
> I must confess, I have no glorious name
> To rescue judgment; no poetic flame
> To dress thy muse with praise,
> And Phœbus his own bays;
> Yet I commend these POEMS, and dare tell
> The world, I like them well.'[1]

[1] See my dedicatory Sonnet to Mr. David M. Main of this edition of Sylvester.

[2] Dunster remarks—'Ben Jonson, indeed, in a general censure [judgment] of the poets of his time (recorded from his conversation by Drummond of Hawthornden), says:—"Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas was not well done; but he [Jonson] wrote his verses before he understood to confer." By which we may understand Jonson censuring the *exactness* of the translation, which he must have done on the report of others, as his verses confess that he did not understand the original. The poetry of Sylvester (which is my object) stands unimpeached' (pp. 10-11). In these famous Conversations Drummond praises Sylvester's 'Judith,' momentarily forgetting it was by Hudson; but he further speaks of 'his happy translations in sundry places equalling the original.' Drummond knew French well.

It is to be noted that besides his verse-praise of Sylvester, Bishop Hall mentions him very pleasingly in one of his Letters, *e.g.* writing to Mr. Hugh Cholmley (Epist. Decade II. Ep. v.: Works by Wynter, vol. vi. p. 173) concerning his 'metaphrase of the Psalms' he thus introduces him:—'Many great wits have undertaken this task, which yet have either not effected it, or have smothered it in their private desks and denied it the common light. Amongst the rest were those two rare spirits of the Sidneys, to whom poesy was as natural as it is affected of others: and our worthy friend Mr. Sylvester hath showed me how happily he hath sometimes turned from his Bartas to the sweet singer of Israel.'

I may as well give here another allusion while Sylvester was living, viz., Robert Fletcher in his 'Nine English Worthies' (1606, 40):—

> 'The worthy Poet Daniel by name,
> *Sylvester*, Drayton can build sumptuous bowers,
> And many more bedewed with heavenly showers.'

John Dunbar, in his 'Epigrammaton' (1616), also flatteringly remembers him in association with Daniel and Davies of Hereford: 'Nay Silvester leaves doubtful the wreath on Daniel's brow'—significant by its surplusage of praise of his position then.

[1] Works by Gifford and Dyce (6 vols. 8vo, 1833: vol. vi. p. 487).

I have only to add that I am under no common obligations to my friend GEORGE H. WHITE, Esq. of Glenthorne, in the preparation of the Glossarial Index and otherwise, and also to my friend the REV. T. L. O. DAVIES, M.A., Woolston, Southampton, whose 'Bible English' deserves higher recognition than it has yet met with.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

ST. GEORGE'S VESTRY,
BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE,
3d July 1880.

APPENDIX TO MEMOIR I. BIOGRAPHICAL.

A. THE WILL OF WILLIAM PLUMBE. See page XI. col. 2.

In the name of the father the sonne and the hollye ghost three parsons and one eternall and everlasting god amen the twenteth day of July one thousand fyve hundred nyntye and three and in the fyve and thirtye yere of the raygne of our most gracious soueraygne Queene Elizabeth I Wiłm Plumbe of ffulham in the countye of Myddlesexe gentleman knowinge that I was borne to dye and that the tyme therof may be in soe shorte a momente as the twynckling of an eye, and fynding by daylye experience the manyfolde and intricate suytes and questions in lawe which doe arise for lacke of disposing and advisinge of such havior as y^{t} pleaseth the allmyghtie to commytt vnto vs, haue thought y^{t} very meete and convenyent in this contagyous tyme of infe̅on, whilest it pleaseth almightie god of his greate mercye and goodnes to gyue me perfect remembraunce of mynd and reasonable health of bodye to make and Declare this my last will and testament conteyning the full Disposic̅on of all the worldly wealth wherewyth it hath pleased god to indew me in manner and forme following ffirst and pryncipallie I doe most humbly beseech allmightie god the father my creator, Jesus X$\bar{p}$ist the sonne my onelie saviour and redeemer, and the hollie sperite my comforter beinge three persons and yet but one god, that according to the multitude of his great mercies he will vouchsafe to haue mercy vpp$\bar{o}$ me and receiue my sowle, for into his handes I doe whollye commende y^{t} most stedfastly beleeuinge that for the sonnes sake I shall be made pertaker of that heauenly kyngdome which is prepared for the electe before the founda$\bar{c}$on of the worlde: God o father haue mercye vppon me, God o sonne haue mercye vppon me, God o hollye ghost haue mercy vpon me three persons and one god haue mercy vppon me and all the people, saue me good lord an all thyne inheritaunce, keepe thie Church from all herisyes, and mayneteyne thie true religion amonge thye chosen that they may trulie serue the in such sort as thou hast commanded, and alwayes freely prayse the to whom all honor and glory for euer belongeth, And my body I doe bequeath to the earth from whence y^{t} came to be buryed in such decente christian sorte as to my Executrix hereafter named shall seeme convenyente wythout any pompe or worldly glory, onely fyue powndes I giue and bequeath to be Distributed amonge the poore that shalbe present at my funerall and fortye shillinges to the poore mens box of the parish where I shall fortune to Decease, Item I giue and bequeath to my sonne ffrauncis two thowsand powndes of good & lawfull money of Ingland to be levyed and had of my goodes and Chattelles which said two thouesand powndes my mynde and will is shall be bestowed in landes or leases to the vse and behoofe of my sayd sonne ffrauncis by the ayde, advice and discrec̅on of my overseeres or any of them hereafter named wyth asmuch convenyent speed as may be after my Decease and I doe most hartely pray them in all curtesye and charytie to doe for̅ me herein as they woulde haue me or any other doe for them in the like case, Item I giue and bequeath vnto my said sonne ffrauncis all my Jewelles of golde as well Ringes as browches buttons bracelettes and tablettes sett wyth stones or otherwise excepte such as are in the possession of Elizabeth my wife and are for the use of her owne boddye, and allso excepte such as I shall otherwise dispose hereafter, Item I giue and bequeath vnto my sayd sonne ffrauncis all my apparrell of silke, or cloth lyned wyth sylke or trymed wyth gold or syluer lace or furred (excepte such as I shall otherwise dispose here after and excepte the meanest and basest of

myne Apparell which I will be distributed amonge my servauntes at the discrecõn of myne executrix, Item I giue and bequeath vnto my sayd sonne ffrauncis all my bookes as well lattyne as Englishe and all manner of thinges in my Closett as yᵗ nowe standeth excepte all manner of coyne of syluer or golde. Item I giue and bequeath vnto Thomas Gressham my wives eldest sonne three hundred powndes of lawfull Englishe money to be deliuered vnto him at the age of one and twentye yeres, and in the meane tyme to remayne in the handes of his mother. Item I giue and bequeath vnto William Gressham my wives seconde sonne three hundred poundes of lawfull Englishe money to be Deliuered vnto him at the age of one and twentye yeres, and in the meane tyme to remayne in the handes of his mother hopeing that hereby and by theire educacõn and preferment in service which hath bynn very chardgeable to me I haue made full satisfaction for three hundred and ffyftie powndes which I receyued of Sʳ. John Goodwyn and was allotted vnto theire mother and them of the goodes of the Lady Gressham theire grandemother And if yᵗ happen that any of the two sonnes Thomas or William to Decease before the age of one and twenty yeres, then I will that the porcõn of him soe dyinge shall remayne vnto him that shall surviue, And yf yt shall happen that they both dye before the age of one and twentye yeres then I will that both theire porcõns of three hundred pownde a peice be equally devided betweene Elizabeth my wife and ffrauncis my sonne, And allso if yt shall fortune my said sonne ffrauncis to Decease before the age of one and twentye yeres then I will that his sayed porcõn of two thouesand poundes or such landes or Leases as shalbe purchased therwyth shall be to the onelie vse and behoofe of Elizabeth my wife and Thoñs and William her sonnes, Provided allwayes and my mynde and will is that of these two thouesand powndes or the landes or leases purchased therewyth and soe commynge to theire handes theire be payed vnto my Cosyn John Smyth for the reliefe of himselfe his wife and children two hundreth poundes of lawfull Inglishe mony and to be Dilyuered vnto him wythin one yeare after the Decease of my sayed sonne ffrauncis, Item I giue and bequeath vnto my sayed Cosyn John Smyth to be payed him wythin sixe monethes after my Decease twentye poundes in mony and a dublett a payer of hose and a cloake at the Discrecõn of myne executrix. Item I giue and bequeath vnto ffrauncis Smyth his sonne for the preferment of him in service twentie powndes to be also payd wythin sixe monethes after my Decease. Item I giue and bequeath vnto my Cosyn William Smyth capteyne in Ostende one dublet and a payer of hose of white and greene wroughte veluett and one cloake of purple cloth layd wyth gould lace and faced wyth purple Taffatye, Item I give and bequeath vnto my good brother and freind Mʳ. James parkynson a dutche Cloake of watchett chamlett garded wyth veluet, Item I giue and bequeath vnto my deare Christian freindes Mr. Henry Ayray and Mr. Richard Sibson fellowes of the queenes colledge in Oxon twenty shillinges a peece to make them Rynges and vnto the sayd Mr. Sibson I giue allso my mourneinge Cloake of blacke cloth, Item I giue and bequeath vnto the poore schollers of the sayd queenes Colledge to buy them bookes ffortye shillinges, and that to be ordered by the Discrecõn of the sayd Mr. Airay and Mr. Sibson, Item I giue and bequeath vnto the poore of the parrishe of Eltham in the countie of Kente where I was borne fortye shillinges to be distributed by the discrecõn of Mr. Richard Willims. Item I giue and bequeath to the poore of the parishe of ffullham fortye shillinges to be distributed by the discrecõn of myne executrix. Item I giue and bequeathe to the poore of the parrishe of Meereworth in the sayed countye of Kente where I haue inhabited fortye shillinges to be distributed by the discrecõn of Mr. Roger Twysden esquire, Item I giue and bequeath to every man servaunte in my howse takinge wages twenty shillinges in money and a mourneinge cote. Item I giue and bequeathe vnto my servaunte Joane Hill widdowe fortye shillinges and a mourneing gowne and to every other woman servãnte in my howse takinge tenn shillinges, All the rest of my goodes and Cattelles money plate howshold stuffe corne Cattle and whatsoever elles my Debtes and legacies being payed and my funerall chardges dischardged I giue and bequeath to Elizabeth my deere wife whom I make and ordeyne my sole and onlye executrix of this my last will and Testament praying her to excepte therof and to see every thinge therin performed according to my meaninge as my sure trust is in her not doubtinge (the lord be praysed therefore) but that shee shall fynde sufficiente to dischardge both thone and the other, wyth an over plus, and shee her selfe provided for in a reasonable sort, and I doe make and ordayne my trusty and deere freindes Mr. William Lambert of Kent Mr. Richard Willims and Mr. Henry Thornton my ouerseers of this my last will and Testament most earnestly praying them in the bowells of Jesus Christ to take some paynes herin and to be ayding and assisting vnto my poore wife whoe is an ignorante body in these cases, and therefore shall haue greate neede of theire helpe, and for theire paynes herein to be taken I giue and bequeath to every of them one peece of plate of the vallewe of fyve markes to be made of

purpose for them and my name to be ingraved vpon each of them. In witnesse whereof I haue written this wyth myne owne hand and herevnto subscribed my name as a testimony that yt is my full intencõn and last will conteyned in three sheetes of paper which I pray god may take effecte according to my meaninge, soe as yt may be most to his glory and my salvacõn amen. Sealed and deliuered for his last will in the presence of Henry Thornton John Lappy Richard Willson and Johan Hill.

Probatum fuit Testamentum hm̃oi suprascriptū apud London coram Magr̃o Joh̃e Amy legum dc̃ore surr̃ venerabilis viri magr̃i Wilhm̃i Lewin legum etiam doctoris Curie prerogatiue Cantuarieñ Magr̃i Custod̃ sine Commissarij primo die mensis martij anno dn̄i iuxta cursū et computacõem eccl̃ie Anglicane millesimo quingentesimo nonagesimo tertio Juramento Thome White notarij publicis et procuratoris Elizabethe relicte et executrc̃e in hm̃oi Testamento noiat Cui comissa fuit administracõ bonorum Jurium et creditorum dc̃i Defunct̃ De bene et fideliter Administrand̃ &c. ad sancta dei Evangelia Jurat̃.

Prerog. Court of Canty. 24 Dixy.
Somerset House.'

*** These biographical *data* may be here added:—William Plumbe was son of John Plumbe of Eltham, co. Cant. He married (1.) Margaret, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Nevil of the Privy Council to Henry VIII., and one of the Secretaries. She had previously been married to Sir Robert Southwell of Moreworth in Kent, Master of the Rolls, to whom she bore a son Thomas (of Woodlising in Norfolk), and he a son, Sir Robert Southwell, who in turn married Elizabeth, d. of Charles Gent of Nottingham. '1561, Nov. 13. Mr. Wm. Plombe and the Lady Margaret Southwell married . . . of Moreworth.' The first Mrs. Plumbe died 25th December, aged 55, and was buried at Widdial in Herts, where is a monument to her memory by her second husband. Her mother was Lady Fitzhugh, d. of Lord Dacre of the North. Cf. Salmon's Herts, p. 307. It was intended that Margaret (*supra*) should marry Gregory Cromwell, Gent. See will of Guy the Lord Abergavenny, her uncle. His second wife was Elizabeth, d. of Edward Dormer of Fulham, Gent., and his only heir: she too had been a widow, viz., of John Gresham of Mayfield, co. Sussex, cousin-german of Sir Thomas Gresham, and second cousin of Sir John Gresham, Lord Mayor of London. It will be noticed that two of her sons are named and remembered in the will. William Plumbe died 9th February 1593, æt. 60: M. I. at Chelsea in Munday's Stowe, p. 787. I have gleaned most of above from Hunter's Collections in *Chorus Vatum*, as before. It is pleasant to find that as Plumbe's wife was a Nevil, so Sylvester dedicated certain of his Poems to Nevils (see Index of Names, *s.n.*); and so with others. It must be added that Elizabeth Plumbe, widow, was living at Fulham 31 Elizabeth.

C.—OCCASIONAL POEMS. See p. xx.

I. From

'November the 5. 1605.
The
QVINTESSENCE OF CRVELTY,
or
MASTER-PEICE OF TREACHERY,
The Popish Pouder-Plot,
Invented by Hellish-Malice
Prevented by Heavenly-mercy.
Truly related, and from the Latine of the Learned
Religious and Reverend Dr. Herring,
translated and very much dilated
By John Vicars.

London, 1641 (8vo).

To my good friend M. John Vicars.

Thy love to Truth, I love, thy hate of errours,
Thine honesty, thine industry, thy zeale,

For God, the king, the Church and common-weal,
Against the rage of Rome's intended terrours.
I like thy loathing of those Treason-stirrers,
That for *Apollyon*, in these plots do deale
With ghastly, ghostly fathers, that conceale,
Or rather counsail, so inhumane horrours.
I praise thine Authour's and thine owne desire,
To haue recorded unto all posterity,
Th' Ignatian-furies ignominious fire,
Flaming from hell against Christ's heavenly verity:
In *Fauks*, *Grants*, *Garnets*, *Winters*, *Caterbies*, *Percies*,
Let others praise thy Vowes, I praise thy Verses.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.'

II. From 'Observations vpon Cæsars Commentaries. By Clement Edmvndes, Remembrancer of the cittie of London. 1609' (folio).

To his worthy friend, Maister Clement Edmonds.

'Obseruing well what *Thou* hast well *Obseru'd*
In Cæsar's *Workes*, his *Warres*, and *Discipline*;
Whether His Pen hath earn'd more Praise, or Thine,
My shallow Censure doubtfully hath suerv'd.
If strange it were, if wonder it deserv'd,
That what *He wrought* so faire, *He wrote* so fine;
Me thinkes it's stranger, that *Thy* learned Line
Should our best *Leaders* lead, not hauing *seru'd*.
But hereby (*Clement*) hast Thou made thee knowne
Able to counsaile, aptest to recorde
The Conquests of a CÆSAR of our owne;
HENRY, thy Patron, and my Princely Lord,
Whom (O!) Heav'n prosper, and protect from harmes,
In glorious Peace, and in victorious Armes.

JOSVAH SYLVESTER.'

It may be noted that Samuel Daniel (spelled Danyell) and Ben Jonson, also prefix commendations, and Camden one in Latin. For the 'commendation' of Blaxton, see Vol. II. p. 362. In Thomas Tuke's 'Painting of Women' (1616), a quotation is made from Sylvester's Du Bartas on 'Dress.'

I have unfortunately mislaid a short French poem contributed by Sylvester to a Dutch Volume. It was kindly sent me by my friend E. W. Gosse, Esq., some time since, and must have been too carefully put past. However, we have already, in good sooth, more than enough of Sylvester's attempts in French, Italian, etc. His French he was well-grounded in, but I suspect it was cultivated mainly by his practice as a Merchant-adventurer. So with the others. Vicars lauds his knowledge of languages. We must understand spoken rather than critically read. This Appendix is marked C at page xx., by oversight; and accordingly is here so headed.

The

Complete Works

of

Joshuah Sylvester.

NOTE.

OUR text is the fine and most careful folio of '1641.' In the Memorial-Introduction will be found Various Readings from the original and early editions of the separately issued portions, together with a critical examination of Du Bartas himself. At the close of each division Notes and Illustrations are given. On the odd architectural enclosures of certain of the opening and later poems, see the Memorial-Introduction. A facsimile of the portrait of du-Bartas and of the Sidney symbol, and other woodcuts, appear in their several places. Throughout, the text and notes are furnished in integrity.—G.

DU
BARTAS
HIS
DIVINE WEEKES
AND WORKES:

WITH

A Complete Collection of all the other most delightfull
WORKES, Translated and Written
by that famous *Philomusus*
JOSUAH SYLVESTER, Gent.

With Additions.

LONDON,
Printed by ROBERT YOUNG, and are to bee sold by
William Hope, at the signe of the Unicorne
in Cornehill, 1641.

ANAGRAMMATA REGIA:

REGI.

Iacobus Stuart:

Justa Scrutabo.

Iames Stuart:

A just Master.

For A just Master *have I labour'd long;*
To A just Master *have I vow'd my best;*
By A just Master *should I take no wrong;*
With A just Master *would my life be blest.*
In A just Master *are all Vertues met;*
From A just Master *flowes aboundant grace;*
But, A just Master *is so hard to get,*
That A just Master *seems of Phœnix race;*
Yet, A just Master *have I found in fine.*
Of A just Master, *if you question This,*
Whom A just Master *I so just define;*
My Liege JAMES STUART A just Master is.
And A just Master *could my Worke deserve,*
Such A just Master *would I justly serve.*

Voy Sire Saluste.

AU TRES-PUISSANT, TRES-PRUDENT, ET TRES-AUGUSTE

Iaques (par la grace de Dieu) Roy de la Grand Britaign, de France, & d'Ireland: Defenseur de la *Foy unique Catholique, Apostolique, &* CHRISTIENE.

VOY (SIRE) ton SALUSTE habillé en *Anglois*
(*Anglois* encore plus de *Cœur* que de *language*)
Qui, cognissant loyall ton Royall *Heritage*
En ces beaux *Lis Dorez* au Sceptre des *Gaulois*
(Comme au vray *Souverain* des vrays Subjects *Francois*)
Cy a tes pieds sacrez te fait son sainct *Hommage*
(De ton *Hœur* & *Grandeur* eternel tesmoignage)
Miroir de touts *Heros*, Miracle de tous *Roys.*
VOY (SIRE) ton SALUSTE, ou (pour le moins) son ombre;
Ou l'ombre (pour le moins) de ses *Traicts* plus divins,
Qui, ores trop noyrcis par mon pinceau trop sombre,
S'esclairciront aux Raiz de tes Yeux plus benins.
Donques d'un *œil benin* & d'un accueil *Auguste*
Recoy ton cher *Bartas*, & VOY SIRE SALUSTE.

Anagrammatisme
de JOSUA SYLVESTER:

de vostre Majesté
Tres humble Subject & Serviteur.

A l'istessa sua Majestà serenisma.

NEptun', *gielozo de La* Muse Inglése,
L'immura si del Braccio crystallino,
Ch'il pin divin del Canto *suo divino*
Poco 's intende fuòr del suo Paèse:
Pero (*Signor*) *Come già la* Francéze
T' à Celebrato di-quà l' Apenino
Di-là, l' ITALICA *al Peregrino*
Anche fur à l'alte tue Loài intèse.
Siche, la Sèna, *el* Pàdo *prestaranno*
Lor Chori *sacri, per Cantàr l' immenza*
Alma Virtù, Valòr, Pietà, Prudénza
Di GIACOMO (*gran* SALOMOM Britanno)
Per di tua Gloria (*vdita qual' e quanta*)
Raptr' il Mondo in maravigilia santa.

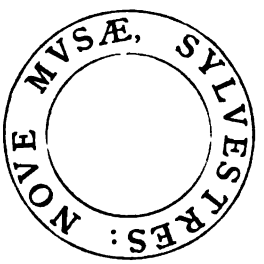
L' istesso Osservantissimo
J. S.

To England's, Scotland's, France and Ireland's KING:
Great Emperour of EUROPE'S greatest Iles:
Monarch of Hearts, and Arts, and every thing
Beneath BOOTES, many thousand miles:
Upon whose Head, Honour and Fortune smiles:
About whose brows, clusters of crowns do spring:
Whose Faith, Him Champion of the FAITH *en-stiles:*
Whose Wisedome's *Fame*
Ore all the World doth ring:

MNEMOSYNE
&

Her faire Daughters bring
The DAPHNEAN Crown
To Crowne Him (Laureat)
Whole and sole Soveraigne
Of the THESPIAN Spring:
Prince of PARNASSUS, and Pïerian State:
And with their crown, their kingdoms Arms they yeeld:
Thrice three Penns Sunne-like in a Cynthian field.
Sign'd by TIMES-SELVES, and their high Treasurer
BARTAS, the Great: Ingross'd by SYLVESTER.

Our SUN did Set, and yet no NIGHT ensew'd;
Our WOE-full losse so JOY-full gaine did bring,
In teares wee smile, amid our sighes wee sing:
So suddenly our dying LIGHT renew'd.
As when th' ARABIAN (only) Bird doth burne
Her aged body in sweet FLAMES to death,
Out of Her CINDARS
A new Bird hath breath,



In whom the BEAUTIES
Of the FIRST returne;
From Spicie Ashes of the sacred URNE
Of Our dead Phœnix (dear ELIZABETH)
A new true PHOENIX *lively flourisheth,*
Whom greater glories then the First adorne.
So much (O KING) thy sacred Worth presume-I-on,
JAMES, thou just Heire of *Englands joyfull* UNION.

JAMES, Thou just Heir of *Englands joyfull* UNION,
UNITING now too This long sever'd ILE
(*Sever'd for strangers, from it selfe the while*)
Under one Scepter, in One Faith's Communion:
That in our Loves may never bee dis-union,
Throughout-all Kingdoms in thy Regall Stile,
Make CHRIST thy Guide
(*In whom was never guile*)

CLIO.

To RULE thy Subjects
In his GOSPELS Union.
So, on thy Seat thy Seede shall ever Flourish
To SION's Comfort, and th' eternall Terror
Of GOG and MAGOG, Athëisme and Error:
So shall one TRUTH *thy people train and nourish*
In meeke Obedience of Th' Almightie's Pleasure,
And to give CAESAR what belongs to CAESAR.

And (to give CAESAR what belongs to CAESAR)
To sacred Thee (drad Soveraigne) dearest JAMES,
While sad-glad ENGLAND *yeelds Her Diadems,*
To bee dispos'd at Thine Imperiall Pleasure:
While Peers & states expose their pomp & treasure
To entertain thee from thy Tweed to THAMES,
With ROYALL *Presents,*
And rare-precious Gemmes;

THALIA.

As Mindes and Meanes
Concurre in happy measure.
Here (gracious Lord) low prostrate I present you
The richest Jewell my poore FATE affords,
(*A sacrifice, that long-long since I meant you*)
Your Minion BARTAS, *masked in my words:*
With him, my Selfe, my Service, Wit and Art,
With all the SINNEWES of a Loyall Heart.

With all the SINNEWES of a Loyall Heart,
Unto Your ROYALL Hands I humbly Sacre
These Weeks (*the works of the worlds glorious Maker*)
Divinely warbled by LORD BARTAS Art
(Though through my rudeness here mis-tun'd in part).
For, to whom meeter should this Muse betake her,
Than to YOUR *Highnesse,*
Whom (*as chiefe Partaker*)

MELPOMENE.

All MUSES Crowne
For Principall Desert?
To whom should sacred Art and learned Pietie
In Highest Notes of Heav'nly Musicke Sing
The Royall Deedes of the redoubted Dettie,
But to a Learned and Religious KING?
To whom but You should Holy *Faith* commend-her,
Great King of *England*, Christian *Faith's* Defender?

Great King of *England*, Christian *Faith's* Defender;
No Selfe — presuming of my Witt's perfection
(*In what is mine of this Divine Confection*)
Boldens mee thus to You the Same to tender:
But with the rest the best I have to render
For Loyall Witnesse of my glad affection,
My MITE I offer
To your High Protection;

CALLIOPE.

Which MORE it needs,
The more it selfe is slender.
But, for mine AUTHOR, in his sacred-furie,
I know your Highnes knows him Prince of Singers,
And his rare Workes worthy Your Royall fingers
(*Though here His lustre too-too-much obscure-I*):
For His sake therefore, and Your Selfes Benignitie,
Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie.

Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie
(Smoothing with smiles sterne Majesties Severitie)
Sith from this Errour of my bold Temeritie,
Great good may grow, through heav'ns &ᵉ your benignity:
For, farre more equall to your BARTAS Dignitie,
This may provoke (with more divine Dexteritie)
Some NOBLER Wit,
To SING to our Posterity

TERPSICHORE.

This NOBLEST Worke,
After it Self's Condignitie:
Or else the sweet Rayes of your Royall Favour
May shine so warm on these wilde fruits of mine,
As much may mend their vertue, taste, &ᵉ savour,
And Ripen faire the Rest that are behinde:
The rather, if some Clowde of COMFORT drop
Amid the Braunches of my blasted Hope.

Amid the Braunches of my blasted Hope,
Three Noble pearches had my Muse of late,
Where (*Turtle-like*) *groaning sad tunes she sate:*
But (*O!*) *curst ENVIE did vntimely lop*
The First: the Next, bruis'd with his fall, did drop:
The Third remains, grow'n a great arm of State:
Most WORTHIE So,
But so ꝑua — occupate

EUTERPE.

With others MUSES,
That OURS hath no scope.
Wherefore for succour in her wearie flight
Hardly pursu'd by that sharp Vulture, WANT,
She's fain my Liege (*with your good leave*) *to light*
Amid the Top-leaves of Your CEDAR Plant:
Where, if you daign Her Rest from *Fortune's* wrong,
Shee shall more sweetely End her solemne Song.

Shee shall more sweetely End Her solemne Song
(If Heav'n grant Life, and You give leave to doe-it)
By adding fitly All those Parts vnto it
Which more precisely to your Prayse belong
(Wherein expresly, with a Thankfull Tongue,
To your great Self, APOLLO's self applies-him,
Yeelds YOU His Laurels,
And doth all agnise-him

ERATO.

Rapt with the Wonder
Of Your Vertues, Young).
All the Posthumiall race of that rare Spirit
(His Swan tunes, sweetest neer his latest breath)
Which, of his glorie their Childes-part inherit
(*Though born, alas! after their Father's death*)
As Epilogue, shall PAY our gratefull Vowes
Under the shadow of Your Sacred Boughes.

Under the shadow of Your Sacred Boughes,
Great, Royall CEDAR of Mount LIBANON
(*Greater then that great Tree of* BABYLON)
No marvaile if our TURTLE seek to House;
Sith CESAR's Eagles that so strongly Rouze:
Th' old Haggard FALCON, hatcht by *Pampelon:*
Th' IBERIAN GRIPHIN
(*And not THESE alone,*

POLYMNIA.

But every Bird and Beast)
With HUMBLE vowes,
Seeks roost or rest under your mighty Bowers:
So mighty hath the Almighty made you now:
O Honour Him who thus hath Honour'd you,
And build His house who thus hath blessed Yours.
So STUARTS ay shall stand (propt with His Power)
To Foes a Terrour, and to Friends a Tower.

To Foes a Terrour, and to Friends a Tower:
ERROR's Defyer, and True FAITH's Defence:
A Sword to Wrong, a Shield to Innocence:
Cheering the milde; checking the wilde with power:
The Starre of other States, and Sterne of Our:
The Rod of Vice, and VERTUE's Recompence:
Long Live King JAMES
In all MAGNIFICENCE:

URANIA.

And (*full of DAYES*)
When (*in his Bliss-full Bowr*)
Heav'ns King shal crown thee with th' immortal flowr,
Fall all These Blessings on that forward Prince
HENRY (*our Hope*) *to crowne His Excellence*
A KING *at home, abroade a* CONQUEROR;
So Happily, that wee may still Conclude,
Our Sunne did set, and yet no Night ensew'd.

YOUR MAJESTIES

Most loyall Subject

AND

Humble Servant

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

THE
ORDER OF THE BOOKES,
OR TRACTS OF THESE
VOLUMES.

The First Weeke containeth Seven Dayes.

The { 1. *Day.* / 2. *Day.* / 3. *Day.* / 4. *Day.* }

THE { 5. *Day.* / 6. *Day.* / 7. *Day.* }

The Second Week likewise Seven Dayes:

whereof three were never finished.

ADAM, 1. Day. { *Eden.* / The *Imposture.* / The *Furies.* / The *Handy-Crafts.* }

NOAH, 2. Day. { The *Arke.* / *Babylon.* / The *Colonies.* / The *Columnes.* }

ABRAHAM, 3. Day. { The *Vocation.* / The *Fathers.* / The *Law.* / The *Captains.* }

DAVID, 4. Day. { The *Tropheis.* / The *Magnificence.* / The *Schisme.* / The *Decay.* }

Urania.
The *Triumph of Faith.*
The *Quadrains of Pibrac.*
The *Miraculous Peace of France.*
A *Paradox against Liberty.*
Judith.
Little Bartas.
The *Map of Man.*
The *Maidens blush*, or *Joseph.*
Panaretus.
Job Triumphant.
Bethulia's Rescue.
A *Hymn of Almes.*
Memorials of Mortality.
St. *Lewis the King.*
The *Tropheis of Henry the Great.*
The *Battell of Yvrie.*
All is not Gold that glisters.

New Jerusalem.
Selfe-Civill-Warre.
A Cup of Consolation in Christian conflict.
Tobacco battered.
Lacrymæ Lacrymarum.
An Elegie upon Sir *William Sidneys death.*
Honours Farewell.
An Elegie upon the death of Doctour Hils Wife.
A Briefe Catechisme.
Spectacles.
Mottoes.
The Wood-mans Beare.
A *Preparation to the Resurrection.*
A *Table of the Mysterie of Mysteries.*
Severall Poems of the same Authors.
Lastly, *Seven Letanies upon the severall Petitions of the Lords Prayer, not formerly extant, are now added.*

CEs Tempes laurizez, du *Laurier* mesme honeur ;
Ces Yeux contemple-Cieux, ou la *Vertu* se lit ;
Ces traits au front, marquez de *Scavoir* & d'*Esprit ;*
Ne sont que du BARTAS un ombre *exterieur.*
Le Pinçeau n'en peut plus : Mais de sa propre Plume
Il s'est peint le *Dedans*, dans son divin *Volume.*

These laureat Temples which the Laurel *grace :*
These Honest *Lines, these Signes of* Wit *and* Art ;
This Map of Vertues, *in a* Muse-*full Face* ;
Are but a blush of BARTAS outward *part.*
The Pencil could no more : but his owne Pen
Limns him, with-in, *the Miracle of Men.*

SACRUM MEMORIÆ

Ornatiſsimi Pientiſsmique ipſius A-

mici, Magistri *Josuæ Sylvester;* Qui in Oppido Middle-

burgensi, vicesimo octavo die Septembris,

Anno Dom. 1618. *Annoq. Ætatis suæ* 55.

Fatis Concessit.

HIS LIFE, &c.

IN *Verse* to personate what *Art* hath painted,
Craves not *Apelles*, but *Apollo's* skill;
The *veine* and *straine* of *Maro's* learnèd Quill,
Or some, with sweet *Vrania* best-acquainted.

Yet, sith ev'n all, whose *brows* are deckt with *bayes*,
Seem to neglect Thee; *Pan* hath ta'n the paines
(With Oaten-pipe, in homely rustick *Strains*)
To sound, not *Arts*, but *Hearts* plain warbled *layes*.

Is't not a Wonder, worthy admiration,
In this so *Sin-full*, *Sin-foule* Age, to see
All reall *Vertues* in one Man to be?
All, met in one, to have cohabitation?

Thou wast no Lordly great *Cosmopolite;*
Yet, much renownèd by thy vertuous *Fame:*
A *Saint* on Earth (No need of greater Name.)
A true *Nathanael*, *Christian-Israelite*.

Thy *Wisedome*, in thy *Sparing-Speech* was shown.
'Tis strange his *Words* should drop, whose *works* did stream:
Yet words & *works* shone, *all*, with *graces* beam:
Thy *Piety*, *sobriety*, well known.

Religious, *valiant*, like good *Josua*.
Religious, in Thy Selfe and Familie:
Courageous, to withstand Adversitie
And worldly Cares; which most men, most dismay.

No *Temporizer;* yet, the *Court* frequenting:
Scorning to *sooth*, or *smooth* this Ages crimes:
At *War* with *Vice*, in all thy holy *Rymes:*
Thine *Israels*-Sins (with *Jeremie*) lamenting.

No *Crœsus*-rich, nor yet an *Irus*-poore:
The *Golden-Mean*, was thy Chiefe Loves delight.
Thy *Portion* pleas'd thee well; and well it might:
Then *Piety*, what Riches better? more?

His languages.

Adornèd with the *Gift* of *Gods* good *Spirit:*
I mean the *Gift* of *Tongues;* French, Spanish, Dutch,
Italian, Latin. As thy Selfe, few such:
But, for thy Native-English, of most Merit.

Wherein, like former fluent *Cicero*
(With Figures, Tropes; Words, Phrases, sweetly rare)
Of Eloquence thou mad'st so little spare,
That *Nile* (in *Thee*) may seem to overflow.

His Works.

Witnesse *Du Bartas* (that rare *Master-peece*
Of *Poetry*) to past and future Times:
By whose mellifluous, sugred, sacred *Rimes*,
Thou got'st more fame, then *Jason* by his *Fleece*.

Of which thy *Work* (I justly may averre)
The radiant Sun-shine is so fair, so trim,
As other Poets Moon-light much doth dim;
Admirèd *Silver-Tongu'd Sylvester*.

Yea, All thy full-ear'd Harvest-Swathes are such,
As (almost) all thy *Brethrens* high-topt *Sheaves*
Bend, bow to thine, like Autumn-scattered *leaves*,
So *white* thy *Wheat* is, and the *Weight* so much.

Nor wrong I them, by this harsh appellation.
Their pleasing Veine was oft too vaine: but, Thine,
Still-pleasant-grave: Here, Morall; There, Divine.
Right *Poet Laureat Thou* wert of our Nation.

This then, say I (maugre the Spleen infernall
Of Elvish-*Envie*) shall promote thy *Prayse*,
And trim thy Temples with ne'er-fading *Bayes*.
Such heav'nly *Off-springs* needs must live Eternall.

What should I say? much more then I can say.
A *Man* thou wert; and yet, then man much more.
Thy Soule resembled, right, an *House* of *Store;*
Wherein all *Vertues*, in *Thee*, treasur'd lay.

His Death.

A blessèd Death a holy Life ensues,
Thy pious End this *Truth* hath well exprest:
Such as thy *Life*, such was thy *Death;* all-blest:
Thy Heav'n-born *Soule*, her Native-home did chuse.

And hadst thou dy'd at *Home* it had been better ;
It would (at least) have given thee much Content :
But, herein, *England's* worthy to be shent,
Which to thy Worth did prove so bad a *Debter*.

Nor minde I this, but then I blush for shame
To think, that though a *Cradle, Thee, it gave,*
Yet (O unkinde) deny'd thy *Corps a Grave ;*
Much more a *Statue*, reared to thy *Name*.

But, *Thou* wert wise ; who to *thy Selfe* built'st One
(Such, such an *One*) as is of endlesse Date :
A reall, royall-one ; which (spite of Hate)
To *Times* last time shall make thy *Glory* known.

Now, though thy step-Dame Countrey cast thee off ;
(Ah ! too ungratefull, most unkinde, to Thee.)
Yet here accept a Mite of Love from Me,
(Thy meanest Brother) This Mean Epitaph :

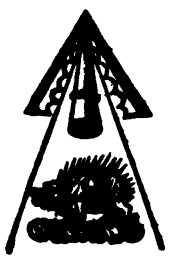
HIS EPITAPH.

Here lyes (*Death's* too-rich *Prize*) the *Corps* enterr'd
Of JOSUAH SYLVESTER, DU BARTAS Peer ;
A *Man* of *Arts* best *Parts*, to *God*, *Man*, deare
In formost *Rank* of *Poets* best, preferr'd.

JOHN VICARS.

The Printer to the Reader.

THE Name of *Josuah Sylvester* is garland enough to hang before This doore ; a name worthily deare to the present Age, to Posteritie. I doe not therefore goe about to apologise for this Worke, or to commend it ; it shall speake for it selfe, louder then either others friendship, or envie. I onely advertise my Reader, that since the death of the Author (if at least it be safe to say those men are dead, who ever survive in their living monuments) I have carefully fetcht together all the dispersed Issue of that divine Wit ; as those which are well worthie to live (like Brethren) together under one faire roofe, that may both challenge time, and out-weare it. I durst not conceale the harmlesse fancies of his inoffensive youth, which himselfe had devoted to Silence and Forgetfulnesse ; it is so much the more glory to that worthy Spirit, that hee who was so happy in those youthfull strains, (some whereof, lately come to hand, and not formerly extant, are in this Edition inserted) would yet turne and confine his pen to none but holy and religious Ditties. Let the present and future times injoy so profitable and pleasing a work ; and at once honour the Author, and thank the Editor.



ENGLAND'S
Apelles (rather
OUR APOLLO)
WORLD'S wonder
SYDNEY,
That rare more-than-man,
This LOVELY VENUS
First to LIMNE beganne,
With Such a PENCILL
As no PENNE dares follow :
How then should I, in wit & art so shallow,
Attempt the *task* which yet none other can ?
Far bee the thought, that mine unlearnèd hand
His heav'nly Labour should so much unhallow :
Yet, lest (that Holy-RELIQUE being shrin'd
In some high-Place, close lockt from common light)
My Countrey-men should bee debarr'd the sight
Of these DIVINE pure Beauties of the Minde ;
Not daring meddle with APELLES TABLE,
THIS have I muddled, as my MUSE was able.

TO MY GOOD FRIEND, M. SYLVESTER, In honour of this sacred WORKE.

THus to adventure forth, and re-conuay
The best of treasures from a forrain Coast,
And take that wealth wherein they gloried most,
And make it ours by such a gallant prey,
And that without injustice; doth bewray
The glory of the Worke, that wee may boast
Much to have wonne, and others nothing lost
By taking such a famous prize away,
As thou industrious SYLVESTER *hast wrought,*
And here enricht vs with th' immortall store
Of others sacred lines; which from them brought,
Comes by thy taking greater then before:
So hast thou lighted from a flame deuout,
As great a flame, that never shall goe out.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

To Master JOSUAH SYLVESTER. A SONNET.

THe glorious Salust, *morall, true-diuine;*
Who (all inspirèd with a Holy rage)
Makes Heav'n *his subject, and the* Earth *his stage,*
The Arts *his Actors, and the* Triple-Trine:
Who his rich language gilds, and graceth fine:
His Countries honour, wonder of our age;
Whose Worlds *blest* Birth, *and blessèd* Pupillage,
Gain him a world of fame for every line;
Hath here obtain'd a true Interpreter.
Whom fame, nor gaine, but loue to Heav'n and vs,
Mov'd to un-French *his learnèd Labours thus.*
Thus loues, thus liues all-louèd SYLVESTER:
Forward, sweet friend: Heav'n, Nature, Arts, and Men,
All to this taske prefer thine onely Pen.

G. GAY-WOOD.

Dilectissimo JOS. SYLVESTRI.

GAllica vix fuit Princeps modo lingua; nec ulla
Illi vel similis, vel mihi major erat:
Crediderам magni nullo sermone referri
BARTASI ingenium posse, vel eloquium:
Cum subito clarum dedit alma Britannia solem,
Ingenii tenebras abstulit ille mei.
Carmina BARTASI SYLVESTER carmine vertit;
Et si successu non meliore, pari.
O ter felicem venam, Dulcesque Camoenas!
Quels tanto Vati contigit esse pares.
Incepto felix SYLVESTER tramite perge;
Tam bene ne coeptum destituatur opus,
Sic pia Sicelides aspirunt Numina Musae:
Sic faveat coeptis doctis Apollo tuis:
Sic tandem felix te gaudeat Anglia vate:
Sic te Virgilium norit & ipsa suum.

Jo. Mauldeus Germanus.

Amicissimo JOSUÆ SYLVESTRI, G. SALUSTII D. BARTASII INTERPRETI, Encomium.

QUod conspecta Pharus vario dat lumine vasta
Æquora sulcanti, cum vaga Luna silet:
Et quod lustratis Phoebi dat flamma tenebris
Erranti in sylvis dum manifestat iter:
Hoc dat praestanti methodo SALUSTIUS illis
Cognitio sanctae queis placet Historiae.
Ille dedit Gallis quod nobis JOSUA noster,
Qui solus patrio ductus amore dedit.
Ingenium cupitis, non fictaque flumina Vatum?
Hic magnum doctis Hortus acumen habet:
Musa tua est BARTAS dulcissima: Musa videtur
Ipsi tamen NOSTRI, dulcior esse mihi.

St. Ca. Gen.

Flexanimo SALUSTII DU BARTAS Interpreti, *Jos. Silvestri*, Carmen Encomiasticon.

OFt have I seene sweete fancie-pleasing faces
Consort themselves with swart mis-shapen features,
To grace the more their soule-subduing graces,
By the defect of such deformèd creatures;
As Painters garnish with their shadowes sable
The brighter colours in a curious Table:
So, English Bartas, *though thy beauties, here*
Excell so far the glory of the rest,
That France *and* England *both must hold the*[r] *deare,*
Sith both their glories thou hast here exprest
(Shewing the French tongues plenty to be such,
And yet that ours can vtter full as much)
Let not thy fairest Heav'n-aspiring Muse
Disdaine these humble notes of my affection:
My faulty lines let faithfull love excuse,
Sith my defects shall adde to thy perfection:
For, these rude rimes, thus ragged, base, and poore,
Shall (by their want) exalt thy worth the more.

E. G.

IN COMMENDATION OF

Du Bartas, and his Translator,

Mr. JOSUAH SYLVESTER,

A SONNET.

While nights black wings the dayes bright beauties hide,
And while faire Phœbus *dives in western deepe;*
Men (gazing on the heav'nly stages steep)
Commend the Moon, and many Stars beside:
But, when Aurora's *windowes open wide,*
That Sol's *clear rayes those sable clouds may banish*
Then suddenly those petty lights doe vanish,
Vailing the glories of their glistring pride:
So, while du Bartas *and our* Sylvester
(*The glorious lights of* England, *and of* France)
Have hid their beames, each glowe-worme durst prefer
His feeble glimpse of glimmering radiance:
But, now these Suns begin to gild the day,
Those twinkling sparks are soon disperst away.

R. H.

IN COMMENDATION

OF THIS

WORTHY WORKE

FOole that I was, I thought in younger times,
That all the *Muses* their graces sow'n
In *Chaucers*, *Spencers*, and sweet *Daniels* Rimes
(So, good seems best, where better is unknown).
While thus I dream'd, my busie phantasie
Bade mee awake, open mine eyes, and see

How SALUST's English Sun (*our* SYLVESTER)
Makes *Moon* and *Stars* to vail: and how the *Sheaves*
Of all his *Brethren*, bowing, doe *prefer*
His *Fruits* before their Winter-shaken *Leaves:*
So much for *Matter*, and for *Manner* too,
Hath hee out-gone those that the rest out-goe.

Let *Gryll* be *Gryll:* let *Envie's* vip'rous seed
Gnaw forth the breast which bred and fed the same;
Rest safe (Sound truth from feare is ever freed,)
Malice may bark, but shall not bite thy Name:
JOSUA, thy Name with BARTAS name shall live.
For, double life you each to other give.

But, Mother *Envie*, if this *Arras*, spunne
Of *Golden* threeds, be seen of *English* eyes,
Why then (alas!) our *Cob-webs* are undone.
But Shee, more subtle, then religious-wise,
Hatefull, and hated, proud, and ignorant,
Pale, swoln as Toad (though customèd to vaunt)
Now holds her *Peace:* but (O!) what Peace hath Shee
With *Vertue?* None: Therefore defie her frown.
Gainst greater force growes greater victorie,
As Camomile, the more you tread it down,
The more it springs; *Vertue*, despightfully
Usèd, doth use the more to fructifie:

And so doe Thou, untill thy *Mausole* rare
Doe fill this World with wonderment; and, that
In *Venus* Form no clumsie fist may dare
To meddle with thy Pencill and thy Plat.
I feare thy life more, till thy goale be run,
Then Wife her Spouse, or Father feares his Son.

R. R.

Malum patienti Lucrum.

AN ACROSTICK SONNET, TO HIS FRIEND MASTER JOS. SYLVESTER.

JOSUA SYLVESTER

IF profit, mixt with pleasure, merit praise,
Or works divine be'fore profane preferr'd:
Shall not this heav'nly Work the Workers raise,
Unto the Clouds on Columnes selfly-rear'd?
And (though his Earth be low in Earth interr'd)
Shall not DU BARTAS (*Poets Pride and glorie*)
In after Ages bee with wonder heard,
Lively recording th' UNIVERSALL *Storie?*
Undoubtedly Hee shall: and so shalt Thou,
Eare-charming Eccho *of his sacred Voyce:*
Sweete SYLVESTER, *how happy was thy choyce,*
To taske Thee thus, and thus to quit thee now?
End as thou hast begunne; and then by right
Rare Muses NON-SUCH, *shall thy Worke behight.*

R. N. Gent.

TO THE SAME.

HAd golden Homer, *and great* Maro *kept*
In envious silence their admirèd measures,
A thousand Worthies *worthy deeds had slept:*
They, reft of praise; and we of learnèd Pleasures.
But (O!) what rich incomparable Treasures
Had the world wanted, had this modern glory,
Divine DU BARTAS, *hid his heavenly ceasures,*
Singing the mighty World's *immortall storie?*
O then how deeply is our Ile beholding
To Chapman, *and to* Phaer! *but, yet much more*
To thee (deare SYLVESTER) *for thus vnfolding*
These holy wonders, hid from us before.
Those works profound, are yet profane; but thine,
Grave, learnèd, deep, delightfull, and divine.

R. N.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page 4, '*Anagrammata Regia.*' See Memorial-Introduction on Sylvester's relations to the Court and his various notices of James I., &c., in the present set of poems, and elsewhere.

,, 5, col. 1, l. 4, '*Bootes*' = northern constellation: l. 22, '*Our Sun did Set*' = Elizabeth: l. 26, 'th' Arabian (only) Bird doth Burne' = phœnix. Cf. Shakespeare's 'The Phœnix and the Turtle:' col. 2, l. 19, '*drad*' = dread: l. 3 (from bottom), '*Minion*' = dependent or humble friend—since deteriorated.

,, 6, col. 1, l. 2, '*Sacre*' = consecrate.

,, 7, col. 1, l. 23, '*Haggard*' = an untrained hawk.

,, 10, col. 2, l. 25, '*trim*' = adorn.

,, 11, col. 2, l. 10, 'JOHN VICARS.'—On this voluminous if not always luminous writer in prose and verse, see our Memorial-Introduction. He died August 12th, 1652: l. 11, 'Sidney' heraldic symbol—appeared in the original and all subsequent editions.

Page 12, col. 1, l. 1, '*Factors*' = actors, as was 'fact' = act: l. 8, '*Counter-pane*' = counterpart: l. 11, '*Momes*' = blockheads: col. 2, l. 15, 'Car. Fitz. Geofridus' = Charles Fitzjeffrey—on whom and the others who here pay tribute to Sylvester, see our Memorial-Introduction.

,, 13, col. 1 (at bottom), 'BEN. JOHNSON'—his own spelling: = 'Rare Ben:' col. 2, at bottom, 'JOS. HALL'—the afterwards renowned and venerable Bishop Hall.

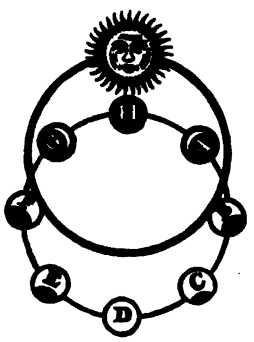
,, 15, col. 1, l. 29, '*vail*' = bow—the reference being to Genesis xxxvii. 9: col. 2, l. 7, '*Mausole*' = mausoleum. The 'R. N.' of the two short poems commendatory in this column, was doubtless Sylvester's friend Robert Nicholson—on whom see our Memorial-Introduction.—G.

DU
BARTAS
HIS
FIRST WEEKE:
OR,
BIRTH OF THE
WORLD.

WHEREIN,

In SEVEN DAYES the glorious Worke of
The CREATION is divinely handled;

In the
1 Day, The CHAOS.
2 Day, The ELEMENTS.
3 Day, The SEA and EARTH.
4 Day, The HEAVENS, SUN, MOON, &c.
5 Day, The FISHES and FOWLES.
6 Day, The BEASTS and MAN.
7 Day, The SABBATH.



Acceptam refero.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

GOD'S Aide implor'd: the summe of all propos'd:
World *not eternall, nor by* Chance *compos'd:*
But of meere Nothing *God it essence gave:*
It had Beginning; *and an* End *shall have:*
Curst Atheist quipt: the Heathen Clerkes control'd:
Doom's *glorious day:* Star-Doctors *blam'd, for bold.*
The Matter *form'd: Creation of the* Light:
Alternate changes of the Day *and* Night:
The birth of Angels; *some for* Pride *dejected:*
The rest persist in Grace, *and guard th' Elected.*

The Poet implereth the gracious assistance of the true God of Heaven, Earth, Aire, and Sea, that he may happily finish the worke hee takes in hand.

THOu glorious Guide of Heav'n's star-glistring motion,
Thou, thou (true *Neptune*) Tamer of the *Ocean*,
Thou Earth's dread Shaker (at whose only Word,
Th' *Eolian* Scouts are quickly still'd and stirr'd)
Lift up my Soule, my drowsie Spirits refine:
With learnèd Art enrich this Work of mine.
O Father, grant I sweetly warble forth
Unto our seed the WORLD'S renownèd BIRTH:
Grant (gratious God) that I record in Verse
The rarest Beauties of this UNIVERSE:
And grant, therein Thy power I may discern:
That, teaching others, I my selfe may learne.

The Translator knowing and acknowledging his own insufficiency for so excellent a labour, craveth also the aid of the All-sufficient God.

And also grant (great Architect of wonders,
Whose mighty voyce speaks in the midst of Thunders,
Causing the Rocks to rock, and Hils to teare;
Calling the things that Are not, as they Were;
Confounding Mighty things by meanes of Weak;
Teaching dumb Infants thy dread Praise to speak;
Inspiring Wisdome into those that want,
And giving Knowledge to the Ignorant,)
Grant me, good Lord (as thou hast giv'n me Heart
To undertake so excellent a Part)
Grant me such Judgement, Grace, and Eloquence,
So correspondent to that Excellence,
That in some measure, I may seem t'inherit
(Elisha-*like*) *my deare* Elias *spirit.*

CLEAR FIRE for ever hath not Aire imbrac'd,
Nor Aire for aye inviron'd Waters vaste,
Nor Waters alwaies wrap'd the Earth therein;
But all this *All* did once of nought begin.
Once *All* was made; not by the hand of *Fortune*
(As fond *Democritus* did yerst importune)
With jarring Concords making Motes to meet,
Invisible, immortall, infinite.

The World was not from everlasting:

Th' immutable divine Decree, which shall
Cause the World's End, caus'd his Originall:
Neither in Time, nor yet before the same,
But in the instant when Time first became.
I mean a Time confusèd: for, the course
Of yeeres, of months, of weeks, of dayes, of hours,
Of Ages, Times, and Seasons is confin'd
By th' ordred Dance unto the Stars assign'd.

Neither made by chance; But created together with Time by the almighty wisdome of God.

Before all Time, all Matter, Form, and Place,
God all in all, and all in God it was:
Immutable, immortall, infinite,
Incomprehensible, all spirit, all light,
All Majestie, all-self-Omnipotent,
Invisible, impassive, excellent,
Pure, wise, just, good, God reign'd alone (at rest)
Himselfe alone, self's Palace, Host, and Guest.

God was before the world was.

Thou scoffing Atheist, that inquirest what
Th' Almighty did before he framèd that:
What weighty work his minde was busied on
Eternally before this World begun,
(Sith so deep Wisdome and Omnipotence,
Nought worse beseems, then sloth and negligence).
Know (bold Blasphemer) that, before, he built
A Hell to punish the presumptuous guilt
Of those ungodly, whose proud sense dares cite
And censure too his Wisdome infinite.
Can Carpenters, Weavers and Potters passe,
And live without their severall works a space?

He confuteth the Atheists, questioning what God did before he created the World.

And could not then th' Almighty All-Creator,
Th' All-prudent, *BEE*, without this frail Theater?
Shall valiant *Scipio* Thus himselfe esteem,
Never less sole then when he sole doth seem?
And could not GOD (O Heav'ns! what frantick folly!)
Subsist alone, but sink in Melancholy?
Shall the *Pryénian* Princely *Sage* averr,
That *all his goods he doth about him bear?*
And should the LORD, whose Wealth exceeds all measure,
Should he be poor without this worldly Treasure?
God never seeks out of himself for ought;
He begs of none, he buyes or borrows nought;
But aye, from th' *Ocean* of his liberall Bounty,
He powreth out a thousand Seas of Plenty.

What God did before he created the World.

Ere *Eurus* blew, ere Moon did wex or wane,
Ere Sea had fish, ere Earth had grasse or grain,
God was not void of sacred exercise;
He did admire his Glorie's Mysteries:
His Power, his Justice, and his Providence,
His bounteous Grace, and great Beneficence
Were th' holy Object of his heav'nly thought,
Upon the which, eternally it wrought.
It may be also, that he meditated
The World's *Idea*, ere it was created:

Of 3. Persons in one only Essence of God: of the eternall generation of the Son.

Alone he liv'd not; for his Son and Spirit
Were with him aye, equall in Might and Merit.
For, *sans* Beginning, Seed, and Mother tender,
This great World's Father he did first ingender
(To wit) His Son, Wisdome, and Word eternall,
Equall in Essence to th' *All-One* Paternall.

Of the holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Sonne: The which three Persons are one onely and the same God.

Out of these Two, their common Power proceeded,
Their Spirit, their Love: in Essence undivided;
Only distinct in Persons, whose Divinitie,
All Three in One, makes One eternall Trinitie.
Soft, soft, my *Muse*, lanch not into the Deep,
Sound not this Sea: see that aloof thou keep
From this *Charybdis* and *Caphareau* Rock,
Where many a Ship hath suff'red wofull wrack,
While they have fondly vent'red forth too-far,
Following frail Reason for their only Star.

How to thinke and speak of God.

Who on this Gulf would safely venture fain,
Must not too-boldly hale into the Main,
But 'longst the shore with sails of *Faith* must coast,
Their Star the Bible, Steer-man th' holy Ghost.

The Heathen Philosophers lost themselves and others in their curiosities: and weening to be wise, became fooles.

How many fine Wits have the World abus'd,
Because this Ghost they for their Guide refus'd;
And scorning of the loyall Virgin's Thred,
Have them and others in this Maze mis-led?
In sacred sheets of either Testament
'Tis hard to find an higher Argument,
More deep to sound, more busie to discusse,
More usefull, known; unknown, more dangerous.
So bright a Sun dazels my tender sight,
So deep discourse my Sense confoundeth quite:
My Reason's edge is dull'd in this Dispute,
And in my Mouth my fainting words be mute.

God the Father, Son, and holy Ghost created of nothing the World's goodly frame.

This TRINITIE (which rather I adore
In humblenesse, then busily explore)
In th' infinite of *Nothing*, builded all
This artificiall, great, rich, glorious Ball;
Wherein appears ingrav'n on ev'ry part,
The Builder's beauty, greatnesse, wealth and art;
Art, beauty, wealth, and greatnesse, that confounds
The hellish barking of blaspheming Hounds.

Leaving curious speculations, the Poet teacheth how to contemplate God in his Works.

Climb they that list the battlements of Heav'n;
And, with the Whirl-wind of Ambition driv'n
Beyond the World's wals, let those Eagles flie,
And gaze upon the Sun of Majestie:
Let other-some (whose fainting Spirits do droop)
Down to the ground their meditations stoop,
And so contemplate on these Workmanships,
That th' Author's praise they in Themselves eclipse.
My heedfull *Muse*, trained in true Religion,
Divinely-humane, keeps the middle Region:
Lest, if she should too-high a pitch presume,
Heav'n's glowing flame should melt her waxen plume;
Or, if too-low (neer Earth or Sea) she flag,
Loaden with Mists her moistned wing should lag.
It glads me much, to view this Frame; wherein
(As in a Glasse) God's glorious face is seen:
I love to look on God; but, in this Robe
Of his great Works, this Universall Globe.
For, if the Sun's bright beams do blear the sight
Of such as fix'dly gaze against his light;
Who can behold above th' Emperiall Skies,
The lightning splendor of God's glorious Eyes?
O, who (alas) can finde the Lord, without
His Works, which bear his Image round about!

God makes himselfe (as it were) visible in his Works.

God, of himself, incapable to sense,
In's Works, reveals him t' our intelligence:
Therein, our fingers feel, our nostrils smell,
Our palates taste his vertues that excell:
He shews him to our eyes, talks to our ears,
In th' ord'red motions of the spangled Sphears.

Sundry comparisons, shewing what use Christians should make in considering the Works of God in this mighty World.

The World's a School, where (in a general story)
God alwaies reads dumb Lectures of his Glory:
A paire of Staires, whereby our mounting Soule
Ascends by steps above the archèd Pole:
A sumptuous Hall, where God (on every side)
His wealthy Shop of wonders opens wide:
A Bridge, whereby we may passe-o're (at ease),
Of sacred Secrets the broad boundlesse Seas.
The World's a Cloud, through which there shineth cleer,
Not fair *Latona's* quiv'red Darling deer;
But the true *Phœbus*, whose bright countenance
Through thickest vail of darkest night doth glance.
The World's a Stage, where God's Omnipotence,
His Justice, Knowledge, Love, and Providence
Do act their Parts; contending (in their kindes)
Above the Heav'ns, to ravish dullest minds.
The World's a Book in *Folio*, printed all
With God's great Works in letters Capitall:
Each Creature is a Page; and each Effect
A fair Character, void of all defect.
But, as young Trewants, toying in the Schools,
In stead of learning, learn to play the fools:

We gaze but on the Babies, and the cover,
The gawdy Flowrs, and Edges gilded-over;
And never farther for our Lesson look
Within the Volume of this various Book;
Where learnèd Nature rudest ones instructs,
That, by His wisdome, God the World conducts.

Although the world discover sufficiently even to the most rude the Eternity and power of God: Yet onely the true Christians doe rightly conceive it.

To read This Book, we need not understand
Each stranger's gibbrish; neither take in hand
Turk's Characters, nor *Hebrew* points to seek,
Nyle's Hieroglyphikes, nor the Notes of *Greek*.
The wandring *Tartars*, the *Antarticks* wilde,
Th' *Alarbies* fierce, the *Scythians* fell; the Childe
Scarce sev'n years old, the bleared aged eye,
Though voyd of Art, read here indifferently.
But he that wears the spectacles of *Faith*,
Sees through the Sphears, above the highest height:
He comprehends th' Arch-mover of all Motions,
And reads (though running) all these needfull notions.
Therefore by *Faith's* pure rayes illuminèd,
These sacred *Pandects* I desire to read,
And (God the better to behold) behold
Th' Orb from his Birth, in 's Ages manifold.

God needing no Idea, nor premeditation, nor patterne of his worke, of nothing made all the World.

Th' admirèd Author's Fancie fixèd not
On some fantastick fore-conceited Plot:
Much less did he an elder World erect,
By form whereof, he might his Frame erect:
As th' Architect that buildeth for a Prince
Some stately Palace, yer he doe commence
His Royall Work, makes choise of such a Court
Where cost and cunning equally consort:
And if he finde not in one Edifice
All answerable to his queint device;
From this faire Palace then he takes his Front,
From that his Finials; here he learns to mount
His curious Stairs, there finds he *Frise* and *Cornish*,
And other Places other Peeces furnish;
And so, selecting every where the best,
Doth thirty Models in one House digest.
Nothing, but *Nothing* had the Lord Almighty,
Whereof, wherewith, whereby, to build this City:
Yet, when he, Heav'ns, Aire, Earth, and Sea, did frame,

A fit Simile to that purpose.

He sought not far, he sweat not for the same:
As *Sol*, without descending from the Sky,
Crowns the fair Spring in painted bravery;
Withouten travaile causeth th' Earth to bear,
And (far off) makes the World young every year.
The Power and Will, th' affection and effect,
The Work and Project of this Architect,
March all at once: all to his pleasure ranges,
Who *Alwaies One*, his purpose never changes.

Of nothing, God created the matter, whereunto afterward he gave the forme and figure which now we behold in the creatures.

Yet did this *Nothing* not at once receive
Matter and Forme: For, as we may perceive
That He, who means to build a warlike Fleet,
Makes first provision of all matter meet,
(As Timber, Iron, Canvase, Cord, and Pitch)
And when all 's ready; then appointeth, which
Which peece for planks, which plank shall line the waste,
The Poup and Prow, which Fir shall make a Mast;
As Art and Use directeth, heedfully,
His hand, his tool, his judgement, and his eye:
So God, before This Frame he fashionèd,
I wote not what great *Word* he utterèd
From 's sacred mouth; which summon'd in a Masse
Whats'ever now the Heav'ns wide arms embrace.
But, where the Ship-wright, for his gainefull trade,
Findes all his stuff to 's hand already made;
Th' Almighty makes his, all and every part,
Without the help of others' Wit or Art.
That first World (yet) was a most formless *Form*,
A confus'd heap, a *Chaos* most deform,
A Gulf of Gulfs, a body ill compact,
An ugly medley, where all difference lackt:
Where th' Elements lay jumbled all together,
Where hot and cold were jarring each with either;
The blunt with sharp, the dank against the drie;
The hard with soft, the base against the high;
Bitter with sweet: and while this brawl did last,
The Earth in Heav'n, the Heav'n in Earth was plac't:
Earth, Aire, and Fire, were with the Water mixt;
Water, Earth, Aire, within the Fire were fixt;
Fire, Water, Earth, did in the Aire abide;
Aire, Fire, and Water in the Earth did hide.
For yet th' immortall, mighty Thunder-darter,
The Lord high-Marshal, unto each his quarter
Had not assignèd: the Celestiall Arks
Were not yet spangled with their fiery sparks:
As yet no flowrs with odours Earth revived,
No scaly shoals yet in the Waters dived:
Nor any Birds, with warbling harmony,
Were born as yet through the transparent Sky.
All, All was void of beauty, rule, and light;
All without fashion, soule, and motion, quite.
Fire was no fire, the Water was no water,
Aire was no aire, the Earth no earthly matter.
Or if one could, in such a World, spy forth
The Fire, the Aire, the Water, and the Earth;
Th' Earth was not firme, the Fier was not hot,
Th' Aire was not light, the Water coolèd not.
Briefly, suppose an Earth, poor, naked, vaine,
All void of verdure, without Hill or Plaine,
A Heav'n un-hangd, un-turning, un-transparent,
Un-garnishèd, un-gilt with Stars apparent;
So maiest thou ghess what Heav'n and Earth was that,
Where, in confusion, reignèd such debate:
A Heav'n and Earth for my base stile most fit,
Not as they were, but as they were not, yet.

What that new created Chaos was, before God gave it form, figure, place, and situation.

Genes. 1. 2.

The Chaos how to be considered.

A Simile.

This was not then the World: 'twas but the Matter,
The Nurcery whence it should issue after;
Or rather, the *Embryon*, that within a *Weeke*
Was to be born: for that huge lump was like
The shape-less burthen in the Mother's womb,
Which yet in time doth into fashion come:
Eyes, eares, and nose, mouth, fingers, hands, and feet,
And every member in proportion meet;
Round, large, and long, there of it selfe it thrives,
And (*Little-World*) into the World arrives.

But that becomes (by Nature's set direction)
From foul and dead, to beauty, life, perfection.
But this dull heap of undigested stuff
Had doubtless never come to shape or proof,
Had not th' Almighty with his quickning breath
Blow'n life and spirit into this Lump of death.
The dreadfull Darknesse of the *Memphytists*,
The sad black horror of *Cimmerian* Mists,
The sable fumes of Hell's infernall vault
(Or if ought darker in the World be thought)
Muffled the face of that profound Abyss,
Full of Disorder and fell Mutinies :
So that (in fine) this furious debate,
Even in the birth, this Ball had ruinate,
Save that the Lord into the Pile did pour
Some secret Mastick of his sacred Power,
To glew together, and to govern faire
The Heav'n, and Earth, the Ocean, and the Aire ;
Who joyntly justling, in their rude Disorder,
The new-borne Nature went about to murder.
As a good wit, that, on th' immortall Shrine
Of *Memory*, ingraves a Work Divine ;
Abroad, a-bed, at boord, for ever uses
To minde his Theam, and on his Book still muses :
So did God's Spirit delight itselfe a space
To move itselfe upon the floting *Masse :*
No other care th' Almightie's mind possest
(If care can enter in his sacred brest.)
Or, as a Hen that fain would hatch a Brood
(Some of her own, some of adoptive bloud)
Sits close thereon, and with her lively heat,
Of yellow-white bals, doth live birds beget :
Even in such sort seemèd the Spirit Eternall
To brood upon this Gulf ; with care paternall
Quickning the parts, inspiring power in each,
From so foule Lees, so faire a World to fetch.
For 't's nought but all, in 't selfe including All ;
An un-beginning, midlesse, endlesse Ball.
'Tis nothing but a world, whose superfice
Leaves nothing out, but what meer nothing is.
Now, though the great *Duke*, that (in dreadful aw)
Upon Mount *Horeb* learn'd th' eternall *Law*,
Had not assur'd us that God's sacred Power
In *six Daies* built this Universall Bower ;
Reason it selfe doth over-throw the grounds
Of those new Worlds that fond *Leucippus* founds :
Sith, if kinde Nature many Worlds could () clip,
Still th' upper World's water and earth would slip
Into the lower ; and so in conclusion,
All would returne into the Old Confusion.
Besides, we must imagine emptie distance
Between these Worlds, wherein, without resistance
Their wheels may whirl, not hindred in their courses,
By th' inter-justling of each other's forces :
But, all things are so fast together fixt
With so firme bonds, that there 's no void betwixt.
Thence comes it, that a Cask peirc't to be spent,
Though full, yet runs not till we give it vent.
Thence is 't that Bellowes, while the snout is stopt,
So hardly heave, and hardly can be op't.
Thence is 't that water doth not freeze in Winter,
Stopt close in vessels where no aire may enter.
Thence is 't that Garden-pots, the mouth kept close,
Let fall no liquor at their sive-like nose.
And thence it is, that the pure silver source,
In leaden Pipes running a captive course,
Contrary to it's nature, spouteth high :
To all, so odious is Vacuitie.
God then, not only framèd Nature one,
But also set it limitation
Of Forme and Time : exempting ever solely
From quantitie his own self's Essence holy.
How can we call the Heavn's unmeasurèd,
Sith measur'd Time their Course hath measurèd ?
How can we count this Universe immortall,
Sith many-wayes the parts prove hourely mortall ?
Sith his Commencement proves his Consummation,
And all things aye decline to alteration ?
Let bold *Greek* Sages faine the Firmament
To be compos'd of a fift Element :
Let them deny, in their profane profoundnesse,
End and beginning to th' Heav'ns rowling roundnes :
And let them argue, that Death's lawes alone
Reach but the Bodies unto *Cynthia's* Throne :
The sandy grounds of their *Sophistick* brawling
Are all too-weak to keep the World from falling.
One day the Rocks from top to toe shall quiver,
The Mountaines melt and all in sunder shiver :
The Heav'ns shall rent for feare ; the lowly Fields,
Puft up, shall swell to huge and mightie Hills :
Rivers shall dry : or if in any Flood
Rest any liquor, it shall all be bloud :
The Sea shall all be fire, and on the shoar
The thirsty Whales with horrid noyse shall roar :
The Sun shall seize the black Coach of the Moon,
And make it midnight when it should be noon :
With rusty Mask the Heav'ns shall hide their face,
The Stars shall fall, and all away shall passe :
Disorder, Dread, Horror, and Death shall come,
Noise, Storms, and Darknesse shall usurp the roome.
And then the *Chief-Chief-Justice*, venging Wrath
(Which here already often threatned hath)
Shall make a Bon-fire of this mighty Ball,
As once he made it a vast Ocean all.
Alas ! how faithlesse and how modest-lesse
Are you, that (in your *Ephemerides*)
Mark th' yeer, the month, and day, which evermore
'Gainst years, months, daies, shall dã-up *Saturn's* dore !
(At thought whereof, even now, my heart doth ake,
My flesh doth faint, my very soule doth shake)
You have mis-cast in your *Arithmetick*,
Mis-laid your Counters, groapingly ye seek
In night's black darknesse for the secret things
Seal'd in the Casket of the King of kings.
'Tis he, that keeps th' eternall Clock of Time,
And holds the weights of that appointed Chime :

Of the secret power of God in quickning the matter whereof the World was made.

The Spirit of God, by an inconceivable meane, maintained, and (as it were brooding) warmed the shape-lesse Masse. Gen. 1.

That there is but one World : confuting the Error of Leucippus and his Disciples, by two reasons.

() Embrace.

Confutation of another Error of such as make Nature and the Heavens infinite.

A lively description of the end of the World.

Against judiciall Astrologers, that presume to point the very time thereof.

He in his hand the sacred book doth bear
Of that close-claspèd finall *Calendar;*
Where, in *Red letters* (now with us frequented)
The certaine Date of that *Great Day* is printed;
That dreadfull Day, which doth so swiftly post,
That 't will be seen, before foreseen of most.
Then, then (good Lord) shall thy dear Son descend
(Though yet he seem in feeble flesh ypend)
In complete Glory, from the glistering Skie:
Millions of Angels shall about him flie:
Mercie and *Justice*, marching cheek by joule,
Shall his Divine *Triumphant Chariot* roule;
Whose wheels shall shine with Lightning round about,
And beames of Glory each-where blazing out.
Those that were loaden with proud marble tombs,
Those that were swallow'd in wild Monsters' wombs,
Those that the Sea hath swill'd, those that the flashes
Of ruddy Flames have burnèd all to ashes,
Awakèd all, shall rise, and all revest
The flesh and bones that they at first possest.
All shall appear, and heare before the Throne
Of God (the Judge without exception)
The finall Sentence (sounding joy and terror)
Of ever-lasting Happiness or horror.
Some shall his *Justice*, some his *Mercy* taste;
Some call'd to joy, some into torment cast,
When from the Goats he shall his Sheepe dissever;
These *Blest* in Heav'n, those *Curst* in Hell for ever.
O thou that once (scorn'd as the vilest drudge)
Didst bear the doom of an *Italian* Judge,
Daign (deerest Lord) when the last Trump shall summon,
To this *Grand Sessions*, all the world in common;
Daign in that Day to undertake my matter:
And, as my Judge, so be my Mediator.

Having spoken of the Creation of the Matter, he sheweth how and what Forme God gave unto it, creating in six Dayes his admirable works.

Th' eternall Spring of Power and Providence,
In Forming of this All-circumference,
Did not unlike the Bear, which bringeth-forth
In th' end of thirty dayes a shapelesse birth;
But after, licking, it in shape she drawes,
And by degrees she fashions out the pawes,
The head, and neck, and finally doth bring
To a perfect Beast that first deformèd thing.
For when his Word in the vast Voyd had brought
A confus'd heap of Wet-dry-cold-and-hot,
In time the high World from the low hee parted,
And by itselfe, hot unto hot he sorted;
Hard unto hard, cold unto cold he sent;
Moist unto moist, as was expedient.
And so in *Six dayes* form'd, ingeniously,
All things contain'd in th' UNIVERSITIE.

Wherefore God imployed six Dayes in creating the World.

Not but he could have, in a moment, made
This flowry Mansion where Mankind doth trade;
Spred heav'n's blue curtens and those lamps have burnisht;
Earth, aire, and sea; with beasts, birds, fish, have furnisht;
But, working with such Art so many dayes,
A sumptuous Palace for Mankinde to raise,
Yer man was made yet; he declares to us,
How kinde, how carefull, and how gracious,
He would be to us being made, to whom
By thousand promises of things to-come
(Under the Broad Seal of his deere Son's bloud)
He hath assur'd all Riches, Grace, and Good.

How men should imitate God in his works.

By his Example he doth also shew-us,
We should not heedless-hastily bestow us
In any Work, but patiently proceed
With oft re-vises, *Making saber speed*
In dearest business, and observe by proof,
That, *What is well done, is done soon enough.*
O Father of the Light! of Wisedom fountain;
Out of the Bulk of that confusèd Mountain
What should (what could) issue, before the *Light?*
Without which, Beauty were no beauty hight.

The first creature, extracted from the Chaos, was Light.

In vain *Timanthes* had his *Cyclop* drawn,
In vain *Parrhasius* counterfeited Lawn,
In vain *Apelles Venus* had begun,
Zeuxis Penelope; if that the Sun,
To make them seen, had never shewn his splendor:
In vain, in vain, had been (those *Works of Wonder*)
Th' *Ephesian Temple*, and high *Pharian Tower*,
And *Carian Toomb* (Trophies of wealth and power)
In vain had they been builded every one,
By *Scopas*, *Sostratus*, and *Ctesiphon;*
Had all been wrapt-up from all humane sight,
In th' obscure Mantle of eternall Night.
What one thing more doth the good Architect
In Princely Works (more specially) respect,
Then lightsomness? to th' end the World's bright Eye,
Careering daily once about the Sky,
May shine therein; and that in every part
It may seem pompous both for Cost and Art.

Sundry opinions concerning the matter, and creation of Light.

Whether God's spirit moving upon the Ball
Of bubbling Waters (which yet covered All)
Thence forc'd the Fire (as when amid the Sky
Auster and *Boreas* justing furiously
Under hot *Cancer*, make two clouds to clash),
Whence th' aire at midnight flames with lightning flash:
Whether, when God the mingled Lump dispackt,
From Fiery Element did Light extract:
Whether about the vast confusèd Crowd
For twice six-houres he spread a shining Cloud,
Which after he re-darkned, that in time
The Night as long might wrap-up either Clime:
Whether that God made, then, those goodly beams
Which gild the World, but not as now it seems:
Or whether else some other Lamp he kindled
Upon the Heap (yet all with Waters blindled)
Which flying round about, gave light in order
To th' unplac'd Climates of that deep disorder;
As now the Sun, circling about the Ball
(The Light's bright Chariot) doth inlighten All.
No sooner said he, *Be there light*, but lo
The form-less Lump to perfect Form 'gan grow,
And, all illustred with Light's radiant shine,
Doft mourning weeds, and deckt it passing fine.

Gen. 1. 3.

All-hail pure Lamp, bright, sacred and excelling;
Sorrow and Care, Darknes, and Dread repelling:

Of the excellent use and commoditie of Light.

Thou World's great Taper, Wicked men's just Terror,
Mother of Truth, true Beautie's only Mirror,
God's eldest Daughter: O! how thou art full
Of grace and goodnes! O! how beautifull!
Sith thy great Parent's all-discerning Eye
Doth judge thee so: and sith his Majestie
(Thy glorious Maker) in his sacred layes
Can doe noe lesse than sing thy modest praise.

Why God ordained the Night and day alternately to succeed each other.

But yet, because all Pleasures wax unpleasant,
If without pawse we still possesse them, present;
And none can right discerne the sweets of Peace,
That have not felt War's irkesom bitterness;
And Swans seem whiter if swart Crowes be by
(For, Contraries each other best descry.)
Th' All's Architect, alternately decreed
That night the day, the day should night succeed.

The cõmoditie that the Night bringeth us.

The Night, to temper daie's exceeding drought,
Moistens our Aire, and makes our Earth to sprout.
The Night is she that all our travailes easeth,
Buries our cares, and all our griefes appeaseth.
The Night is she, that (with her sable wing,
In gloomy Darkness hushing every thing)
Through all the World dumb silence doth distill,
And wearied bones with quiet sleep doth fill.
Sweet Night, without Thee, without Thee (alas!)
Our life were loathsome; even a Hell to passe:
For, outward paines and inward passion still,
With thousand Deaths, would soule and body thrill.
O Night, thou pullest the proud Mask away
Wherewith vaine Actors in this World's great Play,
By Day disguise-them. For, no difference
Night makes between the Peasant and the Prince,
The poore and rich, the Prisoner and the Judge,
The foule and faire, the Master and the Drudge,
The foole and wise, *Barbarian* and the *Greek:*
For, Night's black Mantle covers all alike.
He that, condemn'd for some notorious vice,
Seeks in the Mines the baits of Avarice;
Or, swelting at the Furnace, fineth bright
Our soule's dire sulphur; resteth yet at night.
He that, still stooping, toghes against the tide
His laden barge alongst a River's side,
And filling shoares with shouts, doth melt him quite;
Upon his pallet resteth yet at Night.
He, that in Sommer, in extremest heat
Scorchèd all day in his owne scalding sweat,
Shaves with keen Sythe, the glory and delight
Of motly Medowes; resteth yet at Night,
And in the arms of his deere Pheer forgoes
All former troubles and all former woes.
Onely the learnèd Sisters' sacred Minions,
While silent Night under her sable pinions
Folds all the world, with pain-lesse paine they tread
A sacred path that to the Heav'ns doth lead;
And higher than the Heav'ns their Readers raise
Vpon the wings of their immortall Layes.

Before he conclude the first Day, he treateth of Angels.

EVEN NOW I listned for the Clock to chime
Dayes latest hower; that for a little time,
The Night might ease My Labours: but I see
As yet *Aurora* hath scarce smil'd on me;
My Work still growes: for, now before mine eyes
Heav'n's glorious hoast in nimble squadrons flyes.

The time of their Creation not certainly resolved.

Whether, *This-Day*, God made you, Angels bright,
Under the name of Heav'n, or of the light:
Whether you were, after, in th' instant borne
With those bright spangles that the heav'ns adorn:
Or, whether you derive your high Descent
Long time before the World and Firmament
(For, I nill stifly argue to and fro
In nice Opinions, whether so, or so;
Especially, where curious search, perchance,
Is not so safe as humble ignorance;)
I am resolv'd that once th' Omnipotent
Created you immortall, innocent,
Good, faire, and free; in briefe, of Essence, such
As from his owne differ'd not very much.

Some of them are fallen, revolting from God: and are cast into Hell, therefore called Evill Angels, Wicked Spirits and Divels.

But even as those, whom Princes' favours oft
Above the rest have rais'd and set-aloft,
Are oft the first that (without right or reason)
Attempt Rebellion, and doe practise Treason;
And so, at length, are justly tumbled down
Beneath the foot, that raught above the Crown:
Even so some Legions of those lofty Spirits
(Envying the glory of their Maker's merits)
Conspir'd together, strove against the streame,
T' usurpe his Scepter and his Diademe.
But He, whose hands doe never Lightnings lack
Proud sacrilegious Mutiners to wrack,
Hurl'd them in th' Aire, or in some lower Cell:
For, where God is not, every where is Hell.
This cursèd Crew, with Pride and Fury fraught,
Of us, at least, have this advantage got,
That by experience they can truely tell
How far it is from highest Heav'n to Hell:
For, by a proud leap they have ta'en the measure,
When head-long thence they tumbled in displeasure.

The insolent and audacious attempts of Satan and his Fellowes against God and his Church.

These fiends are so far-off from bettring them
By this hard Judgement, that still more extreme,
The more their plague, the more their pride increases,
The more their rage: as Lizards cut in peeces,
Threat with more malice, tho' with lesser might,
And even in dying shew their living spight.
For, ever since, against the King of Heav'n
Th' Apostate Prince of Darkenesse still hath striv'n,
Striv'n to deprave his Deeds, t' interr their story,
T' undo his Church, to under-mine his Glory;
To reave this world's great Body, Ship, and State,
Of Head, of Master, and of Magistrate.
But finding still the Majestie divine
Too strongly fenc'd for him to under-mine;
His Ladders, Canons, and his Engines, all
Force-less to batter the Celestiall wall;
Too weak to hurt the head, he hacks the members:
The Tree too hard, the branches he dismembers.
The Fowlers, Fishers, and the Forresters,
Set not so many toyls, and baits, and snares,

To take the Fowle, the Fish, the savage Beasts,
In Woods, and Floods, and fearfull Wilderness:
As this false Spirit sets Engines to beguile
The cunningest, that practise nought but wile.
The divers baits of the Divell to entrap mankinde.
With wanton glance of Beautie's burning eye
He snares hot Youth in sensuality.
With Gold's bright lustre doth he Age intice
To Idolize detested Avarice.
With grace of Princes, with their pomp, and State,
Ambitious Spirits he doth intoxicate.
With curious Skill-pride, and vaine dreames, bee witches
Those that contemn Pleasure, and State, and Riches.
Yea *Faith* itselfe, and *Zeale*, be sometimes Angles,
Wherewith this Juggler heav'n-bent souls intangles:
Much like the greene Worm, that in spring devours
The buds and leaves of choicest Fruits and Flowers:
Turning their sweetest sap and fragrant verdure
To deadly poyson, and detested ordure.
Their Oracles.
Who but (alas!) would have bin gull'd yer-whiles
With night's black Monark's most malicious wiles?
To hear stones speak, to see strange wooden Miracles,
And golden gods to utter wondrous Oracles?
To see him play the Prophet, and inspire
So many *Sybils* with a sacred fire?
1 Sam. 28. 14, 17 To raise dead *Samuel* from his silent Tombe,
To tell his King Calamities to-come?
T' inflame the Flamine of *Iove Ammon* so
With Heathen-holy fury-fits to knowe
Future events, and sometimes truely tell
The blinded World what afterwards befell?
Their false Miracles. Exod. 7. 11. 22. and 8. 7.
To counterfeit the wondrous Works of God;
His Rod turne Serpent, and his Serpent Rod?
To change the pure streams of th' *Egyptian* Flood
From clearest water into crimsin blood?
To rain-down frogs, and Grass-hoppers to bring
In the bed-chambers of the stubborne King?
For, as he is a spirit, unseen he sees
The plots of Princes, and their policies;
Unfelt, he feeles the depth of their desires;
Who harbours vengeance, and whose heart aspires:
And, as us'd daily unto such effects,
Such feats and fashions, judges of th' effects.
Their wiles.
Besides, to circumvent the quickest sprighted,
To blind the eyes even of the clearest sighted;
And to enwrap the wisest in his snares,
He oft foretels what he himselfe prepares.
Wherefore their effects are so strange and wonderfull.
For, if a Wise-man (though Man's dayes be don
As soon almost as they be here begun;
And his dull Flesh be of too slow a kinde
T' ensue the nimble Motions of his minde)
By th' onely power of Plants and Minerals
Can work a thousand super-naturals:
Who but will think, much more these Spirits can
Work strange effects, exceeding sense of Man?
Sith, being immortall, long experience brings
Them certain knowledge of th' effects of things;
And, free from bodie's clog, with less impeach,
And lighter speed, their bold Designes they reach.

Not that they have the bridle on their neck,
To run at random without curb or check,
T' abuse the Earth, and all the World to blinde,
And tyrannize o're body and o're minde.
God holds them chain'd in Fetters of his Power;
That, without leave, one minute of an houre
They cannot range. It was by his permission,
The *Lying Spirit* train'd *Achab* to perdition;
Making him march against that Foe with force,
Which should his body from his soule divorce.
Arm'd with God's sacred Pass-port, he did try
Just humble *Iob's* renownèd Constancie:
He reaves him all his Cattell, many wayes,
By Fire and Foes: his faithfull Servants slayes:
To loss of goods he adds his Children's loss,
And heaps upon him bitter cross on cross.
For th' only Lord, sometimes to make a tryall
Of firmest *Faith;* sometimes with Error's violl
To drench the Soules that Errors sole delight,
Let loose these *Furies:* who with fell despight
Drive still the same Nail, and pursue (incensed)
Their damnèd drifts, in *Adam* first commenced.
But as these Rebels (maugre all that will)
T' assist the Good, be forc'd t' assault the Ill:
Th' unspotted Spirits that never did intend
To mount too high, nor yet too low descend,
With willing speed they every moment go
Whither the breath of divine grace doth blow:
Their aimes had never other limitation
Then God's owne glory, and his Saints' salvation.
Law-less Desire ne'er enters in their breast,
Th' Almightie's Face is their *Ambrosiall* Feast:
Repentant tears of strayèd Lambs returning,
Their *Nectar* sweet: their *Musick*, Sinners Mourning.
Ambitious Man's greedy Desire doth gape
Scepter on Scepter, Crown on Crown to clap:
These never thirst for greater Dignities;
Travail's their ease, their bliss in service lies.
For, God no sooner hath his pleasure spoken,
Or bow'd his head, or given some other token,
Or (almost) thought on an Exploit, wherein
The Ministery of Angels shall be seen,
But these quick Postes, with ready expedition,
Fly to accomplish their divine Commission.
One followes *Agar* in her pilgrimage,
And with sweet comforts doth her cares asswage.
Another guideth *Isaac's* mighty Hoasts;
Another, *Iacob* on th' *Idumean* Coasts.
Another (skill'd in Physick) to the Light
Restores old faithfull *Tobie's* failing sight.
In *Nazareth*, another rapt with joy,
Tels that a Virgin shall bring-forth a Boy;
That *Mary* shall at-once be Maid-and-Mother,
And bear at-once her Son, Sire, Spouse, and Brother:
Yea, that Her happy fruitfull womb shall hold
Him, that in him doth all the World infold.
Some in the Desart tendred consolations,
While JESUS strove with Sathan's strong Temptations.

God restraines them at his pleasure.
Job 1. 15, &c.
Why the Lord sometimes lets loose those wicked Spirits.
Of the good Angels serving to the glory of God, and good of his Church, both in generall and particular.
Gen. 21. 17. 18.
Exod. 23. 23. and 33. 2.
Tobi. 11. 7. 11. and 12. 14. and 15.
Luke 1. 26.
Mat. 4. 11.

Luke 22. 43. One, in the Garden, in his Agonies,
Cheers-up his feares in that great enterprise,
To take that bloudy Cup, that bitter Chalice,
And drink it off, to purge our sinfull Malice.
Mat. 28. 5. Another certifies his Resurrection
Unto the Women, whose faith's imperfection
Suppos'd his cold limbs in the Grave were bound,
Untill th' Archangel's lofty Trump should sound.
Another, past all hope, doth pre-averr
Luke 1. 13. The birth of *Iohn*, *Christ's* holy Harbenger.
Act. 12. 7. One, trusty Serjant for divine Decrees,
The *Iewes'* Apostle from close prison frees:
One, in few houres, a fearfull slaughter made
Exod. 12. 29. Of all the First-born that the *Memphians* had;
Exempting Those upon whose doore-posts stood
A sacred token of Lambs' tender bloud.
2 Kin. 19. 35. Another mowes-down in a moment's space,
Before *Ierusalem* (God's chosen place)
Senacherib's proud over-daring Hoast;
That threatned heav'n, and 'gainst the earth did boast;
In his blasphemous Braves, comparing ev'n
His Idol-gods, unto the God of Heav'n.
His troups, victorious in the East before,
Besieg'd the City, which did sole adore
The only God; so that, without their leave,
A Sparrow scarce the sacred Wals could leave.
Then *Ezechias*, as a prudent Prince,
Poyzing the danger of these sad events,
(His Subjects' thrall, his Citie's wofull Flames,
His Children's death, the rape of noble Dames,
The Massacre of Infants and of Eld,
And's Royall Selfe with thousand weapons queld;
The Temple raz'd, th' Altar and Censer void
Of sacred use, God's Servants all destroid)
Humbled in Sack-cloth and in Ashes, cries
For ayd to God, the God of Victories;
Who hears his suit, and thunders down his Fury
On those proud *Pagan* Enemies of *Iury*.
For, while their Watch within their *Corps de Garde*
About the fire securely snorted hard,
From Heav'n th' Almighty looking sternly down
(Glancing his Friends a smile, his Foes a frown)
A sacred Fencer 'gainst th' *Assyrians* sent,
Whose two-hand Sword, at every veny, slent,
Not through a single Souldier's feeble bones,
But keenly slyces through whole Troops at once;
And hews broad Lanes before it and behinde,
As swiftly whirling as the whisking winde.
Now 'gan they fly; but all too slow to shun
A flying Sword that follow'd every one.
A Sword they saw; but could not see the arm
That in one Night had done so dismall harm:
As we perceive a Winde-mil's sails to go;
But not the Winde, that doth transport them so.
Blushing *Aurora*, had yet scarce dismist
Mount *Libanus* from the Night's gloomy Mist,
When th' *Hebrew* Sentinels, discov'ring plain
An hundred foure score and five thousand slain,
Exceeding joyfull, 'gan to ponder stricter,
To see such conquest and not know the Victor.
O sacred Tutors of the Saints! you Guard
Of God's Elect, you Pursuivants prepar'd
To execute the Counsels of the Highest;
You Heav'nly Courtiers, to your King the nighest;
God's glorious Heralds, Heav'n's swift Harbengers,
'Twixt Heav'n and Earth you true interpreters;
I could be well content, and take delight
To follow farther your celestiall Flight;
But that I feare (here having ta'en in hand
So long a journey both by Sea and Land)
I feare to faint, if at the first too fast
I cut away, and make too-hasty haste:
For, Travailers, that burn in brave desire
To see strange Countries, manners and attire,
Make haste enough, if only the *First Day*
From their owne Sill they set but on their way.

So Morne and Evening the First Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 6, '*quipt*' = sharply retorted: l. 43, '*yerst*' = erst. So 'yer' for 'ere:' l. 71, '*censure*' = judge: l. 80, '*Pryenian . . . . Sage*' = Bias, one of the seven wise men, so called from Priene, an Ionian city, his birth-place. Diogenes Laërtius has recorded many of his (alleged) sayings: l. 88, '*wax*' = wax or increase: l. 108, '*launch*' = launch: l. 110, '*Capharean Rock*' = Caphareus (Καφήρευς) a rocky and perilous promontory, that forms the S.E. extremity of Eubœa. It was off it the Grecian fleet was wrecked on its return from Troy: l. 115, '*hale*' = haul: or possibly 'hail,' *i.e.* go forth: l. 142, '*other-some:*' see Glossarial Index, *s.v.:* l. 188, '*Trewants*' = truants: l. 201, '*Alarbies.*' On these and other proper names see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*—there not being available space for the longer notes at the close of the successive portions: l. 209, '*Pandects*' = an all-comprehensive treatise: l. 217, '*yer*' = ere. See line 43 *supra:* l. 223, '*Finials*' = ornamental termination to a pinnacle: l. 224, '*Frize*' = frieze: *ib.* '*Cornish*' = cornice: see Glossarial Index, *s.v.:* l. 246, '*waste*' = waist: l. 247, '*Poup*' = poop: l. 259, '*deform*' = deformed: see Glossarial Index, *s.v.:* l. 260, '*compact*' = compacted: l. 264, '*dank*' = damp: l. 291, '*apparent*' = appearing: l. 305, '*Little-World*' = Microcosm: l. 312, '*Memphytists:*' see Glossarial Index, *s.v.:* l. 319, '*ruinate*' = ruined: l. 321, '*Mastich*' = mortar: l. 344, '*superfice*' = surface: l. 346, '*Duke:*' see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* for examples and illustrations: l. 369, '*sive-like*' = sleeve: l. 411, '*Ephemerides*' = collection of daily tables: l. 413, '*dă-up*' = dam-up: l. 417, '*Countrrs*' = money—used contemptuously: l. 424, '*frequented:*' see Glossarial Index, *s.v.:* l. 432, '*cheek by joule,*' *ibid.:* l. 451, '*Italian*' = Roman: so Shakespeare calls the Pope an '*Italian* priest' (King John iii. 1): l. 458, '*Bear:*' see Glossarial Index, *s.v.:* l. 471, '*Universitie*' = Universe: l. 493, '*kight*' = named: l. 511, '*pompous*' = grand—the word has since deteriorated: l. 518, '*dispacht:*' see Glossarial Index, *s.v.:* l. 526, '*blindled:*' see Glossarial Index, *s.v.:* l. 550, '*swart*' = swarthy, black: l. 551, '*descry:*' see Glossarial Index for examples and illustrations: l. 576, '*fineth*' = refineth: l. 578, '*toghes*' = tugs: l. 586, '*Pheer*' = wife, companion: l. 588, '*Minions*' = associates—since deteriorated: l. 606, '*nill*' = not—contraction of 'nihil:' l. 619, '*raught*' = reached: l. 642, '*deprave*' = depreciate—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.:* l. 648, '*Canons*' = cannons: l. 672, '*yer-whiles*' = erewhile: l. 680, '*Flamine*' = flamen: l. 703, '*ensue*' = pursue or follow: l. 710, '*impeach*' = hindrance: l. 724, '*reaves*' = robs: l. 729, '*violl*' = vial: l. 733, '*drifts*' = purposes: l. 765, '*at once her Son,*' &c. Herbert Palmer has amplified all this in his 'Paradoxes,' so long mis-ascribed to Bacon: l. 778, '*proaverr:*' see Glossarial Index, *s.v.:* l. 779, '*Harbenger:*' *ibid.* for examples and illustrations: l. 808, '*Corps de Gard*' = body-guard: l. 813, '*veny*' = venue, *i.e.* thrust in fencing: *ib.* '*slent*' = to rend or tear.—G.

THE SECOND DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lewd Poets *checkt: Our* Poet's *chaste Intents:*
Heav'n's Curtain *spread: th' all forming* Elements;
Their number, nature, use, and Domination,
Content, excesse, continuance, situation:
Aire's *triple* Regions; *and their* Temper's *change:*
Windes, Exhalations, *and all* Meteors *strange;*
Th' effects, the use (*apply'd to Conscience:*)
Man's Reason non-plust *in some* Accidents:
Of Prodigies: *of th'* Elementall Flame:
Heav'n's ten fold Orbs: Waters *above the same.*

A just reproofe of wanton and lascivious Poets of our Time.

THose learned Spirits, whose wits applied wrong,
With wanton Charms of their inchanting song,
Make of an old, foule, frantick *Hecuba,*
A wondrous fresh, faire, wittie *Helena:*
Of lewd *Faustina* (that loose Emperesse)
A chaste *Lucretia*, loathing wantonnesse:
Of a blinde Bow-Boy, of a Dwarf, a Bastard,
No petty Godling, but the Gods' great Master;
On thanklesse furrowes of a fruitlesse sand
Their seed and labour lose, with heedlesse hand;
And (pitching Nets, to catch I little wott
What fume of Fame that seems them to besott)
Resemble Spiders that with curious pain
Weave idle Webs, and labour still in vain.
But (though, than time, we have no deerer Treasure)
Lesse should I wail their misse-expence of leasure,
If their sweet *Muse*, with too-well spoken Spell
Drew not their Readers with themselves to Hell.
For, under th' hony of their learnèd Works
A hatefull draught of deadly poyson lurks:
Whereof (alas) Young spirits quaffe so deep,
That, drunk with Love, their Reason fals asleep;
And such a habit their fond Fancie gets,
That their ill stomack still loves evill meats.
Th' inchanting force of their sweet Eloquence
Hurls headlong down their tender Audience,
Aye (child-like) sliding, in a foolish strife,
On th' Icie down-Hils of this slippery Life.
The songs their *Phœbus* doth so sweet inspire,
Are even the Bellowes whence they blow the fire
Of raging Lust (before) whose wanton flashes
A tender brest rak't-up in shamefac't ashes.

The danger of their seduced Readers.

Therefore, for my part, I have vow'd to Heav'n
Such wit and learning as my God hath giv'n;
To write, to the' honour of my Maker dread,
Verse that a Virgin without blush may read.
Cleare Source of Learning, soule of th' Universe,
(Sith thou art pleas'd to chuse mine humble Verse
To sing thy Praises) make my Pen distill
Celestiall *Nectar*, and this Volume fill
With th' *Amalthean* Horn; that it may have
Some correspondence to a Theam so grave:
Rid thou my passage, and make cleare my way
From all incumbers: shine upon *This Day;*
That guided safely by thy sacred Light,
My *Rendez-vous* I may attain yer night.

Our Poet's modest purpose.

Againe he cals upon God, for assistance in the description of the second daie's Work.

THAT HUGE broad-length, that long-broad height profound,
Th' infinite finite, that great moundlesse Mound,
I meane that *Chaos*, that self-jarring Mass,
Which in a moment made of Nothing was;
Was the rich Matter and the Matrix, whence
The Heav'ns should issue, and the Elements.
Now th' Elements, twin-twins (two sons, two daughters)
To wit, the Fire, the Aire; the Earth, and Waters

Which is, the Firmament mentioned by Moses in the 1. Cha. of Gen. ver. 6, 7, 8. Comprehending the Heavens, and all the Elementary

Regions. Of the foure Elements, simple in themselves: whereof all things subiect to our sense, are composed.

Are not *compounded:* but, of them is all
Compounded first, that in our sense can fall:
Whether their qualities in every portion
Of every thing, infuse them with proportion:
Whether in all, their substance they confound,
And so but one thing of their foure compound:
As in a *Venice* Glass before our eyne,

Divers Similes.

We see the Water intermix with Wine:
Or, in our Stomack, as our drink and food
Doe mingle, after to convert to bloud.
This in a Fire-brand may we see, whose Fire
Doth in his Flame toward's native Heav'n aspire,
His Aire in smoak; in ashes fals his Earth,
And at his knots his Water wheezes forth.
Even such a War our bodie's peace maintains:
For, in our flesh our Bodie's Earth remains;
Our vitall spirits, our Fire and Aire possess;
And, last, our Water in our humours rests.
Nay, there's no Part in all this Bulk of ours,
Where each of these not intermix their powers;
Though 't be apparent (and I needs must grant)
That aye some one is most predominant.
The pure red part, amid the Mass of Blood,
The *Sanguine* Aire commands; the clutted mud,
Sunk down in Lees, Earth's *Melancholy* showes,
The pale thin humour, that on th' out-side flowes,
Is watery *Phlegme:* and the light froathy scum,
Bubbling above, hath Fiery *Choler's* room.

A vicissitude of the Elements' predominance.

Not, that at all times, one same Element
In one same Body hath the Regiment:
But, by turns reigning, each his Subjects draws
After his Lore; for, still *New Lords New Lawes;*
As *sans* respect how Rich or Noble-born,
Each Citizen rules and obeys, by turn,
In chart'red Towns; which seem, in little space,
Changing their Ruler, even to change their face;
(For, as *Chameleons* vary with their object,
So *Princes' manners do transform the Subject*):
So th' Element in Wine predomining,
It hot, and cold, and moist, and dry doth bring;
By 's perfect or imperfect force (at length)
Inforcing it to change the taste and strength:
So that it doth Grapes' sharp-green juice transfer
To Must, Must t' Wine, and Wine to Vineger.

Excellent Similes shewing the commodity or discommodity of the proportion or excesse of every of the Elements.

As while a Monarch to teach others aw,
Subjects his owne self's-Greatness to his Law,
He ruleth fearless: and his Kingdoms flourish
In happy Peace (and Peace doth Plenty nourish);
But if (fell Tyrant) his keen sword be ever
Unjustly drawn, if he be sated never
With Subjects' blood; needs must his Rage (at last)
Destroy his State, and lay his Countrey waste:
So (or much like) the while one Element
Over the rest hath modest Government;
While, in proportion (though unequall yet)
With Soveraign Humours Subject Humours fit,
The Bodie's found; and in the very face
Reteins the Form of beauty and of grace:
But if (like that inhumane Emperour
Who wisht, all People underneath his Power
Had but one head, that he might butcher so
All th' Empire's Subjects at one onely blow)
It, tyrannizing, seek to wrack the rest,
It ruines soon the Province it possest;
Where soon appears, through his proud usurpation,
Both outward change, and inward alteration.

Excesse of Moisture.

So, too-much Moist, which (unconcoct within)
The Liver spreads betwixt the flesh and skin,
Puffs up the Patient, stops the pipes and pores
Of excrements: yea, double bars the doores
Of his short breath; and slowly-swiftly curst,
In midd'st of Water makes him ever thirst:
Nor gives Man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of stones.

Of Drought.

So, too-much Drought a lingring Ague drawes,
Which seeming pain-less, yet much pain doth cause,
Robbing the nerves of might, of joy the heart,
Of mirth the face, of moisture every part
(Much like a Candle fed with its own humour,
By little and little its own self's consumer)
Nor gives man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of stones.

Of Heat.

So, too-much Heat doth bring a burning Fever,
Which spurrs our Pulse, and furrs our Palate ever;
And on the tables of our troubled brain,
Fantastickly with various pencil vain
Doth counterfait as many Forms, or moe
Then ever Nature, Art, or Chance could show:
Nor gives man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of stones.

Of Cold.

So, too-much Cold covers with hoary Fleece
The Head of Age, his flesh diminishes,
Withers his face, hollows his rheumy eyes,
And makes himselfe even his own selfe despise;
While through his marrow every-where it enters,
Quenching his native heat with endless Winters:
Nor gives man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of stones.

Of the continuance of the Elements: maintaining, that whatsoever is now new formed, hath still his substance from the *Materia prima:* and whatsoever dissolves, resolves into the same, changing onely form: and also confuting the contrary Errors.

Yet think not that this *Too-too-Much* remises
Ought into nought: it but the Form disguises
In hundred fashions, and the Substances
Inly, or outly, neither win nor leese.
For, all that's made, is made of the *First Matter*
Which in th' old *Nothing* made the All-Creator:
All that dissolves, resolves into the same.
Since first the Lord of nothing made This Frame,
Nought's made of Nought; and nothing turns to nothing:
Things birth, or death, chãge but their formal clothing:
Their forms do vanish, but their bodies bide;
Now thick, now thin, now round, now short, now side.
For, if of Nothing any thing could spring,
Th' earth without seed should wheat and barley bring:
Pure Maiden-wombs desirèd Babes should bear;
All things, at all times, should grow every where;
The Hart in Water should it selfe ingender;
The Whale on Land: in Aire the Lambling tender:

Th' Ocean should yeeld the Pine and Cornell Tree ;
On Hazels Acornes, Nuts on Oaks should be :
And breaking Nature's set and sacred use,
The Doves would Eagles, Eagles Doves, produce.
If of themselves things took their thriving, then
Slow-growing Babes should instantly be Men :
Then in the Forrest should huge boughes be seen
Borne with the bodies of unplanted Treen ;
Then should the sucking Elephant support
Upon his shoulders a well-mannèd Fort ;
And the new-foalèd Colt, couragious,
Should neigh for Battell, like *Bucephalus*.
Contrariwise, if ought to nought did fall ;
All, that is felt or seen within this *All*,
Still losing somwhat of itself, at length
Would come to Nothing : If Death's fatall strength
Could altogether Substances destroy,
Things then should vanish ev'n as soon as dy.
In time the mighty Mountains' tops be 'bated ;
But, with their fall, the neighbour Vales are fatted ;
And what, when *Trent* or *Avon* over-flow,
They reave one field, they on the next bestow :
Love-burning Heav'n many sweet Dews doth drop
In his deer Spouse's faire and fruitfull lap ;
Which after she restores, straining those showrs
Through the hid pores of pleasant plants and flowrs.

By an apt similitude, he sheweth the continual Change of the World, in the matter and form thereof, according to God's pleasure : in such sort, yet, that the matter remaines, though it receive infinite Forms.

Whoso hath seen, how one warm lump of Wax
(Without increasing or decreasing) takes
A hundred figures ; well may judge of all
Th' incessant Changes of this neather Ball.
The World's owne Matter is the waxen Lump,
Which, un-self-changing, takes all kind of stamp :
The Form's the Seal ; Heav'n's gracious Emperour
(The living God) 's the great *Lord Chancellour ;*
Who, at his pleasure, setting day and night
His great *Broad Seals*, and *Privie Signets* right
Upon the Masse so vast and variable,
Makes the same Lump, now base, now honourable.
Here's nothing constant : nothing still doth stay ;
For, Birth and Death have still successive sway.
Here one thing springs not till another die :
Onely the Matter lives immortally,
(Th' Almightie's Table, body of this All,
Of change-full Chances common Arcenall,
All like itselfe, all in itselfe contained,
Which by Time's Flight hath neither lost nor gained)
Change-lesse in Essence ; changeable in face,
Much more then *Proteus*, or the subtill race
Of roving *Polypes ;* who (to rob more)

Sundry Similes to that purpose.

Transform them hourly on the waving shore :
Much like the *French* (*or like our selves, their Apes*)
Who with strange habit do disguise their shapes :
Who loving novels, full of affectation,
Receive the Manners of each other Nation ;
And scarcely shift they shirts so oft, as change
Fantastick Fashions of their garments strange ;
Or like a *Laïs*, whose inconstant Love
Doth every day a thousand times remove ;
Who's scarce unfolded from one Youth's embraces,
Yer in her thought another shee embraces ;
And the new pleasure of her wanton Fire
Stirs in her still another new Desire :
Because the Matter, wounded deep in Heart
With various Love (yet, on the selfe-same part,
Incapable, in the same time, at once
To take all figures) by successions,
Form after Form receives : so that one face
Another's face's features doth deface.
Now the chiefe Motive of these Accidents
Is the dire discord of our Elements ;
Truce-hating Twins, where Brother eateth Brother
By turns, and turn them one into-another,
Like Ice and Water that beget each other ;
And still the Daughter bringeth-forth the Mother.

The chiefe motive of this Change of Forms in the matter.

Enigma.

But each of these having two qualities,
(One bearing Rule, another that Obeyes)
Those, whose effects doe wholly contradict,
Longer and stronger strive in their Conflict,
The hot-dry Fire to cold-moist Water turns not,
The cold-dry Earth to hot-moist Aire returns not,
Returns not eas'ly : for (still opposite)
With tooth and nail as deadly foes they fight.
But Aire turne Water, Earth may Fierize,
Because in one part they do symbolize ;
And so in combat they have lesse to doo ;
For, *'t 's easier far to conquer one then two.*
Sith then the knot of sacred Marriage,
Which joyns the Elements, from age to age,
Brings forth the World's Babes : sith their Enmities,
With fell divorce, kill whatsoever dies :
And sith, but changing their degree and place,
They frame the various Forms, wherewith the face
Of this faire World is so imbellishèd,
[As six sweet Notes, curiously varièd
In skilfull Musick, make an hundred kindes
Of Heav'nly sounds, that ravish hardest mindes ;
And with Division (of a choice device)
The Hearers' soules out at their ears intice :
Or, as of twice-twelve *Letters*, thus transpos'd,
This world of Words is variously compos'd ;
And of these Words, in divers order sow'n,
This sacred *Volume* that you read, is grow'n
(Through gracious succour of th' *Eternall Deity*)
Rich in Discourse, with infinite Variety]
It was not cause-lesse, that so carefully
God did divide their common Seign'ory ;
Assigning each a fit confinèd Sitting,
Their quantity and quality befitting.

Of the Situation of the Elements, and of the effects thereof, compared to the Notes of Musick, and to the Letters of the Alphabet.

Whoso (sometime) hath seen rich Ingots tride,
When forc'd by fire, their treasures they divide,
(How fair and softly Gold to Gold doth passe,
Silver seeks Silver, Brasse consorts with Brasse ;
And the whole Lump, of parts unequall, severs
Itselfe apart, in white, red, yellow Rivers)
May understand, how, when the Mouth *Divine*
Op'ned (to each his proper place t' assigne)

A Simile lively representing the separation of the Elements.

Fire flew to Fire, Water to Water slid,
Aire clung to Aire, and Earth with Earth abid.
Situation of the Earth and Fire. Earth, as the Lees, and heavie dross of All
(After his kinde) did to the bottome fall:
Contrariwise, the light and nimble Fire
Did through the crannies of th' old Heap aspire
Unto the top; and by his nature, light
No lesse then hot, mounted in sparks upright:
As, when we see *Aurora* passing gay,
With Opals paint the Cieling of *Cathay*,
Sad Flouds do fume; and the celestial Tapors,
Through Earth's thin pores, in th' Aire exhale their vapors.
But, lest the Fire (which all the rest embraces)
Being too neer, should burn the Earth to ashes;
As chosen Umpires, the great All-Creator
Of Air and Water placed between the Earth and Fire. Between these Foes placèd the Aire and Water:
For, one suffis'd not their stern strife to end.
Water, as Cousin, did the Earth befriend:
Aire, for his Kinsman Fire, as firmly deals:
But both, uniting their divided zeals,
Took up the matter, and appeas'd the brall;
Which doubtlesse else had discreated All.
Th' Aire lodg'd aloft, the Water under it,
Not casually, but so disposèd sit
By him, who (Nature in her kinde to keep)
Kept due proportion in his Workmanship;
And, in this Store-house of his Wonders' treasure,
Observ'd in all things number, weight and measure.
Why the Aire was lodged next the Element of Fire. For, had the Water next the Fire been plac'd,
Fire, seeming then more wrong'd and more disgrac'd,
Would suddenly have left his Adversary,
And set upon the Umpire (more contrary).
But all the Links of th' holy Chain, which tethers
The many members of the World togethers,
Are such, as none but only He can break them,
Who at the first did (of meer nothing) make them.
Water, as arm'd with moisture and with cold,
The cold-dry Earth, with her one hand doth hold;
The disposing and combining of the Elements. A Similitude. With th' other th' Aire: The Aire as moist and warm,
Holds Fire with th' one, Water with th' other arm:
As Country-Maidens, in the Month of *May*,
Merrily sporting on a Holy-day,
And lusty dancing of a lively Round
About the May-pole, by the Bag-pipe's sound;
Hold hand in hand, so that the first is fast
(By means of those between) unto the last.
For, sith 't is so, that the dry Element
Not only yeelds her own Babes nourishment,
But with the milk of her aboundant brests
Doth also feed th' Air's nimble-wingèd guests,
And also all th' innumerable Legions
Of greedy mouths that haunt the Briny Regions,
(So that th' Earth's Mother, or else Nurse of all
That run, or flee, or swim, or slide, or crawll)
Why the Earth is the lowest, and environed with 'T was meet, it should be itselfe's Counterpoize,
To stand still firm against the roaring noise
Of wrackfull *Neptune*, and the wrathfull blasts
Of parching *South*, and pinching *Boreas*.
'T was meet, her sad slow body to digest
Farther from Heav'n then any of the rest:
Lest, of Heav'n's Course th' Eternall swift Careers,
Rushing against her with their whirling Spheers,
Should her transport as swift and violent,
As ay they do their neighbour Element.
And sith on th' other side th' harmonious Course
Of Heav'n's bright Torches is th' immortall source
Of earthly life: and sith all alterations
(Almost) are caus'd by their quick agitations
In all the World, God could not place so fit
Our Mother Earth, as in the midst of it.
For, all the Stars reflect their lively rayes
On Fire, and Aire, and Water, divers wayes;
Dispersing, so, their powerfull influence
On, in, and through these various Elements:
But, on the Earth, they all in one concurr,
And all unite their severall force in her;
Simile. As in a Wheel, which with a long deep rut
His turning passage in the durt doth cut,
The distant Spoaks neerer and neerer gather,
And in the Nave unite their points together.
Simile. As the bright Sun shines through the smoothest Glasse,
The turning Planet's influence doth passe
Without impeachment through the glistring Tent
Of the tralucing Fiery Element,
Th' Air's triple Regions, the transparent Water;
But not the firm Base of this faire Theater.
And therefore rightly may we call those Trines
(Fire, Aire and Water) but Heav'n's Concubines:
For, never Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars injoy
The love of these, but only by the way,
As passing by: whereas incessantly
The lusty Heav'n with Earth doth company;
And with a fruitfull seed, which lends All life,
With-childes, each moment, his own lawfull wife;
And with her lovely Babes, in form and nature
So divers, decks this beautifull Theater.
The Water betweene the Earth and Aire. The Water, lighter then the Earthy Masse,
Heavier then Aire, betwixt them both hath place;
The better so, with a moist cold, to temper
Th' one's over-drinesse, th' other's hot distemper.
Leaving the Earth and Sea till the next Book, he comes to treat of the Aire. But, my sweet Muse, whither so fast away?
Soft, soft, my Darling: draw not dry *To-day*
Castalian Springs; deferr the Cirque and Seat,
The power and praise of Sea and Earth as yet:
Do not anticipate the World's Beginning;
But, till *To-morrow*, leave the enter-blinning
Of rocky Mounts, and rowling Waves so wide.
For, even *To-morrow* will the Lord divide,
With the right hand of his Omnipotence,
These yet confus'd and mingled Elements;
And liberally the shaggy Earth adorn
With Woods, and Buds of fruits, of flowers and corn.

'T is time, my Love, 't is time, mine only Care,
To hie us hence, and mount us in the Aire:
'T is time (or never) now, my dearest Minion,
To imp strong farcels in thy sacred pinion;
That lightly born upon thy Virgin back,
Safe through the Welkin I my course may take:
Come, come, my Joy, lend mee thy Lilly shoulder;
That thereon raisèd, I may reach the bolder
(*Before the rest of my deere Country-men,*
Of better wit, but worse-applyèd pen)
At that green *Laurel*, which the niggard Skies
So long have hidden from my longing eyes.

The Aire distinguished into 3. Regions.

Th' *Aire* (hoste of Mists, the bounding Tennis-ball,
That stormy Tempests tosse and play withall,
Of wingèd Clouds the wide inconstant House,
Th' unsetlèd Kingdome of swift *Æolus*,
Great Ware-house of the Windes, whose trafficke gives
Motion of life to ev'ry thing that lives)
Is not throughout all one: our Elder Sages
Have fitly parted it into three Stages.

The High.

Whereof, because the highest still is driv'n
With violence of the *First-moving* Heav'n,
From East to West, and from the West returning,
To th' honor'd Cradle of the rosiall Morning,
And also seated next the Fiery vault;
It, by the Learnèd, very hot is thought.

The Low.

That which we touch, with times doth variate,
Now hot, now cold, and sometimes temperate;
Warm-temp'red show'rs it sendeth in the *Spring:*
In *Autumn* likewise, but more varying:
In *Winter* time, continuall cold and chill:
In *Summer* season, hot and soultry still:
For then the fields scorchèd with flames, reflect
The sparkling rayes of thousand Stars' aspect;
And chiefly *Phœbus*, to whose arrows bright
Our Globy Grandame serves for But and White.

The Middle Region of the Aire.

But now, because the Middle Region 's set
Far from the Fiery sieling's flagrant heat,
And also from the warm reverberation
Which aye the Earth reflects in divers fashion;
That Circle shivers with eternall colde.

Of the causes of Haile.

For, into Hail how should the Water molde,
Even when the Summer hath gilt *Ceres* Gowne,
Except those Climes with Ycesickles were sowne?
So soon as *Sol*, leaving the gentle *Twins*,
With *Cancer*, or thirst-panting *Leo* inns,
The mid-most Aire redoubleth all his Frosts;
Being besiegèd by two mighty Hoasts
Of Heat, more fierce 'gainst his cold force than ever,
Cals from all quarters his chill troops together,
T' incounter them with his united Power,
Which then dispersèd, hath far greater power:
As *Christian* Armies, from the Frontiers far,
And out of fear of *Turke's* outragious war,
March in disorder, and become (disperst)
As many Squadrons as were Souldiers yerst;
So that somtimes th' untrainèd Multitude
With bats and bows hath beat them and subdu'd:
But, if they once perceive, or understand
The *Moony* Standards of proud *Ottoman*
To be approaching, and the Sulph'ry thunder
Wherewith he brought both *Rhodes* and *Belgrade* under;
They soon unite, and in a narrow place
Intrench themselves; their courage growes apace;
Their heart 's on fire; and circumcisèd Pow'rs,
By their approach, double the strength of ours.

The effects thereof in the middle Region of the Aire.

'T is (doubt-less) this [1]*Antiperistasis*
(Bear with the word, I hold it not amiss
T' adopt sometimes such strangers for our use,
When Reason and Necessity induce;
As namely, where our native Phrase doth want
A Word so force-full and significant)
Which makes the Fire seem to our sense and reason
Hotter in Winter then in Summer season:
'T is it which causeth the cold frozen *Scythia*,
Too-often kist by th' husband of *Orithya*,
To bring forth people, whose still hungry brest
(Winter or Summer) can more meat digest,
Then those lean starvelings which the Sun doth broil
Upon the hotsands of the *Libyan* soil:
And that ourselves, happily seated faire,
Whose spungy lungs draw sweet and wholesom Aire,
Hide in our stomacks a more lively heat,
While bi-front *Janus'* frosty frowns do threat,
Then when bright *Phœbus*, leaving swarthy *Chus*,
Mounts on our *Zenith*, to reflect on us.

Why the Aire was thus distinguished in the 3. Regions.

Th' Almightie's hand did this partition form;
To th' end that Mist, Comets, and Wind, and Storm,
Dew, drizling Show'rs, Hail, slippery Yce, and Snow,
In the three Regions of the Aire may grow:
Whereof some, 'pointed th' Earth to fertilize,
Others to punish our impieties,
Might daily grave in hardest hearts the love
And fear of him, who reigns in Heav'n above.

Of exhalations, and whereunto they are appropriate, by the Sun and the Regions of the Aire.

For, as a little end of burning wax,
By th' emptiness, or of itselfe, attracts
In Cupping-glasses, through the scorchèd skin
Behinde the Poll, superfluous humours thin,
Which fuming from the braine did thence descend
Upon the sight, and much the same offend:
So the swift Coach-man, whose bright flaming hair
Doth every day gild either *Hemisphear*,
Two sorts of Vapors by his heat exhales
From floating Deeps, and from the flow'ry Dales:
Th' one somwhat hot, but heavie, moist, and thick;
Th' other, light, dry, burning, pure, and quick;
Which, through the Welkin roaming all the yeare,
Make the world divers to itselfe appear.

Of Mist.

Now, if a Vapour be so thin, that it
Cannot to water be transformèd fit,
And that with cold-lym'd wings it hover neer
The flow'ry mantle of our Mother deer;
Our Aire growes dusky; and moist drowsie Mist
Upon the Fields doth for a time persist.

[1] Contrary Circumstance.

Of Dew and Yce.

And if this Vapour fair and softly fly,
Not to the cold Stage of the middle Sky,
But 'bove the Clouds, it turneth (in a trice)
In *April*, Dew; in *January*, Yce.
But, if the Vapour bravely can adventure
Up to th' eternall seat of shivering Winter,
The small thin humor by the Cold is prest
Into a Cloud; which wanders East and West
Upon the Winde's wings, till in drops of Rain
It fall into his Grandame's lap again:
Whether some boistrous winde, with stormy puff
Joustling the Clouds with mutuall counter-buff,
Doe break their brittle sides, and make them shatter
In drizling show'rs their swift distilling water:

Divers Similes, shewing how the Rain is caused through the encounter of the Clouds, which are the matter of it.

As when a wanton heedless Page (perhaps)
Rashly together two full glasses claps;
Both being broken, suddenly they pour
Both their brew'd liquors on the dusty flour.
Whether some milder gale, with sighing breath
Shaking their Tent, their tears dissevereth:
As after rain another rain doth drop
In shady Forests from their shaggy top,
When through their green boughs, whiffing winds do whirl
With wanton puffs their waving locks to curl:
Or, whether th' upper Cloud's moist heaviness
Doth, with his weight, an under Cloud oppress,
And so one humour doth another crush,
Till to the ground their liquid pearles doe gush:
As the more clusters of ripe grapes we pack
In Vintage-time upon the hurdle's back;
At 's piercèd bottom the more fuming liquor
Runs in the scummy Fat, and fals the thicker.

Whence it proceedeth, that sometimes it raineth Frogs.

Then, many Heav'n-floods in our Floods do lose 'em;
Nought 's seen but Show'rs; the heav'n's sad sable bosom
Seems all in tears to melt; and Earth's green bed
With stinking Frogs is sometimes coverèd:
Either because the floating Cloud doth fold
Within itself both moist, dry, hot, and cold,
Whence all things here are made: or else for that
The active Windes, sweeping this dusty Flat,
Sometimes in th' aire some fruitfull dust do heap:
Whence these new-formèd ugly creatures leap:
As on the edges of some standing Lake
Which neighbour Mountains with their gutters make,
The foamy slime, itselfe transformeth oft
To green half-Tadpoles, playing there aloft,
Half-made, half-unmade; round about the Flood,
Half-dead, half-living; half a frog, half-mud.

Of Snow.

Sometimes it happens, that the force of Cold
Freezes the whole Cloud: then we may behold,
In silver Flakes, a heav'nly Wool to fall;
Then, Fields seem grass-less, Forests leaf-less all,
The world 's all white; and, through the heaps of Snow,
The highest Stag can scarce his armor show.

Of Haile.

Sometimes befals, that when by secret pow'r,
The Cloud 's new-chang'd into a dropping show'r,
Th' excessive cold of the mid-Aire (anon)
Candies-it all in bals of Ycy-stone:
Whose violent storms somtimes (alas!) do proin,
Without a knife, our Orchard and our Vine;
Reap without sickle, beat down Birds and Cattle,
Disgrace our Woods, and make our Roofs to rattle.
If heav'n's bright torches, from earth's kidneys, sup
Som somwhat dry and heatfull Vapours up,
Th' ambitious lightning of their nimble Fire
Would suddenly neer th' Azure Cirques aspire:
But scarce so soon their fuming crest hath raught,
Or toucht the coldness of the middle Vault,
And felt what force their mortall enemy
In Garrison keeps there continually;
When down again towards their Dam they bear,
Holp by the weight which they have drawn from her;
But in the instant, to their aid arrives
Another new heat, which their heart revives,
Re-arms their hand, and, having staied their flight,
Better resolv'd, brings them again to fight.

Of some vapours, or exhalations whirling in the Low and Middle Regions of the Aire, and whereof the winds are ingendred.

Well fortifi'd then by these fresh supplies,
More bravely they renew their enterprize:
And one-while th' upper hand (with honor) getting,
Another-while disgracefully retreating,
Our lower Aire they tosse in sundry sort,
As weak or strong their matter doth comport.
This lasts not long; because the heat and cold,
Equall in force and fortune, equall bold
In these assaults; to end this sudden brall,
Th' one stops their mounting, th' other stayes their fall;
So that this vapour, never resting stound,
Stands never still, but makes his motion round,
Posteth from Pole to Pole, and flies amain
From *Spain* to *India*, and from *Inde* to *Spain*.
But though these blustring spirits seem alwaies blow'n
By the same spirit, and of like vapor grow'n;
Yet, from their birth-place, take they, diversly,
A divers name and divers quality.
Feeling the foure Windes, that with divers blast,
From the foure corners of the World doe haste;
In their effects I finde foure Temp'raments,
Foure Times, foure Ages, and foure Elements.
Th' *East-winde*, in working, follows properly
Fire, Choler, Summer, and soft Infancy:
That, which dries-up wilde *Affrick* with his wing,
Resembles Aire, Blood, Youth, and lively Spring:
That, which blows moistly from the *Western* stage,
Like Water, Phlegme, Winter, and heavie Age:
That, which coms shiv'ring from cold Climats solely,
Earth, wither'd Eld, Autumn, and Melancholy.
Not, but that Men have long ere this found-out
More than these foure winds, *East*, *West*, *North*, and *South*:
Those that (at Sea) to see both Poles are wont,
Upon their Compass two and thirty count,
Though they be infinite, as are the places
Whence the Heav'n-fanning Exhalation passes:

Of the Winds, whereof there are foure principall, compared to the foure Seasons, the foure Complexions, the foure Elements, and the foure Ages of man: and assigned to the foure corners of the World: And called East, West, North and South.

But wheresoever their quick course they bend,
As on their Chiefs, all on these Four depend.
Divers effects of the Winds. One while, with whisking broom they brush and sweep
The Cloudy Curtains of Heav'n's stages steep:
Anon, with hotter sighes they dry the Ground,
Late, by *Electra* and her Sisters, drown'd:
Anon, refresh they, with a temp'rate blowing,
The soultry Aire, under the Dog-starr glowing:
On Trees anon they ripe the Plum and Pear,
In Cods the Poulse, the Corn within the Ear:
Anon, from North to South, from East to West,
With ceas-less wings, they drive a ship addrest:
And somtimes, whirling on an open Hill,
The round-flat Runner in a roaring Mill,
In flowry motes they grind the purest grain,
Which late they ripened on the fruitfull Plain.
Divers effects of hot exhalations. If th' Exhalation hot and oyly prove;
And yet (as feeble) giveth place above
To th' Airie Regions ever-lasting Frost,
Incessantly th' apt tinding fume is tost
Till it inflame; then like a Squib it falls,
Or fire-wing'd shaft, or sulph'ry Powder balls.
Of comets. But if this kinde of Exhalation towr
Above the Walls of Winter's ycy bowr,
'T inflameth also; and anon becoms
A new strange Star, presaging wofull doms:
And for this Fier hath more fewell in 't
Then had the first, 'tis not so quickly spent:
Whether the Heav'ns' incessant agitation,
Into a Star transforming th' Exhalation,
Kindle the same: like as a coal, that winkt
On a stick's end (and seemèd quite extinct)
Tost in the dark with an industrious hand,
To light the night, becoms a fier-brand:
Or whether th' upper Fire do fire the same;
As lighted Candles doe th' unlight, inflame.
Of other fiery impressions in the Regions of the Aire. According as the Vapour 's thick or rare,
Ev'n or unev'n, long or large, round or square,
Such are the Forms it in the Aire resembles:
At sight whereof, th' amazèd Vulgar trembles.
Here, in the night appears a flaming Spire;
There a fierce Dragon folded all in fire;
Here, a bright Comet; there, a burning Beam;
Here, flying Launces; there, a fiery Stream:
Here seems a hornèd Goat, environ'd round
With fiery flakes, about the Aire to bound;
There, with long bloudy haire, a blazing Star
Threatens the World with Famin, Plague, and War:
To Princes, death: to Kingdoms, many crosses:
To all Estates, inevitable losses:
To Heard-men, Rot: to Plow-men, hap-less Seasons:
To Sailors, Stormes: to Cities, civill Treasons.
A lively description of thunder and lightning. But hark: what hear I in the Heav'ns? me thinks
The World's wall shakes, and his foundation shrinks:
It seems even now that horrid *Persephone*,
Loosing *Meger'*, *Alect'*, and *Tysiphone*,
Weary of raigning in black *Erebus*,
Transports her Hell between the Heav'n and us.

'Tis held, I know, that when a Vapour moist
As well from fresh as from salt water's hoist
In the same instant with hot Exhalations,
In th' Airy Region's secondary stations;
The fiery Fume, besiegèd with the Croud
And keen-cold thicknes of that dampish Cloud,
Strengthens his strength; and with redoubled Vollies
Of joynèd Heat, on the Cold Leaguer sallies.
A Simile. Like as a Lion, very late exil'd
From 's native Forrests, spet-at, and revil'd,
Mock'd, mov'd, and troubled with a thousand toyes,
By wanton children, idle girles and boyes;
With hideous roaring doth his Prison fill,
In 's narrow Cloister ramping wildely, still,
Runs to and fro; and furious, lesse doth long
For liberty, then to revenge his wrong:
Thus Fire, desirous to break forth again
From's cloudy Ward, cannot itself refrain;
But, without resting, loud it grones and grumbles,
It rouls, and roars, and round-round-round it rumbles,
Till (having rent the lower side in sunder)
With sulph'ry flash, it have shot-down his thunder:
Though willing to unite, in these alarms,
To 's Brother's forces, his own fainting arms;
And th' hottest Circle of the World to gain,
To issue up-ward, oft it strives in vaine:
But 't is there fronted with a Trench so large,
And such an Hoast, that though it often charge,
On this and that side, the Cold Camp about
With his hot skirmish; yet still, still the stout
Victorious Foe repelleth ev'ry push;
So that (despairing) with a furious rush
(Forgetting honour) it is fain to fly
By the back-door, with blushing infamy.
How they are ingendred.
Their effects. Then th' Ocean boyls for fear: the Fish do deem
The Sea too shallow to safe-shelter them:
The Earth doth shake: The Shepheard in the field
In hollow Rocks himself can hardly shield:
Th' affrighted Heav'ns open; and, in thè vale
Of *Acheron*, grim *Pluto's* self looks pale:
Th' Aire flames with Fire: for, the loud-roaring Thunder
(Renting the Cloud, that it includes, asunder)
Sends forth those flashes which so blear our sight:
Simile. As wakefull Students, in the Winter's night
Against the steel, glancing with stony knocks,
Strike sudden sparks into their Tinder-box.
Admirable effects of Lightning. Moreover, Lightning of a fume is fram'd;
Through 'ts self's hot drinesse, evermore inflam'd:
Whose powr (past credit) without razing skin,
Can bruise to powder all our bones within;
Can melt the Gold that greedy Misers hoord
In barrèd Cofers, and not burn the boord:
Can breake the blade, and never singe the sheath:
Can scorch an Infant in the womb to death,
And never blemish, in one sort or other,
Flesh, bone, or sinew of th' amazèd Mother:
Consume the shooes, and never hurt the feet:
Empty a Cask, and yet not perish it.

My younger eyes have often seen a Dame,
To whom the flash of Heav'n's fantastick flame
Did else no harm, save (in a moment's space)
With windy Rasor shave a secret place.

Of Crowns and Circles about the Sun, Moon, and other Planets.

Shall I omit an hundred Prodigies,
Oft seen in fore-head of the frowning Skies?
Somtimes a fiery Circle doth appear,
Proceeding from the beauteous beams and clear
Of Sun, and Moon, and other Stars' aspect,
Down-looking on a thick-round Cloud direct;
When, not of force to thrust their raies through-out it,
In a round Crown they cast them round about it:

Simile.

Like as (almost) a burning candle, put
Into a Closet, with the door close shut;
Not able through the boords to send his light,
Out at the edges round about shines bright.

Of the Rain-bow, and how it is made.

But in 's declining, when *Sol's* countenance
Direct upon a wat'rish Cloud doth glance
(A wat'rish Cloud, which cannot easily
Hold any longer her moist Tympany)
On the moist Cloud he limns his lightsome front;
And with a gawdy Pencil paints upon 't
A blew-green-gilt Bow, bended over us:
For, th' adverse Cloud, which first receiveth thus
Apollo's rayes, the same direct repells
On the next Cloud, and with his gold it mells

Simile.

Her various colours: Like as when the Sun
At a bay-window peepeth in upon
A bole of water, his bright beams' aspect
With trembling lustre it doth far reflect
'Gainst the high sieling of the lightsome Hall,
With stately Fret-work over-crusted all.

How it comes to passe, that sometimes appeare divers Suns and Moons at once.

On th' other side, if the Cloud side-long sit,
And not beneath, or justly opposite
To Sun and Moon; then either of them forms,
With strong aspect, double or treble Forms
Upon the same. The Vulgar's then affright
To see at once three Chariots of the light;
And, in the Welkin, on Night's gloomy Throne,
To see at once more shining Moons then one.

A check to man's pride, in striving to yeeld a reason in Nature of all these accidents.

But, O fond Mortals! Wherefore do ye strive
With reach of Sense, God's wonders to retrive?
What proud desire (rather what *Furie's* drift?)
Boldens you god-lesse, all God's works to sift?
I'le not deny, but that a learnèd man
May yeeld some Reason (if he list to scan)
Of all that moves under Heav'n's hollow Cope;
But, not so sound as can all scruple stop:
And though he could, yet should we evermore,
Praising these tools, extoll his fingers more
Who works with them, and many wales doth give
To deadest things (instantly) soules, to live.

True Philosophy for Christians, to apply all to their conscience for amendment of life.

Me thinks I hear, when I doe hear it thunder,
The voice that brings Swains up, and *Cæsars* under:
By that Towr-tearing stroak I understand
Th' undaunted strength of the Divine right-hand:
When I behold the Lightning in the Skies,
Me thinks I see th' Almightie's glorious Eies:
When I perceive it rain-down timely showrs,
Me thinks the Lord his horn of plenty pours:
When from the Clouds excessive Water spins,
Me thinks God weeps for our unwept-for sins:
And when in Heav'n I see the Rain-bow bent,
I hold it for a pledge and argument,
That never more shall Universall Floods
Presume to mount over the tops of Woods,
Which hoary *Atlas* in the Clouds doth hide,
Or on the Crowns of *Caucasus* do ride:
But, above all, my piercèd soule inclines,
When th' angry Heav'ns threat with prodigious Signes;
When Nature's order doth reverse and change,
Prepost'rously into disorder strange.

All the learned in the world cannot out of the Schoole of Nature give reason for many things that are created in the High and Middle Regions of the Aire.

Let all the Wits that ever suck'd the brest
Of sacred *Pallas*, in one Wit be prest,
And let him tell me (if at least he can
By rule of Nature, or meer reach of man)
A sound and certain reason of the Cream,
The Wooll and Flesh that from the Clouds did stream:
Let him declare what cause could erst beget,
Amid the Aire, those drizzling showrs of Wheat,
Which in *Carinthia* twice were seen to shed;
Whereof that people made them store of Bread.

The true cause of these Prodigies.

God, the great God of Heav'n, sometimes delights
From top to toe to alter Nature's Rites;
That his *strange* Works, to Nature contrary,
May be fore-runners of some misery.
The drops of fire which weeping Heav'n did showr
Upon *Lucania*, when *Rome* sent the Flowr
Of *Italy* into the wealthy Clime
Which *Euphrates* fats with his fruitfull slime;
Presag'd, that *Parthians* should the next yeer tame
The proud *Lucanians*, and nigh quench their Name.
The clash of Arms, and clang of Trumpets heard
High in the Aire, when valiant *Romans* warr'd
Victoriously, on the (now-Canton'd) *Swisses*
Almans, and *Cymbrians*, hewing all in peeces;
'Gainst *Epicures'* profane assertions, show
That 'tis not Fortune guides this World below.

Examples drawne out of the History of the Romans, Jewes, Turks, and French, both Ecclesiasticall and profane.

Thou that beheld'st from heav'n, with triple flashes,
Cursèd *Olympius* smitten all to ashes,
For blasphemies 'gainst th' ONE-Eternall-THREE;
Dar'st thou yet belch against the TRINITIE?
Dar'st thou profane, spet in the face of God,
Who for Blasphemers hath so sharp a rod?
Jewes (no more *Jewes*, no more of *Abr'ham* Sons;
But *Turks*, *Tartarians*, *Scythians*, *Lestrigons*)
Say what you thought; What thought you when so long
A flaming sword over your Temple hung;
But that the Lord would, with a mighty arme,
The righteous vengeance of his wrath performe
On you and yours? that what the Plague did leave,
Th' insatiate gorge of Famine should bereave?
And what the Plague and Famine both did spare,
Should be clean gleanèd by the hand of War?
That sucking Infants, crying for the teat,
Self-cruell Mothers should unkindly eat?

And that (ere long) the share and coulter should
Rub off their rust upon your Roofs of gold?
And all because you (cursèd) crucifi'd
The Lord of life, who for our ransome dy'd.
The ruddy Fountain that with blood did flow:
Th' huge fiery Rock the thundring Heav'ns did throw
Into *Lyguria*; and the bloody Crosses
Seen on men's garments, seem'd with open voices
To cry aloud, that the *Turks'* swarming hoast
Should pitch his proud *Moons* on the *Genoan* coast.

The Poet severely taxeth his Countrimen for not marking, or not making use of strange and extraordinary tokens of God's imminent displeasure.

O Frantick *France!* why dost not Thou make use
Of strangefull Signes, whereby the Heav'ns induce
Thee to repentance? Canst thou tear-lesse gaze
(Ev'n night by night) on that prodigious blaze,
That hairy Comet, that long-streaming Star,
Which threatens earth with Famine, Plague and War
(Th' Almighty's *Trident*, and three-forkèd fire
Wherewith he strikes us in his greatest ire)?
But what (alas!) can Heav'n's bare threatnings urge?
Sith all the sharp Rods which so hourly scourge
Thy sense-lesse back, cannot so much as wrest
One single sigh from thy obdurate brest?
Thou drink'st thine own blood, thine own flesh thou eatest,
In what most harms thee, thy delight is greatest.
O sense-lesse Folk, sick of a Lethargy,
Who to the death despise your Remedy!
Like froward Jades, that for no striking stur,
But wax more restif still the more we spur:
The more your woũds, more your secureness grows,
Eat with afflictions, as an Asse with blows:
And as the sledge hardens which stroaks the steel;
So, the more beaten, still the lesse ye feel.

Upon like consideration the Translator sharply citeth England: and to rouse her from her present security, proposeth fearfull examples of her owne troublous changes, and other terrible chastisements.

And wanton ENGLAND, *why hast Thou forgot*
Thy visitation, as thou hadst it not?
Thou hast seen Signes, *and thou hast felt the rod*
Of the revenging wrathfull hand of God.
The frowning Heav'ns in fearfull Sights fore-spoke
Thy Roman, Saxon, Dane, *and* Norman *Yoke:*
And since (alas!) unkinder wounds then those,
The Civill rents of thy divided ROSE:
And, last of all, the raging Wolves of Rome,
Tearing thy Limbs (Christ's Lambs) in Martyrdome.
Besides Great Plagues, *and grievous* Dearths, *which erst*
Have oft the sinews of thy strength reverst.
But Thou, more faulty, more forgetfull art
Then Boyes that fear but while they feel the smart:
All this is past, and Thou, past fear of it,
In Peace *and* Plenty, *as a Queen, dost sit;*
Of Rods *forgetfull, and for* Rest *ingratefull,*
(That, sottish dulnesse; this, a sin most hatefull:)
Ingratefull to thy God, who all hath sent;
And thy late Queen, his sacred Instrument,
By whose pure hand he hath more blessèd Thine,
Then erst his own Choice-planted Hebrew Vine:
From whence hee look'd for Grapes (as now from thee);
That bore him Crabs: Thou worse (if worse may be):
That was destroy'd, the wild Boar entred in.
ENGLAND, *beware:* Like punishment, like sin.
But, O! what boots, or what avails my song
To this deaf Adder, that hath slept so long,
Snorting so loud on pillows of Security,
Dread-lesse of danger, drowned in Impurity;
Whose senses all, all over-growne with fat,
Have left no doore for fear to enter at?
Yet once again (deer Countrey) must I call:
ENGLAND, *prevent; Fall, to repent thy* Fall.
Though thou be blinde, thy wakefull Watchmen see
Heav'n's irefull vengeance hanging over thee
In fearfull Signes, threatning a thousand Woes
To thy Sins' Deluge, *which all over-flowes.*
Thine uncontroll'd, bold, open Atheism:
Close Idol-service: *cloakèd* Hypocrism:
Common Blaspheming *of God's Name in* Oaths:
Usuall profaning *of his* Sabbaoths:
Thy blind, dumb, Idol-shepheards, *choak'd with steeples,*
That fleece thy Flocks, and do not feed thy Peoples:
Strife-full Ambition, Florentizing *States:*
Bribes and Affection *swaying Magistrates:*
Wealth's mercy-lesse Wrong, Usury, Extortion:
Poore's Idlenesse, repining *at their portion:*
Thy Drunken Surfets; *and* Excesse *in* Diet:
Thy Sensuall *wallowing in* Lascivious Riot:
Thy huff'd, puff'd, painted, curl'd, purl'd, wanton Pride,
(*The Baud to* Lust, *and to all sins beside*)
These are thy sins: These are the Signes *of Ruin,*
To ev'ry State *that doth the same pursue-in:*
Such, *cost the* Jewes *and* Asians *Desolation,*
Now turnèd Turks, *that were* the holy Nation.
Happy who take by others' dangers warning:
All that is writ, is written for our learning;
So preach thy Prophets: But, Who heeds their cry?
Or who beleeves? *then much lesse hope have I.*
Wherefore (deer Bartas) *having warnèd them;*
From this Digression, turn we to our Theam.

Simile.

As our All-welcome SOVERAIGN (*England's solace,*
Heav'n's care, Earth's comfort) *in his stately Palace,*
Hath next his Person, Princes of his Realms
Next him in Blood, extract from Royall Stems;
Next those, the Nobles; next, the Magistrates
That serve him truely in their severall States;
As more or lesse their divers Dignitie
Comes neer the greatnesse of his Majestie:
So, next the Heav'ns, God marshall'd th' Element,
Which seconds them in swift bright Ornament:
And then the rest, according as of kin,
To th' Azure Sphears, or th' Erring Fires they bin.

Having sufficiently discoursed of the Aire, he begins to handle the Element of Fire.

Yet some (more crediting their eyes, then reason)
From 's proper place this Essence doe disseysin;
And vainly strive (after their Fancie's sway)
To cut the World's best Element away,
The nimble, light, bright-flaming, heatfull *Fire,*
Fountain of life, Smith, Founder, Purifier,
Cook, Surgeon, Souldier, Gunner, Alchymist,
The source of Motion; briefly, what not is 't?

Against such as deny the Fire to bee an Element.

Essay, ch. 5. 1, 2, 3, etc.

Apt for all, acting all; whose arms embrace,
Under Heav'n's arms, this Universall Masse.
Their reasons. For, if (say they) the *Fire* were lodg'd between
The Heav'ns and us, it would by night be seen;
1 Sith then, so far-off (as in Meads we passe)
We see least Glow-worms glister in the grasse:
Besides, how should we through the *Fiery Tent*
Perceive the bright eyes of the Firmament?
Sith here the soundest and the sharpest eye
2 Can nothing through our Candle-flames descry.
Answers. O hard beleeving Wits! If *Zephirus*
And *Auster's* sighes were never felt of us,
You would suppose the space between Earth's Ball
And Heav'n's bright Arches, void and empty all:
And then no more you would the *Aire* allow
For Element, then th' hot bright *Flamer* now.
Difference between the Elementary Fire and ours. Now, ev'n as far as *Phœbus'* light excels
The light of Lamps, and ev'ry Taper els
Wherewith we use to lengthen th' After-noon
Which *Capricorn* ducks in the Sea too soon;
So far in purenesse th' *Elementall Flame*
Excels the Fire that for our use wee frame.
For, ours is nothing but a dusky light,
Grosse, thick, and smoaky, enemy to sight:
But, that above (for, being neither blent
With fumie mixture of grosse nourishment,
Nor toss'd with winds, but far from us) comes neer
It's neighbour Heav'n, in nature pure and cleer.
Here, for conclusion of this second booke, he commeth to discourse of the Heavens, and first intreateth of their Matter and Essence. But, of what substance shall I, after-thee
(O matchlesse Master) make Heav'n's Canopie?
Uncertain, here my resolutions rock
And waver, like th' inconstant Weather-Cock;
Which, on a Tow'r turning with ev'ry blast,
Changeth his Master, and his place as fast.
Learned *Lycæum*, now a-while, I walk-in:
Then th' *Academian* sacred Shades I stalk-in.
According to the opinion of the Philosopher. Treading the way that *Aristotle* went,
I doe deprive the Heav'ns of Element,
And mixture too; and think, th' Omnipotence
Of God did make them of a Quint-Essence:
Sith of the Elements, two still erect
Their motion up; two ever down direct:
Their course. But the Heav'ns' course, not wandring up nor down,
Continually turns only roundly round.
The Elements have no eternall race,
But settle aye in their assignèd place:
But th' azure Circle, without taking breath,
His certain course for ever gallopeth;
It keepes one pace, and mov'd with weight-lesse weights,
It never takes fresh horse, nor never baits.
Heaven not subject to alteration, as are the Elements. Things that consist of th' Elements uniting,
Are ever toss'd with an intestine fighting;
Whence springs, in time, their life and their deceasing,
Their divers change, their waxing and decreasing:
So that, of all that is, or may be seen
With mortall eyes, under Night's hornèd Queen,
Nothing retaineth the same form and face,
Hardly the half of half an hour's space.

But the Heav'ns feel not Fate's impartiall rigour:
Yeers add not to their stature nor their vigour:
Use wears them not; but their green-ever Age
Is all in all still like their Pupillage.
What use of Elements in the Heavens. Then suddenly, turn'd studious *Platonist*,
I hold, the Heav'ns of Elements consist:
Tis Earth, whose firm parts make their Lamps apparent,
Their bodies fast; Aire makes them all transparent;
Fire makes their restlesse circles pure and cleer,
Hot, lightsome, light, and quick in their career:
And Water, 'nointing with cold-moist the brims
Of th' enter-kissing turning Globe's extreams,
Tempers the heat (caus'd by their rapid turning)
Which else would set all th' Elements a-burning.
Difference between the Elements, whereof the Heavens are composed, and these inferiour Elements. Not, that I do compare or match the Matter
Whence I compose th' All-compassing Theater,
To those grosse Elements which here below
Our hand and eye doth touch, and see, and know:
'T's all fair, all pure; a sacred harmony
Those bodies bindes in end-lesse Unity:
That Air's not flitting, nor that Water floating,
Nor Fire inflaming, nor Earth dully doating;
Nor one to other ought offensive neither:
But (to conclude) Celestiall altogether.
Detesting the presumption of those curious Wits searching these secrets, hee limits himself within the bounds of Christian Sobriety. See, see the rage of humane Arrogance:
See how far dares man's erring Ignorance,
That with unbridled tongue (as if it oft
Had try'd the mettle of that upper Loft)
Dares, without proofe, or without reason yeelded,
Tell of what Timber God his Palace builded.
But, in these doubts much rather rest had I,
Then with mine error draw my Reader 'wry;
Till a Saint *Paul* do re-descend from Heav'n,
Or till my selfe (this sinfull robe bereav'n,
This rebell Flesh, whose counterpoize oppresses
My pilgrim Soule, and ever it depresses)
Shall see the Beauties of that Blessèd Place:
If (then) I ought shall see, save God's bright Face.
Divers opinions of the number of the Heavens. But ev'n as many (or more) quarrels cumber
Th' old Heathen Schools about the Heavens' number.
One holds but one; making the World's Eyes shine
Through the thin-thicknesse of that Chrystall line,
(As through the Ocean's cleer and liquid Flood
The slippery Fishes up and down do scud).
Another, judging certain by his eye,
And, seeing Sev'n bright Lamps mov'd diversly,
Turn this and that way: and, on th' other side,
That all the rest of the Heav'ns' twinkling pride
Keep all one course; ingeniously, he varies
The Heav'ns' rich building into eight round Stories.
Others, amid the Starriest Orbe, perceiving
A triple cadence, and withall conceiving
That but one naturall course one body goes,
Count nine, som ten; not numbring yet (with those)
Th' Empyreall Palace, where th' eternall Treasures
Of *Nectar* flow, where everlasting Pleasures
Are heapèd-up, where an immortall *May*
In blisse-full Beauties flourisheth for ay,

Where life still lives, where God his [1]Sises holds
Environ'd round with Seraphins and Souls
Bought with his precious blood, whose glorious Flight
Erst mounted Earth above the Heavens bright.
Nor shall my faint and humble Muse presume
So high a Song and Subject to assume.

He stoppeth at the contemplation and praise of the Heavens: Which hee considereth as distinguished into ten stages or Heavens.

O fair, five-double Round, Sloth's Foe apparent,
Life of the World, Daies', Months', and Yeers' own Parent;
Thine own self's modell, never shifting place,
And yet thy pure wings with so swift a pace
Fly over us, that but our Thought alone
Can (as thy babe) pursue thy motion:
Infinite-finite: free from growth and grief,
Discord and death; dance-lover; to be brief,
Still like thy self, all thine own in thee all,
Transparent, cleer, light; law of this low Ball:
Which in thy wide bout, bound-lesse all dost bound,
And claspest all, under, or in thy Round;
Throne of th' Almighty, I would faine rehearse
Thy various Dances, in this very Verse,
If it were time, and but my bounded Song
Doubteth to make this *Second-Day* too-long.
For, notwithstanding yet another Day
I feare some Critick will not stick to say,
My babbling Muse did saile with ev'ry gale,
And mingled yarn to length her web withall.

The summe of what hath beene handled in this booke, and what is to be understood by the Firmament which Moses describeth in Gen. 1. 6.

But know, what e'r thou be, that here I gather
Justly so many of God's Works together,
Because by th' Orbe of th' ample Firmament,
(Which round *This Day* th' Eternall Finger pent
Between the lower Waters and the higher)
I mean, the Heav'ns, the Aire, and th' upper Fire,
Which separate the Ocean's waters salt,
From those which God pour'd o'r th' Ethereal vault.

Against those that think there are no Waters above the Firmament: Whom he confuteth by divers Reasons.

Yet have I not so little seen and sought
The Volumes, which our Age hath chiefest thought,
But that I know how subtly greatest Clerks
Presume to argue in their learnèd Works,
T' o'r-whelme these Floods, this Crystall to deface,
And try this Ocean, which doth all imbrace.

Simile.

But, as the beauty of a modest Dame,
Who, well-content with Nature's comly Frame,
And native Fair (as it is freely giv'n,
In fit proportion by the hand of Heav'n)
Doth not, with painting, prank, nor set-it out
With helps of Art, sufficient Fair without;
Is more praise-worthy then the wanton glance,
Th' affected gate, th' alluring countenance,
The Mart of Pride, the Periwigs and Painting,
Whence Courtizans refresh their beauties fainting:
So do I more the *sacred Tongue* esteem
(Though plaine and rurall it doth rather seem,
Then school'd *Athenian;* and Divinity,
For only varnish, have but Verity)
Then all the golden Wit-pride of Humanity,
Wherewith men burnish their erroneous vanity.

1. The word of God to be preferred before the voice of man.

I'll rather give a thousand times the lie
To mine owne Reason, then but once defie
The sacred voice of th' everlasting Spirit,
Which doth so often and so loud averr-it,
That God, above the shining Firmament,
I wot not, I, what kind of Waters pent:
Whether that pure, super-celestiall Water,
With our inferiour have no likely nature:
Whether, turn'd Vapour, it hath round enbow'd
Heav'n's highest Stage in a transparent Cloud:
Or, whether (as they say) a Crystall Case
Do round about the Heav'nly Orb embrace.

2. God's Word mentioneth waters before the Firmament.

Gen. 1. 7. Psal. 104. 3. Psal. 148. 4.

But, with conjectures, wherefore strive I thus?
Can doubtfull proofs the certainty discusse?
I see not why Man's reason should withstand,
Or not beleeve, that He, whose pow'rfull hand
Bay'd-up the *Red-sea* with a double Wall,
That *Israel's* Hoast might scape *Ægyptian* thrall,
Could prop as sure so many waves on high
Above the Heav'ns' Star-spangled Canopy.

3. The Power of God ought to be of greater authoritie then man's reason.

See we not hanging in the Clouds each hour
So many Seas, still threatning down to pour,
Supported only by th' Aire's agitation
(Selfly too weak for the least weight's foundation)?
See wee not also, that this Sea below,
Which round about our Earthly Globe doth flow,
Remains still round; and maugre all the surly
Æolian Slaves, and Water's hurly burly,
Dares not (to levell her proud liquid Heap)
Never so little past her limits leap?
Why then beleeve we not, that upper Sphear
May (without falling) such an Ocean bear?

4. The consideration of the Waters which hang in the Aire, and of the Sea which compasseth the Earth.

Uncircumcisèd! O hard hearts! At least
Let's think that God those Waters doth digest
In that steep place: for, if that Nature here
Can form firm Pearl and Crystall shining cleer
Of liquid Substance; let's beleeve it rather
Much more in God (the Heav'ns' and Natur's Father:)
Let us much more, much more let 's poiz and ponder
Th' Almightie's Works, and at his Wisdom wonder:
Let us observe, and boldly-weigh it well,
That this proud Palace where we rule and dwel
(Though built with matchlesse Art) had fall'n long since,
Had 't not been siel'd-round with moist Elements.
For, like as (in Man's *Little-world*) the Brain
Doth highest place of all our Frame retain,
And tempers with its moistfull coldnesse so
Th' excessive heat of other parts below:
Th' eternall Builder of this beauteous Frame
To inter-mingle meetly Frost with Flame,
And cool the great heat of the *great-world's* torches,
This-Day spread Water over heav'n's bright Arches.

5. Divers effects continuall and admirable in Nature.

These Seas (say they) leagu'd with the Seas below,
Hiding the highest of the Mountains tho;
Had drown'd the whole World; had not *Noah* builded
A holy Vessell, where his House was shielded:
Where, by direction of the King of kings,
He sav'd a seed-pair of all living things.

Taking occasion by his former discourse, hee treateth of the

[1] Assises.

incounter of the upper Waters with the lower, whence followed the generall floud in the dayes of Noah: Which here he lively representeth.

No sooner shipp'd, but instantly the Lord
Down to th' *Æolean* dungeon him bestirr'd;
There muzzled close Cloud-chasing *Boreas*,
And let loose *Auster*, and his lowring race,
Who soon set forward with a dropping wing;
Upon their beard for ev'ry hair a Spring,
A night of Clouds muffled their brows about,
Their wattled locks gush'd all in Rivers out;
And both their hands, wringing thick Clouds asunder,
Send forth fierce lightning, tempest, rain and thunder.
Brooks, lakes, and floods, rivers and foaming Torrents
Suddenly swell; and their confusèd Currents,
Losing their old bounds, break a neerer way
To run at random with their spoils to Sea.
Th' earth shakes for fear, and sweating doth consume her,
And in her veins leaves not a drop of humor.
And thou thy selfe, O Heav'n, didst set wide ope
(Through all the Marches in thy spacious cope)
All thy large Sluces, thy vast Seas to shed
In sudden spouts on thy proud Sister's head;
Whose aw-lesse, law-lesse, shame-lesse life abhor'd,
Only delighted to despight the Lord.
Th' Earth shrinks and sinks; now th' Ocean hath no shore:
Now Rivers run to serve the Sea no more;
Themselves are Sea: the many sundry Streams,
Of sundry names (deriv'd from sundry Realms)
Make now but one great Sea: the World itself
Is nothing now but a great standing Gulf,
Whose swelling surges strive to mix their Water
With th' other Waves about this round Theater.
The Sturgeon, coasting over Castles, muses
(Under the Sea) to see so many houses.
The *Indian* Manat, and the Mullet float
O'r Mountain tops, where erst the bearded Goat
Did bound and brouz: the crookèd Dolphin scuds
O'r th' highest branches of the hugest Woods.
Nought boots the Tigre, or the Hart, or Horse,
Or Hare, or Gray-hound, their swift speedy course;
For, seeking land, the more they strain and breath thẽ,
The more (alas) it shrinks and sinks beneath them.
The Otter, Tortoise, and fell Crocodile,
Which did enjoy a double house ere-while,
Must be content with only Water now.
The Wolf and Lamb, Lions and Bucks do row
Upon the Waters, side by side, suspectlesse.
The Glead and Swallow, labouring long (effect-less)
'Gainst certain death, with wearied wings fall down
(For want of Pearch) and with the rest do drown.

And, for mankinde, imagine some get up
To some high Mountain's over-hanging top;
Some to a Tʼowr, some to a Cedar-tree,
Whence round about a World of deaths they see:
But wheresoever their pale fears aspire
For hope of safety, Th' Ocean surgeth higher;
And still-still mounting as they still do mount,
When they cease mounting, doth them soon surmount.
One therefore ventures on a Plank to row,
One in a Chest, another in a Trough:
Another, yet half-sleeping, scarce perceives
How's bed and breath, the Flood at once bereaves;
Another, lab'ring with his feet and hands,
A-while the fury of the Flood withstands,
(Which by his side hath newly drown'd his Mother,
His Wife, his Son, his Sister, Sire, and Brother):
But tyr'd and spent, weary and wanting strength,
He needs must yeeld (too) to the Seas at length:
All, all must dye then. But [1] th' *imperiall Maids*,
Who wont to use so sundry tools for aids,
In execution of their fatall slaughters,
Had only now the furious foaming Waters.
Safely, the while, the sacred Ship did float
On the proud shoulders of that boundlesse-Moat,
Though Mast-less, Oar-less, and from Harbour far;
For, God was both her Steers-man and her Star.
Thrice fifty dayes that Universall Flood
Wasted the World; which then the Lord thought good
To re-erect, in his Compassion great,
No sooner sounds he to the Seas retreat,
But instantly wave into wave did sink
With sudden speed, all Rivers 'gan to shrink;
T' Ocean retires him to his wonted prison:
The Woods are seen; the Mountain tops are risen
Out of their slimy bed: the Fields increase
And spread apace; so fast the Waters cease.
And, briefly th' only thundring hand of God
Now earth to heav'n, heav'n unto earth re-show'd;
That he again *Panchaian* Fumes might see
Sacred on Altars to his Majesty.
Lord. sith't hath pleas'd thee likewise, in our Age,
To save thy Ship from Tyrants' stormy rage,
Increase *in Number* (Lord) thy little Flock;
But more *in Faith*, to build on Thee, the Rock.

He concludeth with a most godly prayer, accommodated to the state of the Church in our time.

[1] *Parcæ à non parcendo:* The none-sparing Fates, that is to say, Death.

So Morne and Even the Second Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 19, '*Godling*'—curious diminutive for 'little deity.'
,, 22, '*wott*' = know, think.
,, 23, '*fume*' = (incense)-smoke?
,, 57, '*yer*' = ere, as before, *et frequenter*.
,, 72, '*Venice Glass*'—Venice is still renowned for its glass-work. The '*Venice Glass*' was daintily fashioned into flower-forms, on exquisitely delicate stems. Many specimens exist in England. One of our elder Divines—Donne or Fuller if I err not—has a noble passage on the survival of a brittle 'Venice Glass' in contrast with human perishableness and transitoriness. I regret I did not take a note of the place at the moment. Can any Reader help me to it?
,, 89, '*clutted*' = clotted.
,, 95, '*Regiment*' = government, as before, *et frequenter*.
,, 104, '*predomining*' = early form of our 'predominating.'
,, 124, '*inhumane Emperour*'—(mythically) Nero.
,, 132, '*unconcoct*' = unconcocted.
,, 152, '*counterfait*' = counterfeit: '*moe*' = more. For long, a misreading of 'moe' as 'noe' made nonsense of one of George Herbert's deepest poems, 64, Man, l. 8, just as or = our, was misprinted 'or' (see my edn. of Herbert: F. W. Lib. and the recent Aldine).
,, 164, '*remises*' = remits? l. 167, '*leese*' = lose.
,, 175, '*side*' = side-long?
,, 182, '*Cornell*' = cornelian cherry or dogwood.
,, 188, '*Treen*' = trees: as adjective, a 'treen dish' = wooden dish.
,, 192, '*Bucephalus*'—Alexander the Great's famous horse.
,, 224, '*Arcenall*' = arsenal. l. 229, '*Polypes*' = polypi. l. 232, '*habit*' = dress. l. 233, '*novels*' = novelties.
,, 286, '*Seign'ory*' = seignory or lordship.
,, 298, '*abid*' = abode (by stress of rhyme with 'slid').
,, 307, '*fume*' = smoke, *i.e.* ascend in smoke-like mists or vapours.
,, 317, '*brall*' = brawl.
,, 318, '*discreated*' = reduced to chaos.
,, 330, '*togethers*' = together (again stress of rhyme with 'tethers').
,, 339, '*Round*' = dance so called.
,, 340, '*Bag-pipe's sound.*' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.* on this.
,, 355, '*digest*' = arrange. But cf. different and ordinary sense in line 486.
,, 374, '*durt*' = dirt—common contemporary spelling.
,, 380, '*tralucing*' = translucent, as before.
,, 383, '*Trines*' = trinities.
,, 390, '*With-childes.*' See Glossarial Index *s.v.* on this singular compound verb.
,, 399, '*Cirque*' = open area or space enwalled = circus or circles?
,, 402, '*enter-blinning*' = early form of our 'interblending?' l. 403, '*rowling*' = rolling.
,, 411, '*Minion*' = companion or friend — since deteriorated.
,, 412, '*imp*' = add as by a 'graft' in a tree, or feather inserted in a wing: *ibid.* '*farcels*' = parcels? See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 414, '*Welkin*' = sky.
,, 432, '*rosiall.*' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 440, '*soultry*' = sultry. Cf. line 638.
,, 444, '*But and White*': '*But*' = butt or target: '*White*' = centre of target.
,, 446, '*sieling*' = ceiling: *ibid.* '*flagrant*' = flaming, flushing.

Line 454, '*inns*' = lodges (as in an inn)—'inhabits' shortened?
,, 464, '*yerst*' = erst, as '*yer*' before.
,, 466, '*bats*' = used in game of cricket, etc.
,, 475, '*Antiperistasis.*' See Glossarial Index *s.v.* on this, with other examples.
,, 486, '*digest.*' See on line 355.
,, 492, '*bi-front*' = two-fronted or faced.
,, 519, '*cold-lymed*' = limed, as twigs 'lymed' to catch birds, etc.
,, 534, '*Joustling*' = justling. l. 553, '*fuming*' = foaming? l. 554, '*Fat*' = vat. l. 576, '*armor*' = antlers.
,, 581, '*proin*' = prune—as birds dress their feathers.
,, 588, '*Cirques.*' See line 399.
,, 589, '*fuming*' = flaming? *ib.* '*raught*' = reached.
,, 594, '*Holp*' = holpen or helped.
,, 607, '*brall*' = brawl, as before, *et frequenter*.
,, 609, '*stound*' = an instant or briefest time. See Glossarial Index *s.v.* for other examples.
,, 628, '*Eld*' = old age.
,, 644, '*Cods*' = husks or covering, *e.g.* peacods: *ib.* '*Poulse*' = pulse.
,, 646, '*addrest*' = dressed up, rigging, sails, all in order or ready. l. 649, '*flowry*' = floury.
,, 654, '*apt tinding*' = apt-kindling, *ib.* '*fume*' = smoke. l. 670, '*unlight*' = unlit.
,, 682, '*Threatens.*' See Memorial-Introduction for parallels. l. 685, '*Heard-men*' = herdmen. l. 690, '*Loosing*' = losing. l. 700, '*Leaguer*' = camp (or plain?)
,, 602, '*Spet-at*' = spat at — contemporary spelling. see line 853.
,, 706, '*ramping*' = rearing—heraldic term like 'rampant.' l. 734, '*includes*' = encloses.
,, 776, '*mells*' = mingles (= melts?)
,, 781, '*sieling*' = ceiling, as before, *et frequenter*.
,, 789, '*Welkin.*' See line 414.
,, 792, '*retrive*' = retrieve—an ancient sporting term for 'recovering' of game sprung.
,, 797, '*Cope*' = covering, *i.e.* the sky.
,, 831, '*Carinthia.*' On these and succeeding 'Wonders' see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 893, '*stur*' = stir—contemporary spelling, as 'durt' for 'dirt,' and by stress of rhyme with 'spur.'
,, 894, '*restiff*' = restive. l. 905, '*boots*' = matters.
,, 932, '*prevent*' = anticipate.
,, 938, '*Hypocrism*' = hypocrisy—by stress of rhyme with 'Atheism.'
,, 940, '*steeples.*' The 'steeple' was a special and very awful offence with the Quakers—how does not distinctly appear.
,, 949, '*huff'd*' = bullying.
,, 972, '*Erring*' = wandering: *ib.* '*bin*' = be (stress of rhyme with 'kin').
,, 974, '*disseysin*' = put out of possession: '*seisin*,' a Law term. l. 1114, '*bout*' = set-to.
,, 1144, '*gate*' = gait.
,, 1161, '*enbow'd*' = bowed down.
,, 1169, '*Bay'd-up*' = an architectural term: 'bay' is a chief division in wall-work of a building, applied to buttresses, vaulting-ribs, etc.—here = built-up?
,, 1196, '*siel'd*' = cieled or ceilinged.
,, 1218, '*wattled*' = intertwined—as willow wands in a hurdle or basket-work.
,, 1228, '*cope.*' See line 797.
,, 1243, '*Manat*' = manatin or sea-cow. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 1247, '*boots.*' See line 925.
,, 1251, '*fell*' = wise (*Scotice* still).
,, 1256, '*Glead*' = gled or kite.—G.

THE THIRD DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sea, and Earth: their various Equipage:
Sever'd apart: Bounds of the Ocean's rage:
'T' imbraceth Earth: it doth all Waters owe:
Why it is salt: How it doth Ebb and Flow:
Rare Streams and Fountaines of strange operation:
Earth's firmenesse, greatnesse, goodnesse: sharpe taxation
Of Bribes, Ambition, Treason, Avarice:
Trees, Shrubs, and Plants: Mines, Metals, Gemms of price:
Right use of Gold: the Load-stone's rare effects:
The Countrey-life preferr'd in all respects.

From the Heaven and Regions of the Air, the Poet descendeth to the Earth and Sea.

MY sacred Muse, that lately soarèd high,
Among the glistring Circles of the Sky,
(Whose various dance, which the first Mover drives
Harmoniously, this Universe revives)
Commanding all the Winds and sulph'ry Storms,
The lightning Flashes, and the hideous Forms
Seen in the Aire; with language meetly brave
Whilom discours'd upon a Theme so grave:
But, *This-Day*, flagging lowly by the *Ground*,
Shee seems constrain'd to keep a lowly sound;
Or if, sometimes, she somewhat raise her voice,
The sound is drown'd with the rough Ocean's noyse.

He calleth upon the true God to be assisted in the description of these two Elements, and the things therein.

O King of grassie, and of glassie Plains,
Whose pow'rful breath (at thy dread wil) constrains
The deep Foundations of the Hils to shake,
And Seas' salt billows 'gainst Heav'n's vaults to rake:
Grant me, *To-Day*, with skilfull Instruments
To bound aright these two rich Elements:
In learnèd Numbers teach me sing the Natures
Of the firm Earth, and of the floating Waters;
And with a flowring stile the Flowrs to limn,
Whose colours now shall paint the Fields so trim.

All those steep Mountains, whose high hornèd tops
The misty cloak of wandring Clouds enwraps,
Under first Waters their crump shoulders hid,
And all the Earth as a dull Pond abid,
Untill th' All-Monarch's bounteous Majesty
(Willing t' enfeoff man this World's Empery)
Commanding *Neptune* straight to marshall forth
His Floods a-part, and to unfold the Earth;
And, in his Waters, now contented rest,
T' have all the World, for one whole day, possest.

God in this third Day gathers together the Waters, and separates them from the Earth.

As when the muffléd Heav'ns have wept amain,
And foaming streams assembling on the Plain,
Turn'd Fields to Floods; soon as the showrs do cease,
With unseen speed the Deluge doth decrease,
Sups up itselfe, in hollow sponges sinks,
And 's ample arms in straiter Channell shrinks:
Ev'n so the Sea, to 'tself itself betook,
Mount after Mount, Field after Field forsook;
And suddenly, in smaller Cask did tun
Her Waters, that from every side did run:
Whether th' imperfect Light did first exhale
Much of that primer humor, wherewithall
God, on the *Second-Day*, might frame and found
The Chrystal Spheres that he hath spread so round:
Whether th' Almighty did new place provide
To lodge the Waters: whether op'ning wide
Th' Earth's hollow pores it pleas'd him to conveigh
Deep under ground some Arms of such a Sea:
Or whether, pressing water's gloomy Globe,
That cov'red all (as with a cloudy Robe)
He them impris'ned in those bounds of brasse,
Which (to this day) the Ocean dares not passe
Without his licence. For, th' Eternall, knowing
The Sea's commotive and inconstant flowing,
Thus curbèd her; and 'gainst her envious rage,
For-ever fenc'd our Flowry-mantled Stage:

By an apt comparison hee sheweth how the Water withdrew from off the Earth.

Of the lodging and bed of the Sea.

The Sea kept within her bounds

by the Almighty power of God.

So that we often see those rowling Hils,
With roaring noyse threatning the neighbour Fields,
Through their own spite to split upon the shore,
Foaming for fury that they dare no more.
For, what could not that great, high Admirall
Work in the Waves, sith, at his Servant's call,
His dreadfull voice (to save his ancient Sheep)
Did cleave the bottom of th' *Erithræan* Deep?
Exod. 14. 11. Josh. 3. 16. Gen. 7. 21. Exod. 17. 6.
And toward the Crystall of his double source
Compellèd *Jordan* to retreat his course?
Drown'd with a *Deluge* the rebellious World?
And from dry Rocks abundant Rivers purld?
Lo, thus the weighty Water did ere-while
With winding turns make all this World an Ile.
A fit Simile shewing the winding turns of the Sea about the Earth.
For, like as moulten Lead being pourèd forth
Upon a levell plat of sand or earth,
In many fashions mazeth to and fro;
Runs here direct, there crookedly doth go,
Here doth divide itselfe, there meets again;
And the hot Riv'let of the liquid vain,
On the smooth table crawling like a Worm,
Almost (in th' instant) ev'ry form doth form:
God pour'd the Waters on the fruitfull Ground
In sundry figures; some in fashion round,
Som square, som cross, som long, som lozenge-wise,
Some triangles, som large, som lesser size
Amid the Floods (by this fair difference)
To give the World more wealth and excellence.
Such is the *German* Sea, such *Persian* Sine,
Such th' *Indian* Gulf, and such th' *Arabian* Brine,
And such Our Sea: whose divers-branch'd [1]retortions,
Divide the World in three unequall portions.
The arms of the Sea distinguished into smaller members, with commodities and use thereof.
And, though each of these Arms (how large soever)
To the great Ocean seems a little River:
Each makes an hundred sundry Seas besides
(Not sundry 'n Waters, but in Names and Tides)
To moisten kindly, by their secret Veins,
The thirsty thicknesse of the neighbour Plains:
To bulwark Nations, and to serve for fences
Against th' invasion of Ambitious Princes:
To bound large Kingdomes with eternall limits:
To further traffick through all Earthly Climates:
T' abridge long Journies; and with aide of Winde
Within a Month to visit either *Inde*.
A Catalogue of most of the most famous Rivers in the World.
But, th' Earth not only th' Ocean's debter is
For these large Seas; but owes him *Tanäis*,
Nile (*Ægypt's* treasure) and his neighbour stream
That in the Desart (through his haste extream)
Loseth himselfe so oft; swift *Euphrates;*
And th' other proud Son of cold *Niphates:*
Fair spacious *Ganges*, and his famous Brother,
That lends his name unto their noble Mother:
Gold-sanded *Tagus*, *Rhyne*, *Rhone*, *Volga*, *Tiber*,
Danubius, *Albis*, *Po*, *Sein*, *Arne*, and *Iber;*
The *Darian Plate*, and *Amasonian* River
(Where SPAIN's Gold-thirsty Locusts coole their liver):

[1] Windings.

Our silver Medway (*which doth deep indent*
The Flowrie Meadowes of My native KENT;
Still sadly weeping (*under* Pensherst *Walls*)
Th' Arcadian Cygnet's *bleeding* Funeralls)
Our Thames *and* Tweed, *our* Severn, Trent *and* Humber,
And many moe, too infinite to number.
Of him she also holds her silver Springs,
And all her hidden Crystall Riverlings:
And after (greatly) in two sorts repayes
Th' humour she borrows by two sundry wayes.
For, like as in a Limbeck, th' heat of Fire
Raiseth a Vapour, which still mounting higher
To the Still's top; when th' odoriferous sweat
Above that Miter can no further get,
It softly thickning, falleth drop by drop,
And, clèer as Crystall, in the glasse doth hop;
The purest humour in the Sea, the Sun
Exhales in th' Aire: which there resolv'd, anon,
Returns to Water; and descends again,
By sundry wayes, unto his Mother Main.
Fountaines, Springs and Rivers welling out of the Earth
A Simile shewing how the waters of the Earth are exhaled by the Sun, and then poured into the Sea.
For, the dry Earth, having these waters (first)
Through the wide sieve of her void entrails sierst;
Giving more room, at length from rocky mountains
She, night and day pours forth a thousand fountains:
These fountaines make fresh brooks, with murm'ring currents;
How the Fountains come to break forth of the earth.
These murm'ring Brooks, the swift and violent Torrents;
These violent torrents, mighty Rivers; these,
These Rivers, make the vast, deep, dreadfull Seas.
And all the highest Heav'n-approaching Rocks
Contribute hither with their snowie locks:
For, soon as *Titan*,—having run his Ring,
To th' ycie Climates—bringeth back the Spring;
On their rough backs he melts the hoary heaps,
Their tops grow green; and down the water leaps
On every side; it foams, it roares, it rushes,
And through the steep and stony hils it gushes,
Making a thousand brooks; whereof, when one
Perceives his fellow striving to be gone,
Hasting his course, he him accompanies;
After, another and another hies,
All in one race; joint-losing all of them
Their Names and Waters in a greater Stream:
And he that robs them, shortly doth deliver
Himselfe and his into a larger River;
And that, at length, however great and large,
(Lord of the Plain) doth in some Gulf discharge
His parent-Tribute to *Oceanus*,
According to th' Eternall *Rendez-vous*.
The increasing of Brooks and Rivers, and of their falling into the Sea.
Yet, notwithstanding, all these Streams that enter
In the Main Sea, do nought at all augment her:
For that, besides that all these Floods in one,
Match'd with great *Neptune*, seem as much as none;
The Sun (as erst I said) and Windes withall,
Sweeping the sur-face of the Brinie-Ball,
Extract as much still of her humours thin,
As weeping Aire, and welling Earth pours in.
Why the Sea receiveth no increase of all the Waters that fall therein.

But, as the sweltring heat, and shiv'ring cold,
Gnashing and sweat, that th' Ague-sick do hold,
Come not at hazzard, but in time and order
Afflict the body with their fell disorder :
The Sea hath fits,[1] alternate course she keeps,
From Deep to Shore, and from the Shore to Deeps.
Whether it were, that at the first, the Ocean
From God's owne hand receiv'd this double motion,
Simile. By means whereof, it never resteth stound,
But (as a turning Whirli-gig goes round)
Whirls of itselfe, and good-while after takes
Strength of the strength which the first motion makes :
Whether the Sea, which we *Atlantick* call,
Be but a piece of the *Grand Sea* of all ;
And that his Floods, entring the ample Bed
Of the deep Main (with fury hurried
Against the Rocks) repulsèd with disdain,
Be thence compellèd to turn back again :
Or whether *Cynthia*, that with changefull laws
Commands moist bodies, doth this motion cause :
Proof of the third cause : viz. that the waxing and waning of the Moon, causeth the flowing and ebbing of the Sea. As on our Shore, we see the Sea to rise
Soon as the Moon begins to mount our Skies.
And when, through Heav'n's Vault vailing toward *Spain*,
The Moone descendeth, then it Ebbs again.
Again, so soon as her inconstant Crown
Begins to shine on th' other *Horizon*,
It flows again : and then again it falls
When she doth light th' other *Meridionals*.
We see moreover, that th' *Atlantick* Seas
Doe Flow far farther than the *Genoese*,
Or both the *Bosphor's ;* and that *Lakes*, which growe
Out of the Sea, do neither Ebb nor Flowe :
Because (they say) the silver-fronted Star,
That swells and shrinks the Seas (as pleaseth her)
Pours with less pow'r her plenteous influence
Upon these straight and narrow-streamèd Fennes,
And In-land Seas, which many a Mount immounds,
Then on an Ocean vast and void of bounds :
Even as in Summer, her great brother's Ey,
When Winds be silent, doth more eas'ly dry
Wide-spreading Plains, open and spacious Fields,
Why the tide is not so well perceived at sea as by the shore. Then narrow Vales vaulted about with Hils.
If we perceive not in the *Deep*, so well
As by the Shore, when it doth shrinke and swell ;
The cause of the saltness of the Sea. Our sprightfull Pulse the Tide doth well resemble,
Whose out-side seems more then the midst to tremble.
Nor is the glorious Prince of Stars less mighty
Then his pale Sister, on vast *Amphitrité*.
For, *Phœbus*, boyling with his lightsom Heat
The Fish-full Waves of *Neptune's* Royall Seat,
And supping up still (with his thirsty Rayes)
All the fresh humour in the floating Seas,
In *Thetis'* large Cels leaveth nought behind,
Save liquid Salt, and a thick bitter Brine.
But see (the while) see how the Sea (I pray)
Through thousand Seas hath carried me away,

[1] Of the Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea : and sundry causes thereof.

In feare t' have drown'd my selfe and Readers so,
The Floods so made my words to over-flowe.
Therefore a-shore ; and on the tender Lee
Of Lakes, and Pools, Rivers, and Springs, let 's see
Of waters separated from the Sea. The Soverain vertues of their severall Waters,
Their strange effects, and admirable natures,
That with incredible rare force of theirs,
Confound our wits, ravish our eyes and ears.
Th' *Hammonian* Fount, while *Phœbus'* Torch is light,
Wonderfull effects of divers Fountains. Is cold as Yce ; and (opposite) all night
(Though the cold Crescent shine thereon) is hot,
And boiles and bubbles like a seething pot.
They say (forsooth) the River *Silarus*,
And such another, call'd *Eurimenus*,
Convert the boughs, the barke, the leaves, and all,
To very stone that in their Waters fall.
O ! Should I blanch the *Jewes'* religious River,
Which every *Sabbath* dries his Channell over ;
Keeping his Waves from working on that Day
Which God ordain'd a sacred Rest for ay ?
If neere unto the *Eleusinian* Spring,
Som sport-full Jig som wanton Shepheard sing,
The Ravisht Fountaine falls to daunce and bound,
Keeping true Cadence to his rustick sound.
Cerona, *Xanth*, and *Cephisus*, doe make
The thirsty-Flocks that of their Waters take,
Black, red, and white : And, neer the crimsin Deep,
Th' *Arabian* Fountain maketh crimsin Sheep :
Salonian Fountain, and thou *Andrian* Spring,
Out of what Cellers do you daily bring
The Oyle and Wine that you abound with, so ?
O Earth ! Do these within thine entrals grow ?
What ? be there Vines and Orchards under ground ?
Is *Bacchus'* Trade, and *Pallas'* Art there found ?
What should I of th' *Illirian* Fountain tell ?
What shall I say of the *Dodónian* Well ?
Whereof, the first sets any cloathes on-fire ;
Th' other doth quench (Who but will this admire ?)
A burning Torch ; and when the same is quenched,
Lights it again, if it again be drenched.
Sure, in the *Legend* of absurdest Fables
I should enroll most of these admirables ;
Save for the reverence of th' unstainèd credit
Of many a Witnes where I yerst have read it :
And saving that our gain-spurr'd Pilots finde,
In our dayes, Waters of more wondrous kinde.
Of all the Sources infinite to count,
A continuation of the admirable effects of certaine Waters. Which to an ample Volume would amount,
Far hence on Forein unfrequented Coast,
I'le onely chuse som five or six at most,
Strange to report, perhaps beleev'd of few ;
And yet no more incredible then true.
In th' *Ile of Iron* (one of those same Seav'n
Whereto our Elders[1] *Happy* name had giv'n)
The Savage people never drinke the streams
Of Wells and Rivers (as in other Realms)
Their drink is in the Aire ; their gushing spring
A weeping Tree out of itselfe doth wring :

[1] Insulæ Fortunatæ.

A Tree, whose tender-bearded Root being spred
In dryest sand, his sweating Leafe doth shed
A most sweet liquor ; and (like as the Vine
Untimely cut, weeps (at her wound) her Wine,
In pearlèd tears) incessantly distills
A Crystall stream, which all their Cisterns fills,
Through all the Iland : for, all hither hy ;
And all their vessels cannot draw it dry.
In frosty *Islands* are two Fountains strange :
Th' one flowes with Wax ; the other stream doth change
All into Iron ; yet with scalding steam
In thousand bubbles belcheth up her stream.
In golden *Perù*, neere Saint *Helen's* Mount,
A stream of Pitch coms from a springing Fount.
What more remains? That *New-found World*, besides,
Toward the West many a fair River guides ;
Whose floating Waters (knowing th' use aright
Of Work-fit Day, and Rest-ordainèd Night,
Better then men) run, swiftly, all the Day ;
But rest all Night, and stir not any way.
Great Enginer, Almighty Architect,
I fear, of Envie I should be suspect,
Envie of thy renoum and sacred glory,
If my ungratefull Rimes should blanch the Story
Of Streams, distilling through the Sulphur-Mines,
Through Bitumen, Allom, and Nitre veins ;
Which (perfect Leaches) with their vertues cure
A thousand Griefs we mortals here endure ;
Old in the April of our age therewith,
Whose rigour strives to *ante*-date our death.
Now, as my happy *Gascony* excels,
In Corne, Wine, Warriours, every Country els ;
So doth she also in free *Bathes* abound ;
Where strangers flock from every part around.
The barren womb, the Palsie-shaken wight,
Th' ulcerous, gowtie, deaf, and decrepit,
From East and West arriving, fetch from hence
Their ready help with small or no expence.
Witnes *Ancoxa*, *Caud'rets*, *Aiguescald*,
Barege, *Baigners : Baigners*, the pride of all,
The pride, the praise, the onely Paradise
Of all those Mountaines mounting to the Skies,
Where yerst the *Gaulian Hercules* begot
(Wanton *Alcmena's* Bastard, meane I not)
On faire *Pirene* (as the fame doth go)
The famous Father of the *Gascons ;* who
By noble deeds do worthily averr
Their true discent from such an Ancester.
On th' one side, Hils hoar'd with eternall Snowes,
And craggy Rocks *Baigneres* doe inclose :
The other side is sweetly compast-in
With fragrant skirts of an immortall Green,
Whose smiling beauties far excell, in all,
The famous praise of the *Penelan* Vale :
There's not a House, but seemeth to be new ;
Th' even-slated Roofs reflect with glistering blew.
To keep the pavement ever cleane and sweet,
A Crystall River runs through every Street,

Of Baths and Medicinable Waters.

Of the excellent Bathes in Gascony.

Whose Silver stream, as cold as Yce, doth slide
But little off the *Phrysick* Water's side ;
Yet keeps his nature, and disdaines, a jot
To intermix his cold with th' other's hot.
But all these wonders, that adorn my Verse,
Yet come not neer unto the wondrous *Lers*.
If it be true, that the *Stagyrian* Sage,
(With shame confus'd, and driv'n with desperate rage)
Because his reason could not reach the knowing
Of *Euripus* his seav'n-fold Ebbing-flowing,
Leapt in the same, and there his life did end,
Compris'd in that he could not comprehend :
What had he done, had he beheld the Fountain,
Which springs at *B'lestat*, neere the famous Mountain
Of *Foix ?* whose floods, bathing *Maserian* Plains,
Furnish with wood the wealthy *Tholousains*.
As oft as *Phœbus* (in a complete Race)
On both th' *Horizons* shewes his radiant Face,
This wondrous Brook (for four whole months) doth Flow,
Four-times-six-times, and Ebbs as oft as low :
For halfe an houre may dry-shod passe that list ;
The next halfe houre, may none his course resist :
Whose foaming stream strives proudly to compare
(Even in the birth) with Fame-full'st Floods that are.
O learned (Nature-taught) *Arithmetician !*
Clock-less, so just to measure *Time's* partition.
And little LAMBE'S-BOURN, *though thou match not* Lers,
Nor had'st the Honour of DUBARTAS' *Verse ;*
If mine *have any*, Thou *must needs partake*
Both for thine Owne, *and for thine* Owner's *sake ;*
Whose kind Excesses *Thee so* neerly *touch*,
That Yeerely *for them thou doost* weepe *so much*,
All Summer-long (*while all thy Sisters shrinke*)
That of thy teares *a million daily drinke ;*
Besides thy waste, which then in haste doth run
To wash the feet of CHAUCER'S Donnington :
But (*while the rest are full unto the top*)
All Winter-long, *Thou never* show'st *a drop*,
Nor send'st a doit *of need-less Subsidie*,
To Cramm the Kennet's *Want-less Treasurie*,
Before her Store be spent, and springs be staid :
Then, then alone Thou lend'st a liberall Aid ;
Teaching thy wealthy Neighbours (*Mine of late*)
How, When, and Where to right-participate
Their streams of Comfort, to the poore that pine,
And not to greas still the too-greasy Swine :
Neither for fame, nor forme (*when others doo*)
To give a Morsel, or a mite or two ;
But severally, and of a selfly motion,
When others miss, to give the most devotion.
Most wisely did th' eternall All-Creator
Dispose these Elements of Earth and Water :
For, sith th' one could not without drink subsist,
Nor th' other without stay, bottom and list ;
God intermixt them so, that th' Earth her brest
Op'ning to the Ocean, th' Ocean winding prest
About the Earth, a-thwart, and under it :
For, the World's Center, both together fit.

Of the most wonderfull Fountaine of Belestat.

The intermedling of the Earth and Sea, and of the commodities thence arising, and contrariwise of the confusion that would follow, if they were separated.

For, if their mixt Globe held not certainly
Just the just midd'st of the World's Axle-tree,
All Climats then should not be serv'd aright
With equall Counterpoiz of day and night:
The *Horison's* il-levell'd circle wide,
Would fag too-much on th' one, or th' other side:
Th' *Antipodes*, or wee, at once should take
View of more *Signes* then halfe the *Zodiack:*
The Moon's Eclipses would not then be certain,
And settled Seasons would be then uncertain.

The Masse of the Earth and Water together make a perfect Globe.

This also serveth for probation sound,
That th' Earth and Water's mingled Mass is Round,
Round as a Ball; seeing on every side
The Day and Night successively to slide.
Yea, though *Vespusio* (famous *Florentine*)
Marke Pole, and *Columb*, brave *Italian* Trine,
Our (*Spain's Dread*) *Drake*, *Candish*, *and Cumberland*,
Most valiant Earle, *most worthy High Command*,
And thousand gallant modern *Typheis* else,
Had never brought the *North-Pole's* Parallels
Under the *South;* and, sayling still about,
So many *New-worlds* under us found out.
Nay, never could they th' *Articke* Pole have lost,
Nor found th' *Antartick*, if in every coast
Seas' liquid Glass round-bow'd not every where,
With sister Earth, to make a perfect Sphear.

How it commeth to passe that the Sea is not flat nor levell; but rising round and bowed about the Earth.

But, perfect Artist, with what Arches strong,
Props, Staies, and Pillars, hast thou stay'd so long
This hanging, thin, sad, slippery Water-Ball
From falling out, and over-whelming all?
May it not be (good Lord) because the Water
To the World's Center tendeth still by nature;
And toward the bottom of this bottom bound,
Willing to fall, doth yet remain still round?
Or may 't not be, because the surly Banks
Keep Waters captive in their hollow flanks?
Or that our Seas be buttrest (as it were)
With thousand Rocks dispersèd here and there?
Or rather, Lord, is 't not Thine onely Powr
That bows it round about Earth's branchy Bowr?

The second part of this third Book intreating of the Element of Earth, and first of the firmness thereof.

Doubtless (great God) 'tis doubtless thine owne hand
Wheron this Mansion of *Mankind* doth stand;
For, though it hang in th' Aire, swim in the Water,
Though every way it be a round Theater,
Though All turn round about it, though for ay
Itselfe's Foundations with swift motions play,
It rests un-moveable, that th' Holy Race
Of *Adam* there may find fit dwelling place.

Earth is the Mother, Nurse, and Hostesse of Mankind.

The Earth receives man when he first is born:
Th' Earth nurses him; and when he is forlorn
Of th' other Elements, and Nature loaths-him,
Th' Earth in her bosom with kind buriall cloaths-him.
Oft hath the Aire with Tempest set-upon-us,
Oft hath the Water with her Floods undon-us,
Oft hath the Fire (th' upper as well as ours)
With wofull flames consum'd our Towns and Towrs:
Onely the Earth, of all the Elements,
Unto Mankind is kind without offence:
Onely the Earth did never jot displace
From the first seat assign'd it by thy grace.

Of Earthquakes, and of the opening of the Earth.

Yet true it is (good Lord) that mov'd somtimes
With wicked peoples execrable crimes,
The wrathfull power of thy right hand doth make,
Not all the Earth, but part of it to quake,
With ayd of Windes: which (as imprisoned deep)
In her vast entrails, furious murmurs keep.
Fear chils our hearts (what heart can feare dissemble?)
When steeples stagger, and huge mountains tremble
With wind-less wind, and yawning Hell devours
Somtimes whole Cities with their shining Towrs.

The Globe of the Earth and Sea, is but as a little point in comparison of the great circumference of Heaven.

Sith then, the Earth's and Water's blended Ball
Is center, heart, and navell of this All;
And sith (in reason) that which is included,
Must needs be less then that which doth include it;
'Tis questionless, the Orb of Earth and Water
Is the least Orb in all the All-Theater.
Let any judge, whether this lower Ball
(Whose endless greatness we admire so, all)
Seem not a point compar'd with th' upper Sphear
Whose turning turns the rest in their Career;

Sith by the Doctrines of Astronomers, the least Starre in the firmament is 18 times bigger then all the Earth.

Sith the least Star that we perceive to shine,
Above disperst in th' Arches crystalline
(If, at the least, Star-Clarks be credit worth)
Is eighteene times bigger then all the Earth:
Whence, if we but subtract what is possest
(From North to South, and from the East to West)
Under the Empire of the Ocean
Atlantike, *Indian*, and *American;*
And thousand huge Arms issuing out of these,
With infinites of other Lakes and Seas:
And also what the two *intemperate Zones*
Doe make unfit for habitations;
What will remaine? Ah! nothing (in respect):
Lo here, O men! Lo wherefore you neglect
Heav'n's glorious Kingdom: Lo the largest scope
Glory can give to your ambitious hope!

By consideration whereof, the Poet taketh occasion to censure sharply the Ambition, Bribery, Usury, Extortion, Deceipt, and generall Covetousness of Mankind.

O Princes (subjects unto pride and pleasure)
Who (to enlarge, but a hair's-breadth, the measure
Of your Dominions) breaking Oaths of Peace,
Cover the Fields with bloudy Carkases!
O Magistrates, who (to content the Great)
Make sale of *Justice*, on your sacred Seat!
And, breaking Laws for Bribes, profane your Place,
To leave a Leek to your unthankfull Race!
You strict Extorters, that the poor oppress,
And wrong the Widdow and the Father-less,
To leave your Off-spring rich (of others' good)
In Houses built of Rapine and of Blood)
You City-Vipers, that (incestious) joyn
Use upon use, begetting Coyn of Coyn!
You Marchant Mercers, and Monopolites,
Gain-greedy Chap-men, perjur'd Hypocrites,
Dissembling Broakers, made of all deceipts,
Who falsifie your Measures and your Weights
'T inrich your selves, and your unthrifty Sons
To Gentilize with proud possessions!

You that for gaine betray your gracious Prince,
Your native Country, or your deerest Friends!
You that to get you but an inch of ground,
With cursèd hands, remove your neighbour's bound,
(The ancient bounds your Ancestors have set)
What gaine you all? alas! what do you get?
Yea, though a King by wile or war had won
All the round Earth to his subjection;
Lo here the Guerdon of his glorious pains,
A needle's point, a Mote, a Mite he gains,
A Nit, a Nothing (did he All possess);
Or if then Nothing any thing be less.

God having discovered the Earth, commands it to bring forth every green thing, herbs, trees, flowers, and fruits.

When God, whose words more in a moment can,
Then in an Age the proudest strength of Man,
Had severèd the Floods, levell'd the Fields,
Embas't the Valleys, and Embost the Hils;
Change, change (quoth he) O fair and firmest Globe,
Thy mourning weed, to a green gallant Robe;
Cheer thy sad brows, and stately garnish them
With a rich, fragrant, flowry Diadem;
Lay forth thy locks and paint thee (*Lady-like*)
With freshest colours on thy sallow cheek.
And let from henceforth thy abundant brests
Not onely Nurse thy own Womb's native guests,
But frankly furnish with fit nourishments
The future folk of th' other Elements;
That Aire, and Water, and the Angels' Court,
May all seem jealous of thy praise and port.

Of trees growing in Mountains and in Valleys.

No sooner spoken, but the lofty *Pine*
Distilling-pitch, the *Larch* yeeld-Turpentine,
Th' ever-green *Box*, and gummy *Cedar*, sprout,
And th' Airy Mountains mantle round about:
The Mast-full *Oke*, the use-full *Ash*, the *Holm*,
Coat-changing *Cork*, white *Maple*, shady *Elm*,
Through Hill and Plain rangèd their plumèd Ranks.
The winding Rivers bordered all their banks
With slice-Sea *Aldars*, and green *Osiars* small,
With trembling *Poplars*, and with *Willows* pale,
And many trees beside, fit to be made
Fewell, or Timber, or to serve for Shade.

Of Fruit-trees.

The dainty *Apricock* (of Plums the Prince)
The velvet *Peach*, gilt *Orenge*, downy *Quince*,
All-ready beare grav'n in their tender barks,
God's powerfull providence in open marks.
The sent-sweet *Apple*, and astringent *Pear*,
The *Cherry*, *Filberd*, *Wal-nut*, *Meddeler*,
The milky *Fig*, the *Damson* black and white,
The *Date*, and *Olive*, ayding appetite,
Spread every-where a most delightfull spring,
And every-where a very *Eden* bring.

Of Shrubs.

Here, the fine *Pepper*, as in clusters hung:
There *Cinamon*, and other *Spices*, sprung.
Here, dangled *Nutmegs*, that for thrifty pains
Yearly repay the *Bandans* wondrous gains;
There growes (th' *Hesperian* Plant) the precious Reed
Whence *Sugar* sirrops in abundance bleed;
There weeps the *Balm*, and famous Trees from whence
Th' *Arabians* fetch perfuming *Frankinsence*.

Of the Vines, and the excellent use of Wine temperately taken.

There, th' amorous *Vine* calls in a thousand sorts
(With winding arms) her Spouse that her supports:
The Vine, as far inferiour to the rest
In beauty, as in bounty past the best:
Whose sacred liquor, temperately ta'en,
Revives the spirits, and purifies the brain;
Cheers the sad heart, increaseth kindly heat,
Purgeth gross bloud, and doth the pure beget;
Strengthens the stomack, and the colour mends,
Sharpens the Wit and doth the bladder cleanse;
Opens obstructions, excrements expels,
And easeth us of many Languors els.

He preventeth an objection, and sheweth that notwithstanding man's fall, the Earth yeeldeth us matter enough to praise and magnifie her Maker. Simile.

And though through Sin (wherby from Heav'nly state
Our Parents barr'd us) th' Earth degenerate
From her first beauty, bearing still upon her
Eternall Scarrs of her fond Lord's dishonour:
Though, with the World's age, her weak age decay,
Though she becom less fruitfull every day
(Much like a Woman with oft-teeming worn;
Who, with the Babes of her own body born,
Having almost stor'd a whole Towne with people,
At length becomes barren, and faint, and feeble)
Yet doth shee yeeld matter enough to sing
And praise the Maker of so rich a Thing.

Of Flowers.

Never mine eyes in pleasant Springs behold
The Azure *Flax*, the gilden *Marigold*,
The *Violet's* purple, the sweet *Rose's* stammell,
The *Lillie's* snowe, and *Pansey's* various ammell;
But that (in them) the Painter I admire,
Who in more Colours doth the Fields attire,
Then fresh *Aurora's* rosie cheeks display,
When in the East she Ushers a fair day:
Or *Iris* Bowe, which, bended in the Sky,
Boades fruitfull dews when as the Fields be dry.

An addition by the Translator, of the rare Sun-loving Lotos.

Here (*deer* S. BARTAS) *give thy Servant leave*
In thy rich Garland one rare Flower *to weave,*
Whose wondrous nature had more worthy been
Of thy divine immortalising Pen:
But, from thy sight, when SEIN *did swell with bloud,*
It sunk (*perhaps*) *under the Crimsin Flood*
(*When Beldam* Medices, Valois, *and* Guise,
Stain'd Hymen's *Robe with* Heathen *cruelties*)
Because the Sun, to shun so vile a view,
His Chamber kept, and wept with Bartholmew.
For so, so soon as in the Western Seas
Apollo *sinks, in silver* Euphrates
The Lotos *dives, deeper and deeper ay*
Till mid-night: then, remounteth toward Day:
But not above the Water, till the Sun
Doth re-ascend above the Horizon.
So ever true to Titan's *radiant Flame,*
That (*Rise he, Fall he*) *it is* Still the same.

Semper eadem:

A Reall Emblem of her Royall Honour
That worthily did take that Word *upon her;*
Sacred ELIZA, *that ensw'd no less*
Th' eternall Sun of Peace and Righteousness;
Whose lively lamp (*what ever did betide-her*)
In either Fortune was her onely Guider.

For in her Father's and her Brother's Dayes,
Fair rose this Rose *with truth's new-springing raies:*
And when again the Gospel's *glorious Light*
Set in her Sister's superstitious Night,
She sunk withall under affliction's streams
(*As sinks my* Lotos *with* Sol's *setting beams*):
But, after Night, when Light again appear'd,
There-with, again her Royall Crown she rear'd;
And in an Ile amid the Ocean set
(*Maugre the* Deluge *that* Rome's *Dragon spet,*
With spightfull storms striving to over-flowe her,
And Spain *conspiring jointly t' over-throwe-her*)
Her Maiden *Flowr flourisht above the Water;*
For, still Heav'ns Sun cherisht his loving Daughter:
Bel fiord' Honor, ch' in Mare'l Mondo ammira,
Al sole sacro, ch' EI BEN T' ALZA E GIRA
(*So, my deer* Wiat, *honouring* Still the same,
In-soul'd an Impress *with her* Anagram):
And last for guerdon of her constant Love,
Rapt her intirely, to himselfe above.
So set our Sun; and yet no Night ensu'd:
So happily the Heav'ns our Light renu'd:
For, in her stead, of the same Stock of Kings
Another Flowr (*or rather Phœnix*) *springs;*
Another like (*or rather* Still the same)
No less in love with that Supernall Flame.
So, to God's glory, and his Churche's good,
Th' honour of England, *and the Royall blood,*
Long happy Monarch may King JAMES *persist;*
And after him, His; Still the same *in Christ.*

Elisabetha Regina. Anagram. *Ei ben t' alza e gira.*

God, not content t' have given these Plants of ours
Precious Perfumes, Fruits, Plenty, pleasant Flowrs,
Infusèd Physick in their leaves and Mores,
To cure our sickness, and to salve our sores:
Else doubt-less (Death assaults so many waies)
Scarce could we live a quarter of our Dayes;
But like the Flax, which flowrs at once and fals,
One Feast would serve our Birth and Burials:
Our Birth our Death, our Cradle (then) our Toomb,
Our tender Spring our Winter would becom.
Good Lord how many gasping soules have scap't
By th' ayd of Hearbs, for whom the Grave hath gap't;
Who, even about to touch the *Stygian* strand,
Have yet beguil'd grim *Pluto's* greedy hand!
Beard-less *Apollo's* beardy[1] Son did once
With juyce of Hearbs rejoyn the scattered bones
Of the chaste[2] Prince, that in th' *Athenian* Court
Preferrèd Death before incestious sport.
So did *Medea*, for her *Jason's* sake,
The frozen limbs of *Æson* youthfull make.
O sacred simples that our life sustain,
And when it flies us, call it back again!
'Tis not alone your Liquor, inly ta'en,
That oft defends us from so many a baen:
But even your savour, yea your neighbour-hood,
For some Diseases is exceeding good;

Of divers Hearbs and Plants, and of their excellent vertues.

Simile.

[1] Æsculapius. [2] Hippolytus.

Working so rare effects, that onely such
As feel, or see them, can beleeve so much.
Blew *Succ'rie*, hangèd on the naked neck,
Dispels the Dimness that our sight doth check.
Swines-bread, so usèd, doth not onely speed
A tardy Labour; but (without great heed)
If over it a Child-great Woman stride,
Instant abortion often doth betide.
The burning Sun, the banefull Aconite,
The poysonie Serpents that unpeople quite
Cyrenian Desarts, never danger them
That weare about them th' [1] *Artemisian* Stem.
About an Infant's neck hang *Peonie*,
It cures *Alcyde's* cruell maladie.
If fuming boawls of *Bacchus*, in excess,
Trouble thy brains with storms of giddiness,
Put but a garland of green *Saffron* on,
And that mad humour will be quickly gon.
Th' inchanting Charms of *Syren's* blandishments,
Contagious Aire-ingendring Pestilence,
Infect not those that in their mouthes have ta'en
Angelica,—that happy counter-baen,
Sent down from Heav'n by some celestiall scout,
As well the name and nature both avow't.
So *Pimpernell*, held in the Patient's hand,
The bloody-Flix doth presently with-stand:
And ruddy *Madder's* root, long handelèd,
Dies th' handler's urine into perfect red.
O wondrous *Woad!* which touching but the skin,
Imparts his colour to the parts within.
Nor (powerfull Hearbs) do we alonely find
Your vertues working in fraile humane-kind;
But you can force the fiercest Animals,
The fellest Fiends, the firmest Minerals;
Yea, fairest Planets (if Antiquitie
Have not bely'd the Haggs of *Thessalie*)
Onely the touch of *Choak-pard*[2] *Aconite*,
Bereaves the *Scorpion* both of sense and might:
As (opposite) *Helleborus* doth make
His vitall powers from deadly slumber wake.
With *Betonie*, fell Serpents round beset,
Lift up their heads, and fall to hiss and spet.
With spightfull fury in their sparkling eyes,
Breaking all truce, with infinite defies:
Puft up with rage, to 't by the ears they goe,
Baen against baen, plague against plague they throwe;
Charging each other with so fierce a force
(For friends turn'd foes have lightly least remorse)
That wounded all (or rather all a wound)
With poysoned gore they cover all the ground;
And nought can stint their strange intestine strife,
But onely th' end of their detested life.
As *Betonie* breakes friendship's ancient bands,
So *Willo-wort* makes wonted hate shake hands:
For, being fastned to proud Coursers' collers,
That fight and fling, it will abate their cholers.

The vertue of Succory.

Of Swines-bread.

Peonie.

Saffron.

Angelica.

Pimpernell or Burnet.

Madder.

Helleborus.

Betonie.

Willo-wort.

[1] Mugwort. [2] Libbards bane.

Tamarice. Finger-ferne.

The Swine, that feed in Troughes of *Tamarice*,
Consume their spleen. The like effect there is
In *Finger-Ferne;* which, being given to Swine,
It makes their Milt to melt away in fine,
With raggèd tooth choosing the same so right
Of all their Tripes to serve it's appetite.
And Horse, that, feeding on the grassie Hils,
Tread upon *Moon-wort*[1] with their hollow heels;
Though lately shod, at night goe bare-foot home,
Their Master musing where their shooes become.
O *Moon-wort!* tell us where thou hid'st the Smith,
Hammer, and Pincers, thou unshoo'st them with?
Alas! what Lock or Iron Engine is't
That can thy subtle secret strength resist,
Sith the best Farrier cannot set a shoe
So sure, but thou (so shortly) canst undoe?
But, I suppose not that the earth doth yeeld
In Hill or Dale, in Forrest or in Field,
A rarer Plant then *Candian*[2] *Dittanie;*
Which wounded Dear eating, immediately
Not onely cures their wounds exceeding well,
But 'gainst the Shooter doth the shaft repell.

Great variety in colour and form of Plants, and strange contrariety of effects, according to the bodies that they work upon.

Moreover (Lord) is't not a Work of thine
That every where, in every Turfe we find
Such multitude of other Plants to spring,
In form, effect, and colour differing?
And each of them in their due Seasons ta'en,
To one is Physick, to another baen:
Now gentle, sharp anon: now good, then ill:
What cureth now, the same anon doth kill.
Th' Hearb *Sagapen*[3] serves the slowe Asse for meat;
But, kils the Ox, if of the same he eat.
So branchèd *Hemlock*[4] for the Stares is fit;
But, death to man, if he but taste of it.
And *Oleander*[5] unto beasts is poyson;
But, unto man a speciall counter-poyson.
What ranker poyson, what more deadly baen
Then *Aconite*,[6] can there be toucht or ta'en?
And yet his juice best cures the burning bit
Of stinging Serpents, if apply'd to it.
O valiant Venome! O courageous Plant!
Disdainfull poyson! noble combatant!
That scorneth ayd, and loves alone to fight,
That none partake the glory of his might!
For, if he finde our bodies fore-possest
With other poyson, then he lets us rest;
And with his Rivall enters secret Duell,
One to one, strong to strong, cruell to cruell;
Still fighting fierce, and never over-give
Till they both dying, give Man leave to live.
And, to conclude, whether I walke the Fields,
Rush through the Woods, or clamber up the Hils,
I finde God every-where: Thence all depend,
He giveth frankly what we thankly spend.
Here for our food, Millions of flow'ry grains,
With long Mustachoes, wave upon the Plains;

[1] Lunaria. [2] Dictaminum Candiæ. [3] Penelgyant. [4] Hemlock. [5] Rose-bay. [6] Wolfes-bane.

Of Grain, Silke Cotton-Wool (or Bombace) Flax and Hemp, which the Earth produceth.

Here thousand fleeces, fit for Prince's Robes:
In *Stream* Forrests hang in silken Globes:
Here shrubs of *Malta* (for my meaner use)
The fine white bals of *Bombace* do produce:
Here th' azure-flowerèd Flax is finely spun
For finest Linnen, by the *Belgian* Nun:
Here fatall *Hemp*, which *Denmark* doth afford,
Doth furnish us with Canvass, and with Cord,
Cables and Sayles; that, Winds assisting either,
We may acquaint the East and West together,
And dry-foot dance on *Neptune's* Watry Front,
And, in adventure, lead whole Town's upon't.
Here of one grain of *Mais*,[1] a Reed doth spring,
That thrice a year, five hundred grains doth bring;
Which (after) th' *Indian's* parch, and pun, and knead,
And thereof make them a most wholesome bread.
Th' Almighty Voyce, which built this mighty Ball,
Still, still rebounds and ecchoes over all:
That, that alone, yearly the World revives;
Through that alone, all springs, all lives, all thrives:
And that alone makes, that our mealy grain
Our skilfull Seed-man scatters not in vain;
But being coverèd by the tooth-full Harrow,
Or hid awhile under the folded Furrow,
Rots to revive; and, warmly-wet, puts forth
His root beneath, his bud above the Earth;
Enriching shortly with his springing Crop,
The ground with green, the Husbandman with hope:

An exact description of the growing of wheat and other like kinds of graine.

The bud becomes a blade, the blade a reed,
The reed an eare, the eare another seed:
The seed, to shut the wastefull Sparrows out
(In Harvest) hath a stand of Pikes about,
And chaffie Huskes in hollow Cods inclose-it;
Lest heat, wet, wind, should roste, or rot, or lose-it;
And lest the straw should not sustaine the eare,
With knotty joynts 'tis sheathèd here and there.
Pardon me (Reader) if thy ravisht Eyes
Have seen *To-Day* too great varieties
Of Trees, of Flowrs, of Fruits, of Hearbs, of Grains,
In these my Groves, Meads, Orchards, Gardens, Plains;
Sith th' *Ile* of *Zebut's* admirable Tree
Beareth a fruit (call'd *Cocos* commonly)

Of the Indian *Cocos* a most admirable fruit,

The which alone, far richer Wonders yeelds
Then all our groves, meads, orchards, gardens, fields.
What? wouldst thou drink? the wounded leaves drop wine.
Lack'st thou fine linnen? dress the tender rine,
Dress it like Flax, spin it, and weave it well,
It shall thy Cambrick and thy Lawn excell.
Long'st thou for Butter? bite the poulpy part,
And never better came to any Mart.
Needest thou Oyle? then boult it to and fro,
And passing oyle it soon becometh so.
Or Vineger, to whet thine appetite?
Then sun it well, and it will sharpely bite.
Or want'st thou Sugar? steep the same a stound,
And sweeter Sugar is not to be found.

[1] Indian-wheat.

'Tis what you will: or will be what you would:
Should *Mydas* touch't (I think) it would be Gold.
And God (I think) to crown our life with joyes,
The Earth with plenty, and his name with praise,
Had done enough, if he had made no more
But this one Plant so full of wondrous store:
Save that, the World (where one thing breeds satiety)
Could not be fair, without so great variety.
But, th' Earth not onely on her back doth bear
Abundant treasures glistring every where
(*As glorious unthrifts, crost with Parent's Curse,*
Wear golden Garments, but an empty Purse:
Or Venus *Darlings, fair without; within*
Full of Disease, full of Deceipt and Sin:
Or stately Toombs, externly gilt and garnisht;
With dust and bones inwardly fill'd and furnisht)
But inwardly shee's no less fraught with riches,
Nay rather more (which more our soules bewitches).
Within the deep folds of her fruitful lap,
Of the riches under or within the Earth. ↓
So bound-less Mines of treasure doth she wrap,
That th' hungry hands of humane avarice
Cannot exhaust with labour or device.
For, they be more then there be Stars in Heav'n,
Or stormy billowes in the Ocean driv'n,
Or ears of Corn in *Autumn* on the Fields,
Or Savage Beasts upon a thousand Hils,
Or Fishes diving in the silver Floods,
Or scattered Leaves in Winter in the Woods.
Of Minerals.
Slat, *Jet*, and *Marble* shall escape my pen,
I over-pass the Salt-mount *Oromene*,
I blanch the *Brine-Quar* Hill in *Aragon*,
Whence (there) they pouder their provision.
I'le onely now emboss my Book with *Brass*,
Dye't with *Vermillion*, deck't with *Coperass*,
With *Gold* and *Silver*, *Lead*, and *Mercury*,
Tin, *Iron*, *Orpine*, *Stibium*, *Lethargy:*
And on my Gold-work I will onely place
The *Crystall* pure, which doth reflect each face;
The precious *Ruby*, of a Sanguin hew,
Of precious stones.
The Seal-fit *Onyx*, and the *Saphire* blew,
The *Cassidonie*, full of circles round,
The tender *Topaz*, and rich *Diamond*,
The various *Opall*, and green *Emerald*,
The *Agate* by a thousand titles call'd,
The sky-like *Turques*, purple *Amethists*,
And fiery *Carbuncle*, which flames resists.
I know, to Man the Earth seems (altogether)
No more a Mother but a Step-dame rather:
Because (alas!) unto our loss she bears
Blood-shedding *Steel*, and *Gold*, the ground of cares:
As if these Metalls, and not Man's amiss,
Had made Sin mount unto the height it is.
The use, or abuse of things, makes them good or evill: helpfull or hurtfull to Mankind.
But, as the sweet bait of abundant Riches,
Bodies and Soules of greedy men bewitches:
Gold gilds the Vertuous, and it lends them wings
To raise their thoughts unto the rarest things.
The wise, not onely Iron well apply
For houshold turns, and Tools of Husbandry;
But to defend their Countrey (when it cals)
From forrain dangers, and intestine brals:
But, with the same the wicked never mell,
But to do service to the Haggs of Hell;
To pick a Lock, to take his neighbour's Purse,
To break a House, or to doe somthing worse;
To cut his Parent's throat, to kill his Prince,
To spoile his Countrey, murder Innocents.
Even so, profaning of a gift divine,
The Drunkard drowns his Reason in the Wine:
So sale-tongu'd Lawyers, wresting Eloquence,
Excuse rich Wrong, and cast poore Innocence:
So *Antichrists*, their poyson to infuse,
Miss-cite the Scriptures, and God's name abuse.
For, as a Cask, through want of use grow'n fusty,
Makes with his stink the best *Greek* Malmsey musty:
So God's best gifts usurpt by wicked Ones,
To poyson turn through their contagions.
But, shall I baulk th' admirèd *Adamant?*
Whose dead-live power, my Reason's power doth dant.
Renownèd *Load-stone*, which on Iron acts,
Of the rare vertue of the Load-stone.
And by the touch the same aloose attracts;
Attracts it strangely with unclasping crooks,
With unknow'n cords, with unconceivèd hooks,
With unseen hands, with undiscernèd arms,
With hidden force, with sacred secret charms,
Wherewith he wooes his *Iron Mistress*,
And never leaves her till he get a kiss;
Nay, till he fold her in his faithfull bosome,
Never to part (except we, love-less, loose-em)
With so firme zeale and fast affection
The Stone doth love the Steel, the Steel the Stone
And though somtime some Make-bate come betwixt,
Still burns their first flame; 'tis so surely fixt:
And, while they cannot meet to break their minds,
With mutuall skips, they shew their love by signes.
(*As bashfull Suters, seeing Strangers by,*
Parley in silence with their hand or eye).
Who can conceive, or censure in what sort
One Loadstone-touchèd Ann'let doth transport
Another Iron-Ring, and that another,
Till foure or five hang dangling one in other?
Greatest *Apollo* might he be (me thinks)
Could tell the Reason of these hanging links:
Sith Reason-scanners have resolvèd all,
That heavie things, hang'd in the Aire must fall.
I am not ignorant, that He, who seeks
In *Roman* Robes to sute the *Sagest Greeks*,
Whose jealous Wife, weening to home-revoake-him
With a love-potion, did with poyson choak-him;
Hath sought to showe, with arguing subtilty,
The secret cause of this rare Sympathy.
But say (*Lucretius*) what's the hidden cause
That toward the *North-Star* stil the Needle draws,
Whose point is toucht with Load-stone? loose this knot,
And still-green *Laurel* shall be still thy Lot:
Yea, Thee more learnèd will I then confess,
Then *Epicurus*, or *Empedocles*.

Of the excellent use of the Mariner's Compasse.

W' are not to *Ceres* so much bound for Bread,
Neither to *Bacchus*, for his Clusters red,
As (*Signior Flavio*) to thy witty tryall,
For first inventing of the Sea-man's Diall
(Th' use of the Needle, turning in the same).
Divine device ! O admirable Frame !
Whereby, through th' Ocean, in the darkest night,
Our hugest *Caraques* are conducted right :
Whereby w' are stor'd with Truch-man, Guide, and Lamp
To search all corners of the watery Camp :
Whereby a Ship, that stormy Heav'ns have whurld
Neer in one Night into another World,
Knowes where she is : and in the *Card* descries
What degrees thence the *Equinoctiall* lies.
Clear-sighted sp'rits, that cheer with sweet aspect
My sober Rimes, though subject to defect ;
If in this Volume, as you over-read it
You meet some things seeming exceeding credit,
Because (perhaps, here proved yet by no man)
Their strange effects be not in knowledge common :
Think, yet, to some the Load-stone's use is new ;
And seems as strange, as we have try'd it true :
Let therefore that which Iron draws, draw such
To credit more then what they see or touch.

Of medicinal Earths.

Nor is th' Earth onely worthy praise eternall,
For the rare riches on her back externall,
Or in her bosome : but her own self's worth
Solicits me to sound her glory forth.
I call to witness all those weak diseased,
Whose bodies oft have by th' effects been eased
Of *Lemnos* seal'd earth, or *Eretrian* soil,
Or that of *Chios*, or of *Melos* Ile.

The Earth's Encomion.

All-hail fair Earth, bearer of Towns and Towrs,
Of Men, Gold, Grain, Physick, and Fruits and Flowrs ;
Fair, firm, and fruitfull, various, patient, sweet,
Sumptuously cloathéd in a Mantle meet
Of mingled-colour ; lac't about with Floods,
And all imbrod'red with fresh blooming buds,
With rarest Gemmes richly about embost,
Excelling cunning, and exceeding cost.
All-hail great Heart, round Base, and stedfast Root,
Of all the World, the World's strong fixéd Foot,
Heav'n's chastest Spouse, supporter of this All,
This glorious Building's goodly Pedestall.
All-hail deer Mother, Sister, Hostess, Nurse
Of the World's Soverain : of thy liberall purse,
W' are all maintained : match-less Emperess,
To doe thee service, with all readiness,
The Sphears before thee bear ten thousand torches :
The Fire, to warm thee, foulds his heatfull Arches
In purest flames above the floating Cloud :
Th' Aire, to refresh thee, willingly is bow'd
About the Waves, and well content to suffer
Milde *Zephyr's* blasts, and *Boreas* bellowing rougher :
Water, to quench thy thirst, about thy Mountains
Wraps her moist arms, seas, rivers, lakes, and fountains.

Commendations of the Countrey-life.

O how I grieve, deer Earth, that (given to gays)
Most of best Wits contemn thee now a-dayes :
And noblest hearts proudly abandon quite
Study of Hearbs, and *Countrey-life's* delight,
To brutest men, to men of no regard,
Whose wits are Lead, whose bodies Iron-hard.
Such were not yerst the reverend Patriarks,
Whose praise is pennéd by the *sacred* Clarks.
Noah the just, meek *Moses*, *Abraham*
(Who *Father of the Faithfull Race* became)
Where Shepheards all, or Husbandmen (at least)
And in the Fields passéd their Dayes the best.
Such were not yerst *Attalus*, *Philometer*,
Archelaus, *Hiero*, and many a *Pretor ;*
Great Kings and Consuls, who have oft for blades
And glistring Scepters, handled hooks and spades.
Such were not yerst, *Cincinnatus Fabricius*,
Serranus, *Curius*, who un-self-delicious,
With Crownéd Coulters, with Imperiall hands,
With Ploughs triumphant plough'd the *Roman* lands.
Great *Scipio*, *sated* with fain'd curtsy-capping,
With Court-*Eclipses*, and the tedious gaping
Of golden beggars : and that Emperour
Of Slave turn'd King ; of King turn'd Labourer ;
In countrey Granges did their age confine :
And ordered there, with as good Discipline,
The Fields of Corn, as Fields of Combat first ;
And Ranks of Trees, as Ranks of Souldiers yerst.
O thrice, thrice happy He, who shuns the cares
Of City-troubles, and of State-affairs ;
And, serving *Ceres*, tils with his owne Team
His own *Free-land*, left by his Friends to him !

Free from envie, ambition, and avarice : and consequently from the divellish practises of Machiavilian Politicks.

Never pale Envie's poysonie heads do hiss
To gnaw his heart ; nor Vultur Avarice :
His Fields' bounds, bound his thoughts : he never
For *Nectar*, poyson mixt in silver Cups ;
Neither in golden Platters doth he lick
For sweet *Ambrosia*, deadly *Arsenick :*
His hand's his boaul (better then Plate or Glass) :
The silver Brook his sweetest *Hippocrass :*
Milk, Cheese, and Fruit (fruits of his own endeavour)
Drest without dressing, hath he ready ever.

Not vexed with counterfeit wrestlings of wrangling Lawyers.

False Counsailers (Concealers of the Law)
Turn-coat Atturneys, that with both hands draw ;
Sly Peti-Foggers, Wranglers at the Bar,
Proud Purse-Leaches, Harpies of *Westminster*,
With fainéd chiding, and foul jarring noyse,
Break not his brain, nor interrupt his joyes :
But cheerfull Birds, chirping him sweet *Good-morrows*,
With Nature's Musick do beguile his sorrows ;
Teaching the fragrant Forrests, day by day,
The *Diapason* of their Heav'nly Lay.

Not dreading shipwrack, nor in danger of Pirates.

His wandring Vessell, reeling to and fro,
On th' irefull Ocean (as the Winds do blow)
With sudden Tempest is not over-whurld,
To seek his sad death in another World :
But, leading all his life at home in Peace,
Alwayes in sight of his own smoak ; no Seas,
No other Seas he knowes, nor other Torrent,
Then that which waters, with his silver Current,

His Native Medowes : and that very Earth
Shall give him Buriall, which first gave him Birth.

Not diseased in body through delicious Idleness.

To summon timely sleep, he doth not need
Æthiop's cold Rush, nor drowsie *Poppy*-seed ;
Nor keep in consort (as *Mecænas* did)
Luxurious Villains (Viols I should have said) ;
But on green Carpets thrumd with mossie Bever,
Frenging the round Skirts of his winding River,
The stream's milde murmur, as it gentle gushes,
His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.

Not drawen by factions to an untimely Death.

Drum, Fife, and Trumpet, with their loud a-larms,
Make him not start out of his sleep, to Arms ;
Nor deer respect of some great *Generall*,
Him from his bed unto the block doth call.
The Crested Cock sings *Hunt is up* to him,
Limits his rest, and makes him stir betime,
To walk the Mountains, or the flowry Meads,
Impearl'd with tears, the sweet *Aurora* sheads.

Not choaked with contagion of a corrupted Aire.

Never gross Aire, poyson'd in stinking Streets,
To choak his spirit, his tender nostrill meets ;
But th' open Sky, where at full breath he lives,
Still keeps him sound, and still new stomack gives :
And Death, dread Serjant of th' eternall Judge,
Comes very late to his sole-seated Lodge.

Nor (Chamelion-like) changing with every object, the colour of his conscience.

His wretched years in Princes' Courts he spends not :
His thralléd will on Great men's wils depends not :
He, changing Master, doth not change at once
His *Faith ; Religion*, and his *God* renounce ;
With mercenary lies he doth not chant,
Praising an Emmet for an Elephant ;

Nor soothing Sin : nor licking the Tayl of Greatness.

Sardanapalus (drown'd in soft excess)
For a triumphant vertuous *Hercules ;*
Thersites foul, for *Venus'* lovely Love ;
And every Changeling for a Turtle-Dove ;
Nor lavishes in his lascivious layes,
On wanton *Flora*, chaste *Alceste's* praise :
But all self-private, serving God, he writes
Fear-less, and sings but what his heart indites.

Neither prest with Fear, nor plotting Fraud.

No sallow Fear doth day or night afflict-him :
Unto no Fraud doth night or day addict-him ;
Or if he muse on guile, 'tis but to get
Beast, Bird, or Fish, in toil, or snare, or net.

What though his Wardrobe be not stately stuft
With sumptuous silks (pinkéd, and pounc'd, and puft)
With gold-ground Velvets, and with silver Tissue,
And all the glory of old *Eve's* proud Issue?
What though his feeble Cofers be not cramd
With Miser's Idols, golden Ingots ramd?
He is warm wrappéd in his owne-grow'n Wooll ;
Of unbought Wines his Cellar 's ever full ;
His Garner 's stor'd with grain, his Ground with flocks,
His Barns with fodder, with sweet streams his Rocks.
For, here I sing the happy Rustick's weal,
Whose handsome house seems as a Common-weal :
And not the needy, hard-rack-rented Hinde,
Or Copy-holder, whom hard Lords do grinde ;
The pinéd Fisher, or poor-Daiery Renter,
That lives of Whay, for forfeiting Indenture ;
Who scarce have bread within their homely Cotes
(Except by fits) to feed their hungry throats.
Let me, good Lord, among the Great un-kend,
My rest of dayes in the Calm *Country* end.
Let me deserve of my deer EAGLE-Brood
For Windsor-*Forrest, walks in* Almes-wood :
Bee Hadley *Pond, my Sea ;* Lambs-bourn, *my Thames,*
Lambourn, *my* London ; Kennet's *silver streams,*
My fruitfull Nile ; *my Singers and Musicians,*
The pleasant Birds with warbling repetitions ;
My company, pure thoughts, to work thy will ;
My Court, a Cottage on a lowely Hill ;
Where, without let, I may so sing thy Name,
That times to-come may wonder at the same.
Or, if the new North-Star, *my Soveraign* JAMES,
(*The secret vertue of whose sacred beams*
Attracts th' attentive service of all such
Whose mindes did ever Vertue's Load-stone *touch*)
Shall ever daign t' invite mine humble Fate
T' approach the Presence *of his Royall State :*
Or, if my Duty, or the Grace of Nobles,
Shall drive or draw me neer their pleasing-Troubles,
Let not their Favours make me drunk with folly ;
In their Commands, still keep my Conscience holy :
*Let me true-*Honour, *not the false delight ;*
And play the Preacher, *not the* Parasite.

So Morne and Evening the third Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 36, '*crump*' = crooked, much like our 'hump' or hump-backed.

,, 39, '*enfeoff*' = grant as a feoff—Law term: *ib.* '*Empery*' = empire. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

,, 67, '*commutive*' = disturbing. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

,, 78, '*double source:*' more accurately three sources. See Glossarial Index, *s.n.*

,, 86, '*maseth*' = wandereth in maze-like windings.

,, 89, '*vain*' = vein.

,, 98, '*Sine*' = trigonometric term.

,, 128, '*Pensherst*' = Penshurst. See Memorial-Introduction on this and other personal references by Sylvester.

,, 139, '*Miter*' = covering.

,, 147, '*sierst*' = sifted—as with a sieve; but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

,, 190, '*stound*' = a little while, an instant. So line 866.

,, 246 and onward. On all these 'Fountains,' &c. see Glossarial Index *s.n.*, and Memorial-Introduction on the 'Vulgar Errors' of Du Bartas and Sylvester.

,, 344, '*hoar'd*' = made hoary—a noticeable word.

,, 389, '*Chaucer's Donnington:*' see as in note on l. 246.

,, 392, '*doit*' = smallest coin—half a farthing (Dutch and Scotch).

,, 399, '*greas*' = grease. The reference is to a somewhat coarsely-worded proverb.

,, 402, '*selfly.*' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.* Cf. line 809.

,, 407, '*list*' = border or boundary. So 1 Henry IV. iv. 1. :—

> 'The very *list*, the very outmost bound
> Of all our fortunes.'

,, 428, '*Candish*' = Cavendish. On these and other names see Glossarial Index and Memorial-Introduction *s.n.*

,, 440, '*sad*' = solid. For a full note, with examples, see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

,, 515, '*Leek*' = leak? See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

,, 521, '*Use upon use*' = compound interest, or usury.

,, 522, '*Monopolites*' = monopolies.

,, 527, '*Gentilise*' = make gentles or gentlemen.

,, 539, '*then*' = than, *et frequenter.*

,, 543, '*Embas't*' = to place low: '*Embost*' = covered with protuberances.

,, 555, '*port*' = bearing, aspect.

,, 560, '*Holm*' = holly.

,, 564, '*slice-Sea Aldars*' = alders that dip into the water. But see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

Line 568, '*Apricock*' = apricot—contemporary and later spelling.

,, 573, '*Meddeler*' = medlar.

,, 612, '*stammell*' = bright red colour.

,, 613, '*ammell*' = enamel.

,, 640, '*ens'd*' = pursued.

,, 653, '*spet*' = spit—contemporary spelling and not always for the rhyme's sake.

,, 658-9, '*Bel,*' &c. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

,, 660, '*Wiat*' = Wyat or Wyatt, the early English Poet. See Memorial-Introduction.

,, 674 and onward. See as in note on l. 246.

,, 676, '*Mores*' = roots.

,, 713, '*cruell maladie*' = scrofula?

,, 725, '*bloody-Flix*' = bloody-flux.

,, 730, '*alonely*' = alone elongated.

,, 759, '*Milt*' = rot in sheep, &c.

,, 788, '*Stares*' = starlings.

,, 809, '*thankly*' = thankfully shortened. See line 402.

,, 811, '*Mustachoes.*' Noticeable word and use of it. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

,, 821, '*acquaint*' = make known.

,, 826, '*pun*' = pound.

,, 844, '*Cods*' = pods.

,, 853, '*Cocos*' = cocoa. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

,, 857, '*rine*' = rind.

,, 862, '*boult*' = sift.

,, 866, '*stound*' = little while. See line 190.

,, 896 and onward. See as in note on line 246.

,, 896, '*Slat*' = slate.

,, 898, '*Brine-Quar*' = salt quarry or mine.

,, 928, '*mell*' = mingle or associate with.

,, 937, '*cast*' = decide against.

,, 947, '*aloose*' = loose elongated.

,, 958, '*Make-bate*' = quarrelsome fellow.

,, 965, '*Ann'let*' = little ring.

,, 980, '*loose*' = unloose, or solve this difficulty.

,, 983, '*Signor Flavio.*' See Memorial-Introduction on this: *ib.* '*witly*' = wise.

,, 991, '*Caraques*' = caracks—vast ships. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

,, 992, '*Truch-man*' = interpreter.

,, 1040, '*gays*' = gaiety, vanity.

,, 1050, '*Where*' = were, *et frequenter.*

,, 1060, '*curtsy-capping*' = taking off 'caps' or hats obsequiously and bending the knee.

,, 1072, '*poysonie*' = poisonous.

,, 1106, '*thrum'd*' = covered with small tufts: *ib.* '*Bever*' = beaver. But see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

,, 1114, '*Hunt is up.*' See Glossarial Index *s.v.* and Memorial-Introduction.

,, 1143, '*pounc'd*' = ornamental cut-work.

,, 1170, '*let*' = hindrance.—G.

THE FOURTH DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The twinkling Spangles *of the* Firmament:
The wandring Seav'n (*Each in a severall Tent*);
Their Course, their Force, their Essence is disputed;
That they (*as Beasts*) *do eat and drink, refuted.*
Heav'ns (*not the* Earth) *with rapid* motion *roule:*
The famous Stars *observ'd in either* Pole:
Heav'n's sloaping Belt: *the* Twelve *celestiall* Signes
Where Sol the Seasons *of the* Year *confines:*
Daye's *glorious* Prince: Night's *gloomy* Patroness: 10
His Light *and Might: Her constant* Change-fulness.

In the beginning of the fourth booke, calling upon the God of Heaven, our Poet prayeth to be lift up in the Heavens that he may discourse (as he ought) of the stars, fixed and wandring.

PUre Spirit that rapt'st above the firmest Sphear,
In fiery Coach, thy faithfull Messenger,
Who, smiting *Jordan* with his pleighted Cloak,
Did yerst divide the Waters with the stroke:
O! take me up; that, far from Earth, I may
From Sphear to Sphear, see th' azure Heav'ns *To-day*.
Be thou my Coach-man, and now Cheek by Joule
With *Phœbus'* Chariot let my Chariot roule;
Drive on my Coach by *Mars* his flaming Coach; 20
Saturn and *Luna* let my wheels approach:
That, having learn'd of their Fire-breathing Horses,
Their course, their light, their labor, and their forces;
My Muse may sing in sacred Eloquence,
To Vertue's Friends, their vertuous Excellence:
And, with the Load-stone of my conquering Verse,
Above the Poles attract the most perverse.
And you fair learnéd Soules, you Spirits divine,
To whom the Heav'ns so nimble quils assigne,
As well to Mount, as skilfully to limn 30
The various motion of their Tapers trim;
Lend me your hand; lift me above *Parnassus;*
With your loud *Trebles* help my lowly *Bassus*.
For sure, besides that your Wit-gracing Skill
Bears in itselfe, itself's rich guerdon still:
Our Nephews, free from sacrilegious brauls,
Where Horrour swims in bloud about our wals,
Shall one day sing that your deer song did merit
Better Heav'n, hap, and better time to hear-it.
And though (alas!) my now new-rising Name 40
Can hope here-after none, or little Fame:
The time that most part of our better Wits
Mis-spent in Flattery, or in Fancy-Fits,
In courting Ladies, or in clawing Lords,
Without affection, in affected words;
I meane to spend in publishing the Story
Of God's great Works, to his immortall glory.
My rimes begot in pain and born in pleasure,
Thirst not for Fame (the Heathens' hope's chief treasure):
'T shall me suffice, that our deer *France* do breed 50
(In happy season) some more learnéd seed,
That may record, with more divine dexterity
Then I have done, these wonders to Posterity.
Much less may these abortive Brats of Mine
Expect respect (*but in respect of Thine*):
Yet sith the Heav'ns have thus entaskt my layes
(*As darkly* Cynthia *darts her borrow'd rayes*)
To shadow Thine; and to my Countrey render
Some small reflection of thy radiant splendor;
It is enough, if here-by I incite 60
Some happier sp'rit to doe thy Muse more right;
And with more life give thee thy proper grace,
And better follow great Du BARTAS trace.
GOD 'S NONE of these faint idle Artizans,
Who at the best abandon their designes,
Working by halfs; as rather a great deal,
To do much quickly, then to do it well:
But rather, as a work-man never weary,
And all-sufficient, He his works doth carry
To happy end; and to perfection, 70
With sober speed, brings what he hath begun.

Here resuming his course, he prosecutes the worke of the Creation.

In the fourth day God created the fixed Stars, the two great Lights, (vid.) the Sun and the Moone, together with the other five Planets.

Having therefore the World's wide Curten spred
About the circuit of the fruitfull bed;
Where (to fill all with her unnumbred Kin)
Kind Nature's selfe each moment lyeth-in:
To make the same for ever admirable,
More stately-pleasant, and more profitable;
He th' Azure Tester trimm'd with golden marks,
And richly spangled with bright glistring-sparks.
I know, those Tapers, twinkling in the Sky,
Do turn so swiftly from our hand and eye,
That man can never (rightly) reach, to seeing
Their course and force, and much-much less their being.

Of their course, Force, Essence, and Substance.

But, if conjecture may extend above
To that great Orb, whose moving All doth move,
Th' imperfect Light of the first Day was it,
Which for Heav'n's Eyes did shining matter fit:
For, God, selecting lightest of that Light,
Garnisht Heav'n's sieling with those torches bright:
Or else divided it, and pressing close
The parts, did make the Sun and Stars of those.

Opinion of the Greeks touching the matter of the Stars.

But, if thy wits thirst, rather seek these things,
In *Greekish* Cisterns then in *Hebrew* Springs;
I then conclude, that as of moistfull matter,
God made the people that frequent the Water;
And of an Earthy stuff the stubborn droves
That haunt the Hils and Dales, and Downs and Groves:
So, did he make, by his Almighty might,
The Heav'ns and Stars, of one same substance bright;
To th' end these Lamps dispersed in the Skies,
Might, with their Orb, it with them sympathise.

Simile.

And as (with us) under the oaked bark
The knurry knot with branching veines, we marke
To be of substance all one with the Tree,
Although far thicker and more rough it bee:
So those gilt studs in th' upper story driv'n,
Are nothing but the thickest part of Heav'n.

Their Substance is of Fire.

When I observe their Light and Heat yblent,
(Meer accidents of th' upper Element)
I think them Fire: but not such Fire as lasts
No longer then the fuell that it wastes:
For then, I think all the Elements too-little
To furnish them onely with one daye's vict'all.

Refutation of such as have thought that the Stars were living creatures that did eat and drinke.

And therefore smile I at those Fable-Forges,
Whose busie-idle stile so stifly urges,
The Heav'ns' bright Cressets to be living Creatures,
Ranging for food, and hungry Fodder-eaters;
Still sucking-up (in their eternall motion)
The Earth for meat, and for their drink, the Ocean.
Sure, I perceive no motion in a Star,
But naturall, certain, and regular:
Whereas, Beasts' motions infinitely vary,
Confus'd, uncertain, divers, voluntary.
I see not how so many golden Posts
Should scud so swift about Heav'n's Azure coasts,
But that the Heav'ns must ope and shut som-times:
Subject to passions, which our earthly climes
Alter; and toss the Sea, and th' Aire estrange
From itself's temper, with exceeding change.
I see not how, in those round-blazing beams,
One should imagin any food-fit limbs:
Nor can I see how th' Earth and Sea should feed
So many Stars, whose greatness doth exceed
So many times (if Star-Divines say troth)
The greatness of the Earth and Ocean both:
Sith here our Cattle, in a month will eat
Seav'n-times the bulk of their own bulk in meat.
These Torches then range not at randome, o're
The lightsome thickness of an unfirm Floor:
As here belowe, diversly moving them,
The painted Birds between two Aires do swim;
But, rather fixed unto turning Sphears,
Ay, will-they, nill-they, follow their careers:
As Car-nails fastned in a wheele (without
Self's-motion) turn with others' turns about.

Simile.

A Comparison.

As the Ague-sick, upon his shivering pallet,
Delayes his health oft to delight his palat;
When wilfully his taste-less Taste delights
In things unsavory to sound appetites:
Even so, some brain-sicks live there now-adayes,
That lose themselves still in contrary wayes;
Prepostrous Wits that cannot row at ease,
On the Smooth Channell of our common Seas.
And such are those (in my conceit at least)
Those Clarks that think (think how absurd a jest)
That neither Heav'ns nor Stars do turne at all,
Nor dance about this great round Earthly Ball;
But th' Earth itself, this Massie Globe of ours,
Turns round-about once every twice-twelve hours:
And we resemble Land-bred Novices
New brought aboord to venture on the Seas;
Who, at first lanching from the shore, suppose
The ship stands still, and that the ground it goes.

Opinion of Copernicus confuted.

So, twinkling Tapers, that Heav'n's Arches fill,
Equally distant should continue still.
So, never should an arrow, shot upright,
In the same place upon the shooter light;
But would doe (rather) as (at Sea) a stone
Aboord a Ship upward uprightly thrown;
Which not within-boord falls, but in the Flood
A-stern the Ship, if so the Winde be good.
So should the Fowls that take their nimble flight
From Western Marches towards *Morning's* light;
And *Zephyrus*, that in the Summer time
Delights to visit *Eurus* in his clime;
And bullets thundred from the canon's throat
(Whose roaring drowns the Heav'nly thunder's note)
Should seem recoil: sithens the quick career,
That our round Earth should dayly gallop here,
Must needs exceed a hundred-fold (for swift)
Birds, Bullets, Windes; their wings, their force, their drift.

Arm'd with these Reasons, 't were superfluous
T' assaile the Reasons of *Copernicus;*
Who, to salve better of the Stars th' appearance,
Unto the Earth a three-fold motion warrants:
Making the Sun the Center of this All,
Moon, Earth, and Water, in one onely Ball.

Leaving to dispute farther upon the former Paradox, he proceedeth in his

discourse, and by a lively comparison representeth the beautifull ornament of the Heavens about the Earth.

But sithence here, nor time, nor place doth sute,
His *Paradox* at length to prosecute;
I will proceed, grounding my next discourse
On the *Heav'n's motions*, and their constant *course*.
I oft admire greatness of mighty Hils,
And pleasant beauty of the flowry Fields,
And countless number of the Ocean sand,
And secret force of sacred Adamant:
But much-much more (the more I marke their course)
Stars' glistring greatness, beauty, number, force.

Simile.

Even as a Peacock, prickt with love's desire,
To woo his Mistress, strouting stately by her,
Spreads round the rich pride of his pompous vail,
His azure wings, and Starry-golden tail;
With rattling pinions wheeling still about,
The more to set his beauteous beauty out:
The Firmament (as feeling like above)
Displayes his pomp; pranceth about his Love,
Spreads his blew curtain, mixt with golden marks
Set with gilt Spangles, sow'n with glistring sparks,
Sprinkled with eyes, specked with Tapers bright,
Poudred with Stars streaming with glorious light;
T' inflame the Earth the more, with Lovers' grace,
To take the sweet fruit of this kind imbrace.

The number of the Stars under both the Poles innumerable.

He that to number all the Stars would seek,
Had need invent some new Arithmetick;
And who, to cast that reck'ning takes in hand,
Had need for Counters take the Ocean's sand;

And why the ancient Astronomers observed 48.

Yet have our wise and learnéd Elders found
Foure-dozen Figures in the Heav'nly Round,
For aid of memory; and to our eyes
In certain *Houses* to divide the Skies.

Of the signs in the Zodiacke.

Of those are *Twelve* in that rich *Girdle* greft
Which God gave Nature for her New-year's-gift
(When making All, his voyce Almighty most,
Gave so fair Lawes unto Heav'n's shining Hoast)
To weare it biaz, buckled over-thwart-her;
Not round about her swelling Waste, to girt-her.
This glorious *Baldrick* of a golden tindge,
Imbost with Rubies, edg'd with Silver Frindge,
Buckled with Gold, with a Bend glistring bright;
Heav'ns, biaz-wise, environs day and night.

The Zodiacke.

For, from the Period, where the *Ram* doth bring
The day and night to equall balancing,
Ninety degrees towards the North it wends,
Thence just as much toward Mid-Heav'n it bends,
As many thence toward the South; and thence
Towards th' Year's Portall, the like difference.
Nephelian crook-horn, with brass cornets crown'd,
Thou buttest bravely 'gainst the *New-year's* bound;
And richly clad in thy fair golden Fleece;
Doest hold the *First house* of *Heav'n's* spacious Meese.

Aries in Mid-March begins the Spring.

Taurus in Mid-April.

Thou spy'st anon the *Bull* behinde thy back:
Who, lest that fodder by the way he lack,
Seeing the World so naked; to renew't,
Coats th' infant Earth in a green gallant sute;
And, without Plough or Yoak, doth freely fling
Through fragrant Pastures of the flowry Spring.

The Twins, whose heads, arms, shoulders, knees and feet,
God fill'd with Stars to shine in season sweet,

Gemini in mid-May.

Contend in course, who first the *Bull* shall catch,
That neither will nor may attend their match.
Then, Summer's-guide, the *Crab* comes rowing soft,

Cancer in mid-June begins the Summer.

With his eight Owres through the Heav'n's azure loft;
To bring us yearly in his starry shell,
Many long dayes the shaggie Earth to swele.
Almost with like pace leaps the *Lion* out,

Leo in mid-July.

All clad with flames, bristléd with beams about;
Who, with contagion of his burning breath,
Both grass and grain to cinders withereth.
The *Virgin* next, sweeping Heav'n's azure Globe

Virgo in mid-August.

With stately train of her bright Golden robe,
Milde-proudly marching, in her left hand brings
A sheaf of Corn, and in her right hand, wings.
After the *Maiden*, shines the *Balance* bright,

Libra in mid-September begins Autumn.

Equall divider of the Day and Night:
In whose Gold Beam, with three gold rings there fastens
With six gold strings, a pair of golden Basens.
The spitefull *Scorpion*, next the *Scale* addrest,

Scorpio in mid-October.

With two bright Lamps covers his loathsom brest;
And fain, from both ends, with his double sting,
Would spet his venom over every thing;
But that the brave *Halfe-horse Phylerian* Scout,

Sagittarius in mid-November.

Galloping swift the Heav'nly Belt about,
Ay fiercely threats, with his flame-feath'red arrow,
To shoot the sparkling starry Viper thorough.
And th' hoary *Centaure*, during all his Race,
Is so attentive to his onely chase,

Capricornus in mid-December beginneth Winter.

That, dread-less of his dart, Heav'n's shining *Kid*
Comes jumping light, just at his heels unspid.
Mean-while the *Skinker*, from his starry spout,
After the *Goat*, a silver stream pours out;
Distilling still out of his radiant Fire

Aquarius in mid-January.

Rivers of Water (who but will admire?)
In whoose cleer Channell mought at pleasure swim
Those two bright *Fishes* that do follow him;
But that the Torrent slides so swift away,

Pisces in mid-February.

That it out-runs them ever, even as they
Out-run the *Ram*, who ever them pursues;
And by renewing yearly, all renues.
Besides these *Twelve*, toward the *Artick* side,
A flaming *Dragon* doth *Two-Bears* divide;

The names of the principall Stars of the North Pole.

After the *Wainman* comes, the *Crown*, the *Spear*;
The *Kneeling Youth*, the *Harp*, the *Hamperer*
Of th' hatefull *Snake* (whether we call the same
By *Æsculapius'* or *Alcides'* name)
Swift *Pegasus*, the Dolphin, loving man;
Jove's stately *Eagle*, and the silver *Swan*:
Andromeda, with *Cassiopela* neer-her,
Her father *Cepheus*, and her *Perseus* deerer:
The shining *Triangle*, *Medusa's Tress*,
And the bright Coach-man of *Tindarides*.
Toward th' other Pole, *Orion*, *Eridanus*,

The names of the Stars of the South Pole.

The *Whale*, the *Whelp*, and hot-breath'd *Sirius*,
The *Hare*, the *Hulk*, the *Hydra*, and the *Boule*,
The *Centaure Wolf*, the *Censer* and the *Foule*,

(The twice-foul *Raven*) the *Southern fish* and *Crown*,
Through heav'n's bright arches brandish up and down.
The fixed Stars are in the eighth Heaven.
Thus on *This-Day* working th' *eighth* azure tent,
With Art-less Art, divinely excellent;
Th' Almightie's finger fixed many a million
Of golden Scutchions in that rich Pavillion:
But in the rest (under that glorious Heav'n)
But one a-peece, unto the severall [1]Seav'n;
Lest, of those Lamps the number-passing number
Should mortall eyes with such confusion cumber,
That we should never, in the clearest night,
Stars' divers course see or discern aright.
Why the Planets twinkle not, and the fixed stars doe twinkle.
And therefore also, all the fixéd Tapers
Hę made to twinkle with such trembling capers:
But, the *Seaven Lights* that wander under them,
Through various passage, never shake a beam.
Or, he (perhaps) made them not different;
But, th' hoast of Sparks spred in the firmament
Far from our sense, through distance infinite,
Seems but to twinkle, to our twinkling sight:
The firmament much farther from the Earth then the Sphears of the Planets.
Whereas the rest, neerer a thousand fold
To th' Earth and Sea, we do more brim behold.
For, the Heav'ns are not mixtly enterlaced;
But th' undermost by th' upper be imbraced,
And more or less their roundels wider are,
As from the Center they be neer or far:
Simile.
As in an Egge, the shell includes the skin,
The skin the white, the white the yolk with-in.
Two similes representing the motion of the eight inferiour heavens, through the swift turning of the ninth, which is the *Primum Mobile*.
Now, as the Winde, puffing upon a Hill
With roaring breath against a ready Mill,
Whirls with a whiff the sails of swelling clout,
The sails do swing the wingéd shaft about,
The shaft the wheel, the wheel the trendle turns,
And that the stone which grinds the flowry corns:
Or like as also in a Clock well-tended,
Just counter-poize, justly thereon suspended,
Makes the great wheel go round, and that anon
Turns with his turning many a meaner one,
The trembling watch, and th' Iron Maule that chimes
The intire Day in twice twelve equall times:
So the grand Heav'n, in foure and twenty hours,
Surveying all this various house of ours,
With his quick motion all the Sphears doth move;
Whose radiant glances gild the World above,
And drives them every day (which swiftness strange is)
From *Gange* to *Tagus*; and from *Tay* to *Ganges*.
Each of the eight Heavens so transported by the *Primum Mobile*, hath also his proper oblique and distinct course each from other.
But, th' under-Orbs, as grudging to be still
So straightly subject to another's will,
Still without change, still at another's pleasure
After one pipe to dance one onely measure;
They from-ward turn, and traversing aside,
Each by himselfe an oblique course doth slide:
So that they all (although it seem not so)
Forward and Backward in one instant go,
Both up and down, and with contrary paces,
At once they poste to two contrary places:

[1] And the seaven Planets under them each in his proper Sphear.

Like as myselfe, in my lost Merchant-years
(A loss, alas, that in these lines appears)
Wafting to Brabant, *England's* golden Fleece
(A richer prize then Jason *brought to* Greece)
While tow'rd the Sea, our (then Swan-poorer) Thames,
Bare down my Bark upon her ebbing streams,
Upon the hatches, from the Prow to Poup
Walking in compass of that narrow Coop,
Maugre the most that Winde and Tide could doe,
Have gone at once tow'rds LEE *and* LONDON *too.*
The same explained by a proper Simile.
But now, the neerer any of these Eight,
Approach *th' Empyreall Palace*-wals in height,
Why some of these heavens have a slower course and shorter compasse then other some.
The more their circuit, and more dayes they spend,
Yer they return unto their Journey's end.
It's therefore thought, That sumptuous Canapy,
The which th' un-niggard hand of Majesty,
Poudred so thick with Shields so shining cleer,
The terme of the revolution of the firmament.
Spends in his Voyage nigh seaven thousand year.
Ingenious *Saturn*, Spouse of Memory,
Father of th' Age of Gold; though coldly dry,
Silent and sad, bald, hoary, wrinkle-faced,
Of the seventh, which is the Sphear of *Saturne*.
Yet art thou first among the Planets placed:
And thirty years thy Leaden Coach doth run
Yer it arrive where thy Career begun.
Thou, rich, benign, Ill-chasing *Jupiter*,
Art (worthy) next thy Father sickle-bear:
Of the sixth which is the Sphear of *Jupiter*.
And while thou dost with thy more milde aspect,
His froward beams' disastrous frownes correct,
Thy tinnē chariot, shod with burning bosses,
Through twice-six *Signes* in twice-six twelve months' crosses.
Brave-minded *Mars* (yet Master of mis-order,
Delighting nought but Battails, blood, and murder)
Of the fifth which is the Sphear of *Mars*.
His furious Coursers lasheth night and day,
That he may swiftly passe his course away;
But in the road of his eternall race,
So many rubs hinder his hasty pace,
That thrice, the while, the lively *Liquor-God*
With dabbled heels hath swelling clusters trod;
And thrice hath *Ceres* shav'n her amber tress,
Yer his steel wheels have done their business.
Pure goldy-locks, *Sol*, States'-friend, Honor-giver,
Light-bringer, Laureat, Leach-man, all-Reviver,
Of the fourth which is the Sphear of *Sol*.
Thou in three hundred threescore daies and five,
Dost to the Period of thy Race arrive.
For, with thy proper course thou measur'st th' year,
And measur'st Dayes with thy constrain'd career.
Fair dainty *Venus*, whose free vertues milde
With happy fruit get all the World with-childe
Of the third which is the Sphear of *Venus*.
(Whom wanton dalliance, dancing, and delight,
Smiles, witty wiles, youth, love, and beauty bright,
With soft blind *Cupids* evermore consort)
Of lightsome Day opens and shuts the port;
For, hardly dare her silver Doves go far
From bright *Apollo's* glory-beaming Car.
Not much unlike, so, *Mercury* the witty,
Of the second which is the Sphear of *Mercury*.
For ship, for shop, book, bar, or Court, or City:
Smooth Orator, swift Pen-man, sweet Musician,
Rare Artizan, deep-reaching Politician,

Fortunate Merchant, fine Prince-humour-pleaser;
To end his course takes neer a twelve-month's leasure:
For all the while, his nimble wingéd heels
Dare little bouge from *Phabus'* golden wheels.

Of the first which is the Sphear of *Luna*. The lowest Planet nearest the Earth.

And lastly *Luna*, thou cold Queen of Night,
Regent of humors, parting Months aright,
Chaste Emperess, to one *Endymion* constant;
Constant in Love, though in thy looks inconstant;
(*Unlike our Loves, whose hearts dissemble soonest*)
Twelve times a year through all the *Zodiack* runnest.

Of the necessity of divers motions of the Heavens.

Now, if these Lamps, so infinite in number,
Should still stand-still, as in a sloathfull slumber,
Then should some places (alwayes in one plight)
Have alwayes Day, and some have alwayes Night:
Then should the Summer's Fire, and Winter's Frost,
Rest opposite still on the selfe same Coast:
Then nought could spring, and nothing prosper would
In all the World, for want of Heat or Cold.
Or, without change of distance or of dance,
If all these Lights still in one path should prance,
Th' inconstant parts of this low World's contents
Should neuer feel so sundry accidents,
As the conjunction of celestiall Features
Incessantly pours upon mortall Creatures.

Of the force and influence of the celestiall bodies upon the terrestriall.

I 'l ne'r beleeve that the Arch-Architect,
With all these Fires the Heav'nly Arches deckt
Onely for Shew, and with these glistring shields
T' amaze poor Shepheards watching in the fields.
I 'l ne'r beleeve that the least Flowr that pranks
Our Garden borders, or the Common banks,
And the least stone that in her warming Lap
Our kind Nurse Earth doth covetously wrap,
Hath some peculiar vertue of its own;
And that the glorious Stars of Heav'n have none:
But shine in vain, and have no charge precise,
But to be walking in Heav'n's Galleries,
And through that *Palace* up and down to clamber,
As *golden Guls about a* PRINCE'S CHAMBER.

Sens-less is he, who (without blush) denies
What to sound senses most apparent lies:
And 'gainst experience he that spets Fallacians,
Is to be hist from learnéd Disputations;
And such is he, that doth affirm the Stars
To have no force on these inferiours;
Though Heav'n's effects we must apparent see
In number more then Heav'nly Torches bee.

Sundry proofs of the same: First, The divers seasons: Secondly, The fearfull accidents that commonly succeed Eclipses.

I nill alledge the Seasons' alteration,
Caus'd by the Sun in shifting Habitation:
I will not urge, that never at noon-dayes
His envious Sister intercepts his Rayes
But some great State eclipseth, and from Hell
Alecto looses all these Furies Fell:
Grim, lean-fac't *Famine*, foule infectious *Plague;*
Blood-thirsty *War*, and *Treason* hatefull Hag:
Here pouring down Woe's universall Flood,
To drown the World in Seas of Tears and Blood.

Thirdly, The ebbing and flowing of the Sea.

I 'l over-pass how Sea doth Ebb and Flowe,
As th' Hornéd Queen doth either shrink or grow;
And that the more she *Fills* her forkéd Round,
The more the Marrow doth in bones abound;
The blood in Veines, the sap in Plants, the moisture
The lushious meat in Crevish, Crab and Oyster:

Fourthly, The increase and decrease of marrow, blood and humours in divers creatures.

That Oak, and Elm, and Firr, and Alder, cut
Before the *Crescent* have her Corners shut,
Are never lasting, for the Builder's turn,
In Ship or House, but rather fit to burn:
And also, that the Sick, while She is filling,
Feele sharper Fits through all their members thrilling.
So that, this Lamp alone approves what pow'rs,
Heav'n's Tapers have ev'n on these soules of ours:
Temp'ring, or troubling (as they be inclin'd)
Our mind and humours, humours and our minde,
Through Sympathy; which while this flesh we carry,
Our Soules and Bodies doth together marry.

Fiftly, The apparent alterations in the bodies of sick persons.

I 'l onely say, that sith the hot aspect
Of th' Heav'nly *Dog-Star*, kindles with effect
A thousand unseen Fires, and dries the Fields,
Scorches the Vallies, parches-up the Hils,
And often-times into our panting hearts,
The bitter Fits of burning Fevers darts:
And (opposite) the *Cup*, the dropping *Pleiades*,
Bright glistring *Orion*, and the weeping *Hyades*,
Never (almost) look down on our aboad,
But that they stretch the Water's bounds abroad;
With cloudy horror of their wrathfull frown,
Threatning again the guilty World to drown:
And (to be brief) sith the gilt Azure Front
Of firmest Sphear hath scarce a spark upon 't
But poureth down-ward some apparent change,
Towards to Storing of the World's great Grange;
We may conjecture what hid powr is given
T' infuse among us from the other Seaven,
From each of those which, for their vertue rare,
Th' Almighty placéd in a proper Sphear.

A particular proofe by the effects of certain notable stars, ordinarily noted in some Month of the year.

Not that (as *Stoicks*) I intend to tye,
With Iron Chains of strong *Necessity*,
Th' Eternal's hands, and his free feet enstock
In *Destinie's* hard Diamantine Rock:
I hold, that God (as *The first Cause*) hath giv'n
Light, Course, and Force to all the Lamps of Heav'n:
That still he guides them, and his Providence
Disposeth free, their *Fatall* influence:
And that therefore (the rather) we below
Should study all, their Course and Force to know:
To th' end that, seeing (through our Parents' Fall)
T' how many Tyrants we are wexen thrall,
Ever since first fond Woman's blind ambition,
Breaking, made *Adam* break Heav'n's *High Commission:*
We might unpuff our Heart, and bend our knee,
T' appease with sighs God's wrathfull Majestie;
Beseeching him to turn away the storms
Of Hail, and Heat, Plague, Dearth and dreadfull Arms,
Which oft the angry Stars, with bad aspects,
Threat to be falling on our stubborn necks:
To give us Curbs to bridle th' ill proclivity
We are inclin'd-to, by a hard Nativity:

Rejecting the Stoicks, he sheweth that God, as the first Cause, doth order all things, and what use we should make of the Force, Course, and Light of the Celestiall bodies.

To pour some Water of his Grace, to quench
Our boyling Fleshe's fell Concupiscence;
To calm our many passions (spirituall tumours)
Sprung from corruption of our vicious humours.

Here proceeding to the second part of this book, he treateth at large of the Sun and Moon.

Latonian Twins, Parents of Years and Months,
Alas! why hide you so your shining Fronts?
What? nill you shew the splendor of your ray,
But through a Vail of mourning Clouds I pray?
I pray pull-off your mufflers and your mourning,
And let me see you in your native burning:
And my deer Muse by her eternall flight,
Shall spread as far the glory of your Light
As you your selves run, in alternate Ring;
Day after Night, Night after Day to bring.

Of the Sun: entring into the description whereof he confesseth that he knowes not well where to begin.

Thou radiant Coach-man, running endless course,
Fountain of Heat, of Light the lively sourse,
Life of the World, Lamp of this Universe,
Heav'n's richest Gemm: O teach me where my Verse
May but begin thy Praise. Alas! I fare
Much like to one that in the Clouds doth stare
To count the Quails, that with their shadow cover
Th' *Italian* Sea, when soaring higher over,
Fain of a Milder and more fruitfull Clime,
They come with us to pass the Summer time:
No sooner he begins one shoal to summ,
But more and more, still greater shoals do come,
Swarm upon Swarm, that with their count-less number
Break of his purpose, and his sense incumber.

The Sun, as Prince of the Celestiall lights marcheth in the midst of the other six Planets which environ him.

Daye's glorious Eye! Even as a mighty King,
About his Countrey stately Progressing,
Is compast round with *Dukes*, *Earles*, *Lords*, and *Knights*,
(Orderly marshall'd in their noble Rites)
Esquires and *Gentlemen*, in courtly kinde,
And then his *Guard* before him and behinde;
And there is nought in all his Royall Muster,
But to his Greatness addeth grace and lustre:
So, while about the World thou ridest ay,
Which onely lives by vertue of thy Ray,
Six Heav'nly Princes, mounted evermore,
Wait on thy Coach, three behinde, three before,
Besides the Hoasts of th' upper Twinklers bright,
To whom, for pay, thou givest onely Light.
And, ev'n as Man (the little-World of Cares)
Within the Middle of the body, beares
His heart (the Spring of life) which with proportion
Supplyeth spirits to all, and every portion:

The Sun is in Heaven as the heart in man's body.

Even so (O Sun) thy golden Chariot marches
Amid the six Lamps of the six lowe Arches
Which siel the World, that equally it might
Richly impart them Beautie, Force, and Light.

His notable effects upon the Earth.

Praising thy Heat, which subtilly doth pierce
The solid thickness of our Universe,
Which in th' Earth's kidnyes *Mercury* doth burn,
And pallid *Sulphur* to bright Metall turn;
I do digress, to praise that light of thine,
Which if it should but one day cease to shine,
Th' unpurgéd Aire to Water would resolve,
And Water would the mountain tops involve.

Scarce I begin to measure thy bright Face,
Whose greatness doth so oft Earth's greatness pass,
And with still running the Celestiall Ring,
Is seen and felt of every living thing;
But that fantastickly I change my Theam
To sing the swiftness of thy tyer-less Teem;

Excellent comparisons borrowed out of the 19. Psalme.

To sing, how, Rising from the *Indian* Wave
Thou seem'st (O *Titan*) like a Bride-groom brave,
Who from his Chamber early issuing out
In rich array, with rarest Gems about;
With pleasant Countenance, and lovely Face,
With golden tresses, and attractive grace,
Cheers (at his comming) all the youthfull throng
That for his presence earnestly did long;
Blessing the day, and with delightfull glee,
Singing aloud his *Epithalamie*.

Then, as a Prince that feeles his noble heart,
Wounded with *Love's* pure *Honor*-wingéd dart:
(*As* HARDY LÆLIUS, *that great* GARTER-KNIGHT,
Tilting in Triumph of ELIZA'S *Right*
(*Yearly that Day that her deer raign began*)
Most bravely mounted on proud RABICAN,
All in gilt armour, on his glistring Mazor
A stately plume, of Orange mixt with Azur,
In gallant Course, before ten thousand eyes,
From all Defendants bore the Princely Prize)
Thou glorious Champion, in thy Heav'nly Race,
Runnest so swift we scarce conceive thy Pace.

The same exemplified in an honorable personage of our time now very aged: but in his young years, the glory of Arms and Chivalrie.

When I record how fitly thou dost guide
Through the fourth Heav'n, thy flaming Coursers' pride,
That as they pass, their fiery breaths may temper
Saturn's and *Cynthia's* cold and moist distemper:
(For, if thou gallopt'st in the neather Room
Like *Phaeton*, thou would'st the World consume:
Or, if thy Throne were set in *Saturn's* Sky,
For want of heat then every thing would dy)
In the same instant I am prest to sing,
How thy return reviveth every thing;
How, in thy Presence, Fear, Sloth, Sleep, and Night,
Snowes, Fogs, and Fancies, take their sudden Flight.
Th' art (to be briefe) an Ocean wanting bound,
Where (*as full vessels have the lesser sound*)
Plenty of matter makes the speaker Mute;
As wanting words thy worth to prosecute.

Of God's wonderfull providence in placing the Sun in the midst of the other Planets, and of the commodities, that come thereof.

Yet glorious Monarch, 'mong so many rare
And match-less Flowrs as in thy Garland are,
Some one or two shall my chaste sober *Muse*
For thine Immortall sacred Sisters chuse.
I 'l boldly sing (bright Soverain) thou art none
Of those weak Princes' Flatt'ry works upon;
(*No second* EDWARD, *nor no* RICHARD *Second*,
Un-kingéd both, as Rule-unworthy reckon'd)
Who, to inrich their *Minions'* past proportion,
Pill all their Subjects with extream extortion:
And charm'd with Pleasures (O exceeding pity!)
Lie alwaies wallowing in one wanton City;
And, loving onely that, to mean Lievtenants
Farm out their Kingdom's care, as unto Tenants:

Of the Sun's continuall and daily course.

For, once a day, each Countrey under Heav'n
Thou bidst *Good-Morrow*, and thou bidst *Good-Ev'n*.
And thy far-seeing Eye, as *Censor*, views
The rites and fashions, Fish and Foule do use,
And our behaviours, worthy (every one)
Th'*Abderian* Laughter, and *Ephesian* Mone.

Of his Oblique or By-course, cause of the foure seasons: and of the commodities of all Climats in the World.

But true it is, to th' end a fruitfull lew
May every Climat in his time renew,
And that all men may nearer in all Realms
Feel the alternat vertue of thy beams;
Thy sumptuous Chariot, with the Light returning,
From the same Portall mounts not every morning:
But, to make known each-where thy daily drift,
Doo'st every day, thy Coursers' Stable shift:
That while the Spring, prankt in her greenest pride,
Raigns here, else-where *Autumn* as long may bide;
And while fair Summer's heat our fruits doth ripe,
Cold Winter's Yce may other Countries gripe.

A pleasant and lively description of the foure seasons of the year.

No sooner doth thy shining Chariot Roule
From highest *Zenith* toward *Northren Pole*,
To sport thee for three Months in pleasant Inns
Of *Aries*, *Taurus*, and the gentle *Twinns*,
But that the mealie Mountains (late unseen)
Change their white garments into lustly green;
The Gardens prank them with their Flowry buds,
The Meads with grass, with leaves the naked Woods;

The Spring.

Sweet *Zephyrus* begins to buss his *Flora*,
Swift-wingéd Singers to salute *Aurora*;
And wanton *Cupid*, through this Universe,
With pleasing wounds, all Creatures' hearts to pierce.

Summer.

When, backward bent, *Phlegon*, thy fiery Steed,
With *Cancer*, *Leo*, and the *Maid* doth feed;
Th' Earth cracks with heat, and Summer crowns his *Ceres*
With gilded Ears, as yellow as her hair-is:
The Reaper, panting both for heat and pain,
With crookéd Rasor shaves the tufted Plain;
And the good Husband, that due season takes,
Within a month his year's Provision makes.

Harvest.

When from the mid-Heav'n thy bright flame doth fly
Toward the *Cross-Stars* in th' *Antarctik* Sky,
To bee three months, up-rising and down-lying
With *Scorpio*, *Libra*, and the *Archer* flying;
Th' Earth, by degrees, her lovely beauty 'bates,
Pomona loads her lap with delicates,
Her Apron and her Osiar basket (both)
With dainty fruits for her deer *Autumn's* tooth,
(Her health-less spouse) who bare-foot hops about
To tread the juice of *Bacchus'* clusters out.

Winter.

And last of all, when thy proud-trampling Teem
For three Months more, to sojourne still doth seem
With *Capricorn*, *Aquarius*, and the *Fishes*
(While we in vaine revoke thee with our wishes)
In stead of Flowrs, chill-shivering Winter dresses
With Ycesickles her (self-bald) borrow'd tresses:
About her brows a Periwig of Snow,
Her White-Freeze Mantle fring'd with Yce below,
A payr of Lamb-lyn'd buskins on her feet,
So doth she march *Orythia's* love to meet;
Who, with his bristled, hoary, beaugle-beard,
Comming to kisse her, makes her lips afear'd;
Where-at, he sighes a breath so cold and keen,
That all the Waters Crystallizéd been;
While in a fury with his boystrous wings
Against the *Scythian* snowie Rocks he flings,
All lusks in sloath: and till these Months do end,
Bacchus and *Vulcan* must us both befriend.

Of the Moon and her alterations.

O second honour of the lamps supernall,
Sure Calendar of Festivals eternall,
Sea's Soveraintess, Sleep-bringer, Pilgrim's guide,
Peace-loving Queen: What shall I say beside?
What shall I say of thy inconstant brow,
Which makes my brain waver, I wot not how?
But, if by th' eye, a man's intelligence
May ghess of things distant so far from hence,
I think thy body round as any Ball,

Of her roundnesse and brightnesse borrowed of the Sun.

Whose superfice (nigh equall over all)
As a pure Glass, now up, and down anon,
Reflects the bright beams of thy spouse, the Sun.

Simile.

For, as a Husband's Nobl'ness doth lustre
A mean-born Wife: so doth the glorious lustre
Of radiant *Titan*, with his beams, embright
Thy gloomy Front, that selfly hath no light.

Of her wexing and waning when she is in her last quarter, and when she renues and commeth to her full.

Yet 'tis not alwayes after one self sort:
For, far thy Cart doth swifter thee transport,
Then doth thy Brothers; diversly thou shin'st,
As more or lesse thou from his light declin'st.
Therefore each Month, when *Hymen* (blest) above
In both your bodies kindles ardent love,
And that the Stars-king all inamoured on thee,
Full of desire, shines down direct upon thee:
Thy neather half-Globe toward th' Earthly Ball
(After it's Nature) is observéd all.
But, him aside thou hast no sooner got,
But on thy side a silver file we note,
A half-bent Bowe; which swels the lesse thy Coach
Doth the bright Chariot of thy spouse approach,
And fils his Circle. When th' Imperiall Star
Beholds thee just in one Diameter,
Then by degrees thy *Full* face fals away
And (by degrees) Westward thy Horns display;
Till fall'n again betwixt thy Lover's arms,
Thou wink'st again, vanquisht with pleasure's charms.
Thus dost thou *Wex* and *Wane*, thee oft renuing;
Delighting *change*: and mortall things, ensuing
(As subject to thee) thy self's transmutation,
Feel th' unfelt force of secret alteration.

Of the cause of the divers aspect of the Moon.

Not, but that *Phœbus* alwaies with his shine,
Cleers half (at least) of thine aspect divine;
But 't seems not so; because we see but here
Of thy round Globe the lower Hemisphear:
Tho wexing us-ward, heav'n-ward thou dost wane;
And waning us-ward, Heav'n-ward growst again.
Yet, it befals, even when thy face is *Full*,
When at the highest thy pale Coursers pull,
When no thick mask of Clouds can hide away,
From living eyes, thy broad, round glistring Ray,

Thy light is darkned, and thine eyes are siel'd,
Covered with shadow of a rusty shield.
For, thy *Full* face in his oblique designe
Confronting *Phœbus* in th' *Ecliptick* line,
And th' Earth between; thou losest, for a space,
Thy splendor borrowd of thy Brother's grace:

Of the cause of the Eclips of the Sun.

But, to revenge thee on the Earth for this
Fore-stalling thee of thy kind Lover's kiss,
Sometimes thy thick Orb thou dost inter-blend
Twixt *Sol* and us, toward the later end;
And then (because his splendor cannot pass
Or pierce the thickness of thy gloomy mass)
The Sun, as subject to Death's pangs, us sees-not,
But *seems* all Light-less, though indeed he is not.

Difference betweene the Eclipses of the Sun, and of the Moone.

Therefore, far differing your *Eclipses* are;
For, thine is often, and thy Brother's rare:
Thine doth indeed deface thy beauty bright;
His doth not him, but us, bereave of Light:
It is the Earth, that thy defect procures;
It is thy shadow, that the Sun obscures:
East-ward, thy front beginneth first to lack;
West-ward, his brows begin there frowning black:
Thine, at thy *Full*, when thy most glory shines;
His, in thy *Wane*, when beauty most declines:
Thine's generall, tow'rd Heav'n and Earth together;
His but to Earth, nor to all places neither.

Of the admirable and extraordinary Eclipse of the Sun on the day that our Saviour suffered on the Crosse, for our redemption. Mat. 27. 45. Mar. 15. 33. Luk. 23, 44.

For, th' hideous Cloud, that cover'd so long since
With night's black vail th' eyes of the Starry-Prince
(When as he saw, for our foul sinfull slips,
The match-less Maker of the Light, eclipse)
Was far, far other: For, the swarty *Moores*,
That sweating toyl on *Guinne's* wealthy shores:
Those whom the *Nile's* continuall Cataract
With roaring noyse for ever deaf doth make:
Those that surveying mighty [1] *Cassagale*,
Within the circuit of her spacious Wall,
Do dry-foot dance on th' Orientall Seas;
And pass, in all her goodly crossing wayes
And stately streets, fronted with sumptuous Bowrs,
Twelve thousand Bridges, and twelve thousand Towrs:
Those, that, in *Norway* and in *Finland*, chase
The soft-skind Martens, for their precious Cace;
Those that in Ivory Sleads on *Ireland* Seas
(Congeal'd to Crystall) slide about at ease;
Were witness all of his strange grief; and ghest,
That God, or Nature was then deep distrest.

[1] Quinzay.

Moreover *Cynthia* in that fearfull stound,
Full-fild the Compass of her Circle round;
And being so far off, she could not make
(By Nature's course) the Sun to be so black;
Nor, issuing from the Eastern part of Heav'n,
Darken that beauty, which her own had giv'n.
In brief, mine eye, confounded with such spectacles,
In that one wonder sees a Sea of Miracles.

What could'st thou doe less, then thyself dishonour
(O chief of Planets!) thy great Lord to honour?
Then for thy Father's death, a-while to wear
A mourning Robe on th' hatefull *Hemi-sphear*?
Then at high noon shut thy fair eye, to shun
A sight, whose sight did Hell with horror stun?
And (pierc't with sorrow for such injuries)
To please thy Maker, Nature to displease?

Of the going backe of the Sun in the time of Ezechias. 2. King. 20. 11. Esay 38. 8.

So, from the South to North, to make apparent
That God revok't his Serjeant Death's sad warrant
'Gainst *Ezechias;* and that he would give
The godly King fifteen years more to live:
Transgressing Heav'n's eternall ordinance;
Thrice in one Day, thou through one path did'st prance:
And, as desirous of another nap
In thy Vermilion sweet *Aurora's* Lap,
Thy Coach turn'd back, and thy swift sweating Horse
Full ten degrees lengthned their wonted Course:
Dials went false, and Forrests (gloomy black)
Wondred to see their mighty shades go back.

Of the Sun's standing still in the time of Iosuah. Ios. 12. 13.

So, when th' incensèd Heav'ns did fight so fell,
Under the Standard of deer *Israel*,
Against the Hoast of odious *Ammorites;*
Among a million of swift Flashing Lights,
Rayning down Bullets from a stormy Cloud,
As thick as Hail, upon their Armies proud:
(That such as scaped from Heav'n's wrathfull thunder,
Victorious swords might after hew in-sunder)
Conjur'd by *Josuah*, thy brave steeds stood still,
In full Career stopping thy whirling wheel;
And, one whole Day, in one degree they stayd
In mid'st of Heav'n, for sacred Armies' ayd:
Lest th' Infidels in their disordred Flight,
Should save themselves under the wings of Night.

Those, that then liv'd under the other *Pole*,
Seeing the Lamp which doth enlight the Whole,
To hide so long his lovely face away,
Thought never-more to have re-seen the Day;
The wealthy *Indians*, and the men of *Spain*,
Never to see Sun Rise or Set again.
In the same place Shadows stood still, as stone;
And in twelve Hours the Dials shew'd but one.

So Morne and Evening the Fourth Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 14, '*pleighted*' = plaited.
,, 18, '*Cheek by Joule*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 36, '*Nephews*'—indefinite term for grand-children and other blood descendants.
,, 44, '*clawing*' = flattering—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 78, '*Tester*' = bed-stead top.
,, 103, '*knurry*' = knotty.
,, 116, '*cressets*' = stars, regarded as open lamps, used in processions—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 178, '*sithens*' = sithence, or since.
,, 199, '*strouting*' = strutting.
,, 215, '*Counters*' = Arithmeticians? or coins?
,, 224, '*bias*' = inclined.
,, 226, '*Baldrick*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for full note.
,, 239, '*Meese*' = meadow or field.
,, 278, '*Skinker*' = cup-bearer—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 282, '*mought*' = might.
,, 325, '*brim*' =brim-full?—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 328, '*roundels*' = circles.
,, 333, '*ready*' = reedy?
,, 388, '*tinné*' = burning: but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

Line 395, '*rubs*' = obstacles.
,, 401, '*Leach-man*' =leech elongated, *i.e.* physician.
,, 403, '*Period*' = end.
,, 411, '*port*' = gate.
,, 421, '*bouge*' = budge?
,, 455, '*Guls*' = panders.
,, 464, '*nill*' = will not, *frequenter*.
,, 479, '*Crevish*' = cray-fish — sometimes 'crevise' (*French.*)
,, 507, '*to Storing*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 515, '*Diamantine*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for full note.
,, 523, '*waxen*' = waxen.
,, 613, 'Rabican—and margin-note. See our Memorial-Introduction and Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 628, '*prest*' = pressed, urged and ready.
,, 656, '*lew*' = sheltering? but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 673, '*lustly*' = lusty, *i.e.* pleasant.
,, 676, '*buss*' = kiss.
,, 686, '*Husband*' = husbandman.
,, 708, '*beaugle-beard*' = bugle-bearded — see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 714, '*lusks*' = lolling lazily.
,, 766, '*siel'd*' = sewed up as a hunting hawk's.—G.

THE FIFTH DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fish *in the Sea*, Fowls *in the Aire abound*
The Forms *of all things in the Waters found:*
The various Manners *of Sea-Citizens,*
Whose constant Friendship *far exceedeth Men's:*
Arion's *strange escape: The* Fowls *attend*
On th' onely Phœnix, *to her end-less end:*
Their kinds, *their* customes, *and their* Plumes' *variety;*
Some presidents of Prudence, *som of* Piety:
The grateful Eagle, *burning in the Flame*
With her dead Mistress, the fair Sestian *Dame.*

After a poeticall manner he craveth time and opportunity to discourse in this day of the creation of Fishes and of Fowles.

LAtonian Lamps, conducting divers wayes,
About the World, successive Nights and Dayes;
Parents of wingéd Time, haste, haste your Cars:
And passing swiftly both th' opposéd Bars
Of *East*, and *West*, by your returning Ray,
Th' imperfect World make elder, by a *Day*.
Ye *Fish*, that brightly in Heav'n's Baldrick shine,
If you would see the Waters' waving brine
Abound with Fishes, pray *Hyperion*
T' abandon soon his liquid Mansion,
If he expect in his prefixt Career,
To boast with you a Month in every yeer.

To which purpose especially he calleth on the true God.

And thou eternall Father, at whose wink
The wrathfull Ocean's swelling pride doth sink,
And stubborn storms of bellowing Winds be dumb,
Their wide mouthes stopt, and their wilde pinions num;
Great Soverain of the Seas, whose hooks can draw
A man alive from the Whale's monstrous maw;
Provide me (Lord) of Stéers-man, Star and Boat,
That through the vast Seas I may safely float:
Or rather teach me dive, that I may view
Deep under water all the Scaly crew;
And dropping wet, when I returne to land
Laden with spoyls, extoll thy mighty hand.

The first part of this Book: wherein he handleth how by the Commandement of the Lord, the Fishes began to move in the Waters.

IN VAIN had God stor'd Heav'n with glistring studs,
Th' plain with grain, the mountain tops wᵗʰ woods,
Sever'd the Ayre from Fire, the Earth from Water,
Had he not soon peopléd this large Theatre
With living Creatures: Therefore he began
(*This-Day*) to quicken in the *Ocean*,
In standing *Pools*, and in the straggling *Rivers*
(Whose folding Chanell fertill Champain severs)
So many *Fishes* of so many features,
That in the Waters one may see all Creatures,
And all that in this All is to be found;
As if the World within the Deeps were drown'd.

The Seas no lesse stored with priviledges and presidents of God's glorious power, than heaven and earth: and of the strange Fishes that live therein.

Seas have (as well as Skies) Sun, Moon, and Stars:
(As well as Ayre) Swallows, and Rooks, and Stares:
(As well as Earth) Vines, Roses, Nettles, Millions
Pinks, Gilliflowers, Mushroms, and many millions
Of other Plants (more rare and strange than these)
As very Fishes living in the Seas:
And also Rams, Calfs, Horses, Hares, and Hogs,
Wolves, Lions, Urchins, Elephants, and Dogs,
Yea Men and Mayds: and (which I more admire)
The Mytred Bishop, and the Cowléd Fryer:
Whereof, examples (but a few years since)
Were shew'n the *Norways*, and *Polonian* prince.
You divine wits of elder Dayes, from whom
The deep *Invention* of rare Works hath com,
Took you not pattern of your chiefest Tools
Out of the Lap of *Thetis*, *Lakes*, and *Pools*?
Which partly in the Waves, part on the edges
Of craggy rocks, among the ragged sedges,
Bring-forth abundance of Pins, Pincers, Spoaks,
Pikes, percers, nedles, mallets, Pipes and yoaks,
Ow'rs, sails, and swords, saws, wedges, razors, rammers,
Plumés, cornets, knives, wheels, vices, horns, and hammers.
And, as if *Neptune*, and fair *Panopé*,
Palæmon, *Triton*, and *Lucothoé*,

Kept publicke Roules, there is the *Calamary;*
Who, ready Pen-knife, Pen and Ink doth carry.
Why God created so many sorts of strange Fishes. As a rare Painter draws (for pleasure) here
A sweet *Adonis*, a foul *Satyre* there:
Here a huge *Cyclop*, there a *Pigmé* Elf:
Sometimes, no less busying his skilfull self,
Upon some ugly Monster (seldom seen)
Than on the Picture of faire *Beautie's Queen:*
Even so the Lord, that, in his Work's varietie,
We might the more admire his powerfull Deitie;
And that we might discern by different features
The various kinds of the vast Ocean's creatures;
Forming this mighty Frame, he every kind
With divers and peculiar Signet sign'd.
Examples. Som have their heads groveling betwixt their feet
The Four-Cuttle. (As th' inky *Cuttles*, and the *Many-feet*):
Cuttle. Som in their breast (as *Crabs*): some head-less are,
Crab. Foot-less, and finn-less (as the banefull *Hare*,
Sea-Hare. And heat-full *Oyster*) in a heap confus'd,
Oyster. Their parts unparted, in themselves diffus'd.
The *Tyrian* Merchant, or the *Portuguse*
Can hardly build one Ship of many Trees:
The Tortoise. But of one *Tortoise*, when he list to float,
Th' *Arabian* Fisher-man can make a Boat:
And one such Shell him in the stead doth stand
Of Hulk at Sea, and of an House on land.
Shall I omit the monstrous *Whirl-about*,
Which in the Sea another Sea doth spout,
Wherewith huge Vessels (if they happen nigh)
Are over-whelm'd and sunken suddenly?
The Tunny. Shall I omit the *Tunnies*, that durst meet
Th' *Eoan* Monarch's never danted Fleet,
And beard more bravely his victorious powrs
Than the Defendants of the *Tyrian* Towrs;
Or *Porus*, conquered on the *Indian* Coast;
Or great *Darius*, that three Battels lost?
When on the Surges I perceive, from far,
Divers kinds of Whales. Th' *Ork*, *Whirl-poole*, *Whale*, or buffing *Physeter*,
Me thinks I see the wandring *Ile* again
(*Ortygian Delos*) floating on the Main.
And when in Combat these fell Monsters cross,
Me seems some Tempest all the Seas doth toss.
Our fear-less Saylers, in far Voyages
Of their monstrous shape, and huge greatnesse. (More led by Gain's hope than their Compasses)
On th' *Indian* shore, have somtime noted som
Whose bodies covered two broad Acres' room:
And in the *South-Seas* they have also seen
Some like high-toppéd and huge armed Treen;
And other-som whose monstrous backs did bear
Two mighty wheels with whirling spokes, that were
Much like the wingéd and wide-spreading sayls
Of any Winde-mill turn'd with merry gales.
But God (who Nature in her nature holdes)
Not only cast them in so sundry moldes:
Of the divers qualities of Fishes. But gave them manners much more differing,
As well our wits as our weak eyes to bring
Int' admiration; that men evermore,
Praising his Works, might praise their Maker more.

Some love fresh Waters, some the salt desire,
Some from the Sea use yearly to retire
To the next Rivers, at their own contenting,
So both the Waters with free Trade frequenting;
Having (like Lords) two Houses of receipt:
For Winter th' one, the other for Summer's heat.
As Citizens, in some intestine braul, Simile.
Long coopéd up within their Castle wall; Describing the custome of certaine Sea-Fishes, frequenting the fresh waters in some seasons of the yeare.
So soon as Peace is made, and Siege remov'd,
Forsake a while their Town so strong approv'd;
And tir'd with toyl, by leashes and by payrs,
Crownéd with Garlands, go to take the ayrs:
So, dainty *Salmons*, *Chevins* thunder-scar'd,
Feast-famous *Sturgeons*, *Lampreys* speckle-starr'd;
In the Spring season the rough Seas forsake,
And in the Rivers thousand pleasures take;
And yet the plenty of delicious foods,
Their pleasant lodging in the crystall floods,
The fragrant sents of flowry banks about,
Cannot their Countrey's tender love wipe out
Of their remembrance; but they needs will home,
In th' irefull Ocean to go seek their Tomb:
Like English Gallants, that in Youth do go Comparison.
To visit Rhine, Sein, Ister, Arn, *and* Po;
Where though their Sense be dandled, dayes and nights,
In sweetest choice of changeable Delights,
They never can forget their Mother-Soyl,
But hourly home their hearts and eyes recoyl,
Long languishing with an extream Desire
To see the smoak of their deer Native Fire.
One (like a Pirat) only lives of prizes, The Fishes feeding.
That in the Deep he desperately surprizes:
Another haunts the shoar, to feed on foam:
Another round about the Rocks doth roam,
Nibbling on Weeds: another, hating theeving,
Eats nought at all, of liquor only living;
For, the salt humor of his Element
Servs him, alone, for perfect nourishment.
Some love the clear streams of swift tumbling torrents,
Which through the rocks straining their struggling currents
Break banks and Bridges; and do never stop,
Till thirsty Summer come to drink them up:
Some almost alwaies pudder in the mud
Of sleepy Pools, and never brook the flood
Of Chrystall streams, that in continuall motion
Bend toward the bosom of their Mother Ocean:
As the most part of the World's Peers prefer
Broyls before Rest, and place their Peace in War:
And some againe (of a far differing humour)
Hold Rest so deer, that but the only rumour
Of War far off, affrights them at the first;
And wanting *Peace*, they count their States accurst.
O watry Citizens, what Umpeer bounded
Your liquid Livings? O! what Monarch mounded
With walls your City? what severest Law
Keeps your huge armies in so certain aw,
That you encroch not on the neighbouring Borders
Of your swim-brethren? as (against all Orders)
Of the providence of God in their divers and notable manner of living: affording many lessons to mankinde.

Men daily practise, joining Land to Land,
House unto House, Sea to Sea, Strand to Strand,
Mountain to Mountain, and (most-most insatiable)
World unto World, if they could work it possible.
And you (wise Fishes) that for recreation,
Or for your seed's securer propagation,
Doe somtimes shift your ordinary Dwelling;
What learnéd *Chalde* (skil'd in fortune-telling)
What cunning Prophet your fit time doth show?
What Herald's Trumpet summons you to go?
What Guide conducteth, Day and Night, your Legions
Through path-less paths in unacquainted Regions?
What Captain stout? what Loadston, Steel, and Star,
Measures your course in your adventures farre?
Surely the same that made you first of Nought,
Who in your Nature some *Idéas* wrought
Of Good and Evill; to the end that we,
Following the Good, might from the Evill flee.

Strange nature of the fish Sargus.
Th' adulterous *Sargus* doth not onely change
Wives every day, in the deep streams; but (strange)
As if the honey of Sea-loves delights
Could not suffice his ranging appetites,
Courting the Shee-Goats on the grassie shore,
Would horn their Husbands that had horns before;

Of Cantharus.
Contrary to the constant *Cantharus*,
Who, ever faithfull to his dearest Spouse
In Nuptiall Duties spending all his life,
Love's never other then his onely wife.

Of the Mullet.
But, for her Love, the *Mullet* hath no Peer;
For, if the Fisher have surpriz'd her Pheer,
As mad with wo to shore she followeth,
Prest to consort him both in life and death.

Simile.
As yerst those famous, loving *Thracian Dames*
That leapt alive into the funerall flames
Of their dead Husbands; who deceast and gone,
Those loyall Wives hated to live alone.

The Urano-Scopus.
O! who can here sufficiently admire
That *Gaping-Fish* whose glistering eyes aspire
Still toward Heav'n; as if beneath the skies
He found no object worthy of his eyes.
As the Wood-pecker, his long tongue doth lill
Out of the clov'n pipe of his horny bill,
To catch the Emets; when, beguil'd with-all,
The busie swarms about it creep and crawl:
Th' *Urano-scope*, so, hid in mud, doth put
Out of his gullet a long limber gut,
Most like unto a little Worm (at sight)
Where-at, eft-soons, many small Fishes bite:
Which there-withall this Angler swallows straight,
Alwaies self-arméd with hook, line, and bait.
The subtle [1] *Smell-strong-Many-foot*, that fain
A dainty feast of *Oyster-flesh* would gain,
Swims softly down, and to him slily slips,
Wedging with stones his yet wide-yawning lips,
Lest else (before that he have had his prey)
The *Oyster* closing, clip his limbs away,

[1] The Ozens.

And (where he thought t' have joy'd his victories)
Himselfe become unto his prize a prize.

The Torpedo.
The *Cramp-Fish*, knowing that she harboureth
A plague-full humour, a fell banefull breath,
A secret *Poppy*, and a sensless Winter,
Be-numming all that dare too-neer her venter:
Pours forth her poyson, and her chilling Yce
On the next Fishes; charm'd so in a trice,
That she not onely stayes them in the Deep,
But stuns their sense, and luls them fast asleep;
And then (at fill) she with their flesh is fed,
Whose frozen limbs (still living) seem but dead.
'Tis this *Torpedo*, that, when she hath took
Into her throat the sharp deceitfull hook,
Doth not as other Fish, that wrench and wriggle
When they be prickt, and plunge and strive, and struggle;
And by their stir, thinking to scape the Angle,
Faster and faster on the hook doe rangle:
But, wily clasping close the Fishing Line,
Suddenly spews into the Silver brine
Her secret-spreading, sudden-speeding bane;
Which, up the Line, and all along the Cane,
Creeps to the hand of th' Angler; who, with-all
Benumm'd and senseless, suddenly lets fall
His hurtfull pole, and his more hatefull prize:

Simile.
Become like one that (as in bed he lies)
Seems in his sleep to see some gastly Ghost;
In a cold sweat, shaking, and swelt almost,
He cals his Wife for ayd, his friends his folks;
But his stuft stomack his weak clamour choaks:
Then would he strike at that he doth behold,
But sleep and feare his feeble hands do hold:
Then would he run away; but as he strives,
He feels his feet fetter'd with heavie Gyves,

The Scolopendra.
But, if the *Scolopendra* have suckt-in
The sowr-sweet morsell with the barded Pin,
She hath as rare a trick to rid her from it:
For, instantly, she all her guts doth vomit;
And having clear'd them from the danger, then
She fair and softly sups them in again,
So that not one of them within her womb
Changeth his office, or his wonted room.

The Amia. The Sea-Fox.
The thriving *Amia* (neer *Abidos* breeding)
And subtle *Sea-Fox* (in Steeds-love exceeding)
Without so vent'ring their dear life and lyning,
Can from the Worm-clasp compass their untwining;
For, sucking-in more of the twisted hair,
Above the hook they it in sunder shear;
So that their foe, who for a Fish did look
Lifts up a bare line robb'd of bait and hook.

The Barbel.
But timorous *Barbles* will not taste the bit,
Till with their tails they have unhookéd it:
And all the baits the Fisher can devise
Cannot beguile their wary jealousies.

The Cuttle.
Even so, almost, the *many spotted Cuttle*
Well-neer insnared yet escapeth suttle;
For, when she sees her selfe within the Net,
And no way left, but one from thence to get,

She suddenly a certaine Ink doth spew,
Which dyes the Waters of a sable hew;
That, dazling so the Fisher's greedy sight,
She through the clouds of the black Water's night
Might scape with honour the black streams of *Styx*,
Whereof already, almost lost, she licks.

Simile. And, as a Prisoner (of some great transgression,
Convict by witness and his own confession)
Kept in dark Durance full of noysom breath,
Expecting nothing but the Day of Death;
Spies every corner, and pries round about
To finde some weak place where he may get out:

The Golden-eye or Guilt-head. The delicate, cud-chewing *Golden-eye*,
Kept in a Weyre, the widest space doth spy,
And thrusting in his tail, makes th' Osiars gape
With his oft flapping, and doth so escape:
But, if his fellow finde him thus bested,
He lends his tail to the imprisonéd;
That thereby holding fast with gentle jaw,
Him from his durance, he may friendly draw.
Or, (if before that he were captivate)
He see him hookéd on the biting bait,
Hasting to help, he leapeth at the line,
And with his teeth snaps-off the hairy twine.

Sundry instructions that Fishes give to men. You stony hearts, within whose stubborn Center
Could never touch of sacred friendship enter,
Look on these Seas my Songs have calméd thus:
Here's many a *Damon*, many a *Theseus*.

The Sparlings. The gilden *Sparlings*, when cold Winter's blast
Begins to threat, themselves together cast
In heaps like bals, and heating mutually,
Live; that alone, of the keen cold would dye.
Those small white Fish to *Venus* consecrated,
Though without *Venus'* ayd they be created
Of th' Ocean scum; seeing themselves a prey
Expos'd in every Water-Rover's way,
Swarming by thousands, with so many a fold
Combine themselves, that their joynt strength doth hold
Against the greediest of the Sea-theeves' sallies;
Yea, and to stay the course of swiftest Gallies.

Simile. As a great Carrak, cumb'red and opprest
With her self's-burthen, wends not East and West,
Star-boord and Lar-boord, with so quick Careers
As a small Fregat, or swift Pinnass steers:

Another. And as a large and mighty limbéd Steed,
Either of *Friseland*, or of *German* breed,
Can never manage half so readily,
As *Spanish* Jennet, or light *Barbarie*:

Of the Whale and his friend Musculus. So the huge *Whale* hath not so nimble motion,
As smaller Fishes that frequent the Ocean;
But somtimes rudely 'gainst a Rock he brushes,
Or in some roaring straight he blindly rushes,
And scarce could live a Twelve-month to an end,
But for the little *Musculus* (his friend);
A little Fish, that swimming still before,
Directs him safe from Rock, from Shelf and Shore:

Simile. Much like a Childe that loving leads about
His agéd Father when his eyes be out:
Still wafting him through every way so right,
That reft of eyes he seems not reft of sight.
Waves-mother *Thetis*, though thine arms embrace
The World about, within thine ample space,
A firmer League of friendship is not seen
Than is the *Pearl-Fish* and the *Prawn* between;

Strange League betweene the Pearl-Fish and the Prawne. Both have but one repast, both but one Palace,
But one delight, death, sorrow, and one solace:
That lodgeth this, and this remunerates
His Land-lord's kindness, with all needfull Cates.
For, while the *Pearl-Fish* gaping wide doth glister,
Much Fry (allur'd with the bright silver lustre
Of her rich Casket) flocks into the *Nacre*;
Then with a prick the *Prawn* a signe doth make-her
That instantly her shining shell she'll close
(Because the prey worthy the pain he knowes):
Which gladly done, she ev'nly shareth-out
The prey betwixt her, and her faithfull scout.

Also betweene the Sponge and his spy. And so the *Sponge-Spy*, warily awakes
The *Sponge's* dull sense, when repast it takes.

The Galley-Fish. The sayle-Fish. Boat-Crab. Sea-Urchin. But O! what stile can worthily declare
(O! *Galley-Fish*, and thou *Fish-Mariner*,
Thou *Boat-Crab*, and *Sea-Urchin*) your dexterity
In Sailer's Art, for safeness and celerity!
If *Jaffa* Merchants, now Comburgers seem
With *Portugals*, and *Portugals* with them:
If Worlds of Wealth, born under other Sky,
Seem born in ours: if without wings we fly
From North to South, and from the East to West,
Through hundred sundry way-less wayes addrest:
If (to be brief) this World's rich compass round,
Seem as a Common, without hedge or mound,
Where (at his choyce) each may him freely store
With rarest fruits; You may we thank therefore.
For, whether *Typhis*, or that pride of *Greece*
That sayl'd to *Colchos* for the *Golden-fleece*,
Or *Belus'* Son, first builded floating bowrs,
To mate the Winde's storms, and the Water's stowrs;
What ee'r he were, he surely learn'd of you
The Art of Rowing and of Sailing too.

The Sea-Hermit. Here would I cease save that this hum'rous song
The *Hermit-Fish* compels me to prolong.
A man of might that builds him a defence
'Gainst Weather's rigour and Warr's insolence,
First dearly buyes (for, What good is good-cheap?)
Both the rich Matter and rare Workmanship:
But, without buying Timber, Lime, and Stone,
Or hiring men to build his Mansion,
Or borrowing House, or paying Rent therefore,
He lodgeth safe: for, finding on the shore
Some handsome shell, whose Native Lord, of late
Was dispossessed by the Doom of Fate;
Therein he enters, and he takes possession
Of th' empty Harbour by the free concession
Of nature's Law; who *Goods that owner want*
Alwaies allots to the first Occupant,
In this new Case, or in this Cradle (rather)
He spends his Youth: then, growing both together

In age and wit, he gets a wider Cell,
Wherein at Sea his later dayes to dwell.
But *Clio*, wherefore art thou tedious
In numb'ring *Neptune's* busie Burgers thus?
If in his works thou wilt admire the worth
Of the Sea's Soveraigne, bring but onely forth
The strange and secret property of the Remora or Stop-ship.
One little *Fish;* whose admirable Story
Sufficeth sole to shew his might and glory.
Let all the Winds in one Winde gather them,
And (seconded with *Neptune's* strongest stream)
Let all at once blow all their stiffest gales
A-stern a Galley under all her sails;
Let her be holpen with a hundred Owers,
Each lively handled by five lusty Rowers:
The *Remora*, fixing her feeble horn
Into the tempest-beaten Vessel's stern,
Stayes her stone-still, while all her stout Consorts
Saile thence at pleasure to their wishéd Ports.
Then loose they all the sheets, but to no boot:
For, the charm'd Vessell bougeth not a foot:
No more then if three fadome under ground,
A score of Anchors held her fastly bound:
No more then doth an Oak that in the Wood
Hath thousand tempests (thousand times) withstood;
Spreading as many massie roots belowe,
As mighty Arms above the ground do growe.
O *Stop-Ship* say, say how thou canst oppose
Thy selfe alone against so many foes?
O! tell us where thou doo'st thine Anchors hide?
Whence thou resisteth Sayls, Ow'rs, Wind, and Tide?
How on the sodain canst thou curb so short
A Ship, whom all the Elements transport?
Whence is thine Engin, and thy secret force
That frustrates Engins, and all force doth force?
I had (in Harbour) heav'd mine Anchor o're,
And ev'n already set one foot a-shore;
Dolphin. When lo, the *Dolphin*, beating 'gainst the bank,
'Gan mine oblivion moodily mis-thank.
Peace, Princely Swimmer, sacred *Fish* content thee;
For, for thy praise, th' end of this Song I meant thee.
Brave Admirall of the broad briny Regions,
Triumphant Tamer of the scaly Legions,
Who living, ever liv'st (for, never sleep,
Death's lively Image, in thy eyes doth creep)
Lover of Ships, of Men, of Melody,
Thou up and down through the moyst World dost ply
Swift as a shaft; whose Salt thou lovest so,
That lacking that, thy life thou dost forgoe:
Thou (gentle Fish) wert th' happy Boat, of yore,
Which safely brought th' *Amiclean* Harp a-shore.
The strange adventure of Arion, saved by a Dolphin. *Arion*, matchless for his Musick's skill,
Among the *Latines* having gain'd his fill
Of gold and glory, and exceeding fain
To re-salute his learnéd *Greece* again;
Unwares, imbarks him in a Pyrate's ship,
Who, loath to let so good a booty slip,
Soon weighes his Anchors, packs on all his sail;
And Winds conspiring with a prosperous gale,
His wingéd Fregat made so speedy flight,
Tarentum Towers were quicly out of sight;
And all, save Skies, and Seas, on every side;
Where th' onely Compass is the Pylot's guide.
The Saylours then (whom many times we finde
Falser then Seas, and fiercer then the Winde)
Fall straight to strip him, rifling (at their Pleasure)
In every corner to find out his Treasure;
And, having found it, all with one accord
Hoist th' Owner up, to heave him over-boord.
Who, weeping, said, O *Nereus'* noble issue,
Not, to restore my little gold, I wish you:
For, my chiefe Treasure in my Musick lyes
(And all *Apollo's* sacred Pupils, prize
The holy Virgins of *Parnassus* so,
That under-foot all worldly wealth they throw.)
No (brave Triumphers over Winde and Wave,
Who in both Worlds your habitation have,
Who both Heav'n's Hooks in your adventures view)
'Tis not for That, with broken sighes I sue:
I but beseech you, offer no impieties
Unto a person deer unto the Deities.
So may *Messenian Sirens*, for your sake,
Be ever mute when you your voyage make,
And *Triton's* Trumpet th' angry Surges swage,
When (justly) *Neptune* shall against you rage.
But if (alas!) I cannot this obtaine
(As my faint eye reads in your frowns too plaine)
Suffer, at least, to my sad dying voyce,
My dolefull fingers to consort their noise:
That so the Sea-Nymphs (rapt in admiration
Of my divine, sweet, sacred lamentation)
Dragging my corps to shore, with weeping showrs
May dew the same, and it entoomb in flowrs.
Then play (said they) and give us both together
Treasure and pleasure by thy comming hither.
His sweetest strokes then sad *Arion* lent
Th' inchanting sinnewes of his Instrument:
Wherewith he charm'd the raging Ocean so,
That crook-tooth'd *Lampreys*, and the *Congers* row
Friendly together, and their native hate
The *Pike* and *Mullet* (for the time) forgate,
And *Lobstars* floated fear-less all the while
Among the *Polyps*, prone to theft and guile.
But among all the Fishes that did throng
To dance the measures of his mournefull song,
There was a *Dolphin* did the best accord
His nimble Motions to the trembling Chord:
Who, gently sliding neer the Pinnass' side,
Seem'd to invite him on his back to ride.
By this time, twice the Saylours had assayd
To heave him o're; yet twice himselfe he staied:
And now the third time strove they him to cast;
Yet by the shrowds the third time held he fast.
But lastly, seeing Pyrats past remorse,
And him too-feeble to withstand their force,
The trembling *Dolphin's* shoulders he bestrid;
Who on the Ocean's azure Surges slid;

So, that far-off (his charge so cheeréd him)
One would have thought him rather fly, then swim:
Yet fears he every Shelfe and every Surge
(Not for himselfe, but for his tender charge)
And, sloaping swiftly overthwart those Seas
(Not for his owne but for his Rider's ease)
Makes double haste to finde some happy strand,
Where his sweet *Phœbus* he may safely land.
Mean-while, *Arion*, with his Musick rare,
Payes his deer Pylot his delightfull Fare.
And heaving eyes to Heav'n (the Hav'n of Pity)
To his sweet Harp he tunes this sacred Ditty:
O thou Almighty! who mankinde to wrack,
Of thousand Seas, didst whilom one Sea make,
And yet didst save from th' universall Doom,
One sacred Houshold, that in time to come
(From Age to Age) should sing thy glorious praise!
Looke down (O Lord) from thy supernall rayes;
Look, look (alas!) upon a wretched man,
Halfe-Toomb'd already in the Ocean,
O! be my Steers-man, and vouchsafe to guide
The stern-less Boat, and bit-less Horse I ride;
So that, escaping Wind's and Water's wrath,
I once again may tread my native path:
And hence-forth, here with solemn vowes I sacre
Unto thy glory (O my God and Maker)
For this great favour's high Memoriall,
My Heart and Art, my Voyce, Hand, Harp, and all.
Here-with, the Seas their roaring rage refrain,
The cloudy Welkin waxéd clear again,
And all the Windes did sodainly convert
Their mouthes to ears, to heare his wondrous Art.
The *Dolphin* then, discrying Land (at last)
Stormes with himselfe, for having made such haste,
And wisht *Laconia* thousand Leagues from thence,
T' have joy'd the while his Musick's excellence.
But, 'fore his owne delight, preferring far
Th' unhopéd safety of the Minstrell rare,
Sets him ashore, and (which most strange may seem)
Where life he took, there life restoreth him.
But now (deere *Muse*) with *Jonas* let us hie
From the Whale's belly; and from jeopardy
Of stormfull Seas, of wrackfull Rocks and Sand,
Come, come (my Darling) let us haste to Land.

The second part of this Book, treating of Fowles.

While busie, poaring downward in the Deep,
I sing of *Fishes* (that their Quarter keep)
See how the *Fowles* are from my fancie fled,
And their high prayses quite out of my head:
Their flight out-flies me; and my Muse almost
The better halfe of this bright *Day* hath lost.
But, cheer ye, *Birds:* your shadows (as ye pass)
Seeming to flutter on the Water's face,
Make me remember, by their nimble turns,
Both what my duty and your due concerns.
But first I pray (*for meed of all my toyl*
In bringing you into this HAPPIE ILE)
Vouchsafe to waken with your various Notes
The sense-less senses of those drowsie Sots,
Whose eye-lids laden with a weight of Lead
Shall fall a-sleep the while these Rimes are read.
But, if they could not close their wakefull eyes
Among the Water's silent Colonies;
How can they sleep among the *Birds*, whose sound
Through Heav'n, and Earth, and Ocean doth redound?

Of the admirable and onely Phœnix.

The Heav'nly Phœnix first began to frame
The Earthly *Phœnix*, and adorn'd the same
With such a plume, that *Phœbus* circuiting
From *Fez* to *Cairo*, sees no fairer thing:
Such form, such feathers, and such Fate he gave-her,
That fruitfull Nature breedeth nothing braver:
Two sparkling eyes; upon her crown a crest
Of starrie Sprigs (more splendent then the rest),
A golden doun about her dainty neck,

Her description.

Her brest deep purple, and a scarlet back,
Her wings and train of feathers (mixéd fine)
Of orient Azure and incarnadine.
He did appoint her Fate to be her Pheer,
And Death's cold kisses to restore her here
Her life again; which never shall expire

Her life.

Untill (as she) the World consume in fire.
For, having passéd under divers Climes,
A thousand Winters, and a thousand Primes;
Worn-out with years; wishing her endless end,
To shining flames she doth her life commend,
Dies to revive, and goes into her Grave
To rise again more beautifull and brave.
Perchéd, therefore, upon a branch of palm,
With Incense, Cassia, Spiknard, Myrrh, and Balm;
By break of Day she builds (in narrow room)
Her Urn, her Nest, her Cradle, and her Toomb:
Where, while she sits all gladly-sad expecting
Some flame (against her fragrant heap reflecting)
To burn her sacred bones to seedfull cinders
(Wherein, her age, but not her life, she renders)

Her death.

The *Phrygian* Skinker with his lavish Ewer,
Drowns not the Fields with shower after shower;
The shivering *Coach-man*, with his Ycy Snowe
Dares not the Forrests of *Phœnicia* strowe:
Auster presumes not *Libyan* shores to pass
With his moist wings: and gray-beard *Boreas*
(As the most boistrous and rebellious slave)
Is prisoned close in th' *Hyper-Borean* Cave:
For, Nature now propitious to her End,
T' her living Death a helping hand doth lend:
And, stopping all those Mouths, doth mildly sted
Her Funerals, her fruitfull birth, and bed:
And *Sol* himself, glancing his golden eyes
On th' odoriferous Couch wherein she lies:
Kindles the spice, and by degrees consumes
Th' immortall *Phœnix*, both her flesh and plumes.
But instantly out of her ashes springs

Her re-generation.

A Worm, an Egg then, then a Bird with wings,
Just like the first (rather the same indeed)
Which (re-ingendred of it's selfly seed)
By nobly dying a new Date begins,
And where she loseth, there her life she wins:

End-less by 'r End, eternall by her Tomb;
While, by a prosperous Death, she doth becom
(Among the cinders of her sacred Fire)
Her ownself's Heir, Nurse, Nurseling, Dam, and Sire:

The best application. Teaching us all, in *Adam* here to dy,
That we in Christ may live eternally.

Birds that follow the Phœnix, and their natures. The *Phœnix*, cutting th' unfrequented Aire,
Forth-with is followed by a thousand pair
Of wings, in th' instant by th' Almighty wrought,
With divers Size, Colour, and Motion fraught.

The Swallow. The sent-strong *Swallow* sweepeth to and fro,
As swift as shafts fly from a Turkish Bow,
When (Use, and Art, and Strength confederéd)
The skilfull Archer draws them to the head:
Flying she sings, and singing seeketh where
She more with cunning, then with cost, may rear
Her round-Front Palace in a place secure,
Whose plot may serve in rarest Arch'tecture:
Her little beak she loads with brittle straws,
Her wings with Water, and with Earth her claws;
Whereof she Morter makes and there-with-all
Aptly she builds her semi-circle Wall.

The Lark. The pretty *Lark*, climbing the Welkin clear,
Chaunts with a cheer, *Heer peer-I neer my Dear;*
Then stooping thence (seeming her fall to rew)
Adieu (she saith) *adieu, deer Deer adieu.*

The Linot. The Finch. The *Spink*, the *Linot*, and the *Gold Finch* fill
All the fresh Aire with their sweet warbles shrill.

The Nightingale. But, These are nothing to the *Nightingale*,
Breathing so sweetly from a brest so small,
So many Tunes; whose Harmony excels
Our Voyce, our Violls, and all Musick els.
Good Lord! how oft in a green Oaken Grove,
In the cool shadow have I stood and strove
To marry mine immortall Layes to theirs,
Rapt with delight of their delicious Aiers!
And (yet) me thinks, in a thick thorn I hear
A *Nightingale* to warble sweetly, cleer.
One while she bears the Base, anon the Tenor,
Anon the Treble, then the Counter-Tenor:
Then all at once; (as it were) chalenging
The rarest voices with herself to sing.
Thence thirty steps, amid the leafie Sprayes,
Another *Nightingale* repeats her Layes,
Just Note for Note, and adds some strain at last,
That she hath connéd all the Winter past:
The first replyes, and descants there-upon;
With divine warbles of Division,
Redoubling Quavers; And so (turn by turn)
Alternately they sing away the Morn:
So that the conquest in this curious strife
Doth often cost the one her voyce and life:
Then, the glad Victor all the rest admire,
And after count her Mistress of the Quire.
At break of Day, in a delicious song
She sets the *Gam-ut* to a hundred yong:
And, when as fit for higher Tunes she sees them,
Then learnedly she harder Lessons gives-them;
Which, strain by strain, they studiously recite,
And follow all their Mistress' Rules aright.

Divers other delicate and gentle Birds. The *Colchian Pheasant*, and the *Partridge* rare,
The lustfull *Sparrow*, and the fruitfull *Stare*,
The chattering *Pye*, the chastest *Turtle-Dove*,
The grizel *Quoist*, the *Thrush* (that Grapes doth love,)
The little *Gnat-snap* (worthy Princes' Boords)
And the greene *Parrat*, fainer of our Words;
Wait on the *Phœnix*, and admire her tunes,
And gaze themselves in her blew golden plumes.

Ravenous Birds. The ravening *Kite*, whose train doth well supply
A Rudder's place, the *Falcon* mounting high,
The *Marlin*, *Lanar*, and the gentle *Tercell*,
Th' *Ospray*, and *Saker*, with a nimble sarcell,
Follow the *Phœnix*, from the Clouds (almost)
At once discovering many an unknow'n Coast.
In the swift Rank of these fell Rovers, flies
The *Indian Griffin* with the glistring eyes,
Beak *Eagle-like*, back sable, sanguin brest,
White (Swan-like) wings, fierce talons alwayes prest
For bloody battails; for, with these he tears
Boars, Lions, Horses, Tigres, Bulls, and Bears:
With these, our Grandam's fruitfull panch he puls,
Whence many an Ingot of pure Gold he culls,
To floor his proud nest, builded strong and steep
On a high Rock, better his thefts to keep:
With these, he guards against an Army bold
The hollow Mines where first he findeth Gold;
As wroth, that men upon his right should rove,
Or theevish hands usurp his *Treasar-trove.*

Detestation of Avarice, for her execrable and dangerous effects. O! ever may'st thou fight so (valiant Fowl)
For this dire bane of our seducéd soule:
And (with thee) may the *Dardan* Ants so ward
The Gold committed to their carefull Guard,
That hence-forth hopeless, man's frail mind may rest her
From seeking that, which doth it's Masters master.
O odious poyson! for the which we dive
To *Pluto's* dark Den: for the which we rive
Our Mother Earth; and, not contented with
Th' abundant gifts she outward offereth,
With sacrilegious Tools we rudely rend-her,
And ransack deeply in her bosom tender,
While under ground we live in hourly fear
When the frail Mines shall over-whelm us there:
For which, beyond rich *Taproban*, we roule
Through thousand Seas to seek another Pole;
And maugre Winde's and Water's enmity,
We every Day new vnknow'n Worlds descry:
For which (alas!) the Brother sels his Brother,
The Sire his Son, the Son his Sire and Mother,
The Man his Wife, the Wife her wedded Pheer,
The Friend his Friend: O! what not sell we here?
Sithence, to satiate our Gold-thirsty gall,
We sell ourselves, our very soules, and all.

Night-Fowles and solitary Birds. Neer these, the *Crow* his greedy wings displayes,
The long-liv'd *Rav'n*, th' *infamous Bird* that layes
His Bastard Egges within the nests of other,
To have them hatcht by an unkindely Mother:

The *Skrich-Owle*, us'd in falling Towres to lodge,
Th' unlucky *Night-Rav'n;* and thou lasie *Madge*
That, fearing light, still seekest where to hide
The hate and scorn of all the Birds beside.
Water Fowls. But (gentle *Muse*) tell me what *Fowls* are those
That but even-now from flaggy Fenns arose?
'Tis th' hungry *Hern*, the greedy *Cormorant*,
The *Coot* and *Curlew*, which the moors doe haunt,
The nimble *Teal*, the *Mallard* strong in flight,
The *Di-dapper*, the *Plover* and the *Snight:*
The silver *Swan*, that dying singeth best,
And the *Kings-Fisher;* which so builds her nest,
By the Sea-side in midst of Winter Season,
That man (in whom shines the bright Lamp of Reason)
Cannot devise, with all the wit he has,
Her little building how to raise or raze:
So long as there her quiet Couch she keeps,
Sicilian Sea exceeding calmly sleeps;
For *Æolus*, fearing to drown her brood,
Keeps home the while, and troubles not the Flood.
The Pirat (dwelling alwayes in his Bark)
In 's Calendar her building-Dayes doth mark:
And the rich Merchant resolutely ventures,
So soon as th' *Halcyon* in her brood-bed enters.
Mean-while, the *Langa*, skimming (as it were)
The Ocean's surface, seeketh every where
The hugy Whale; where slipping-in (by Art)
In his vast mouth, she feeds upon his heart.
Strange admirable Birds. NEW-SPAIN'S *Cucuio*, in his forehead brings
Two burning Lamps, two underneath his wings;
Whose shining Rayes serve oft, in darkest night,
Th' imbroiderer's hand in royall Works to light:
Th' ingenious Turner, with a wakefull eye,
To polish fair his purest Ivory:
The Usurer to count his glistring treasures:
The learnéd Scribe to limn his golden measures.
But note we now, towards the rich *Moluques*,
Those passing strange and wondrous (birds) *Mamuques*;[1]
(Wondrous indeed, if Sea, or Earth, or Sky,
Saw ever wonder swim, or go, or fly)
None knowes their nest, none knowes the dam that breeds them:
Food-less they live; for, th' Aire alonely feeds them:
Wing-less they fly; and yet their flight extends,
Till, with their flight, their unknow'n lives'-date ends.
Charitable Birds. The *Stork*, still eying her deer *Thessalie*,
The *Pelican* consorteth cheerfully:
Praise-worthy Payre: with pure examples yeeld
Of faithfull Father, and officious Childe:
Th' one quites (in time) her Parents' love exceeding,
From whom she had her birth and tender breeding,
Not onely brooding under her warm brest
Their age-chill'd bodies bed-rid in the nest;
Nor onely bearing them upon her back
Through th' empty Aire when their owne wings they lack;

[1] With us calld Birds of Paradise.

But also sparing (This let Children note)
Her daintiest food from her own hungry throat,
To feed at home her feeble Parents, held
From forraging, with heavie Gyves of Eld.
The other, kindly, for her tender Brood
Tears her own bowells, trilleth-out her blood
To heal her young, and in a wondrous sort
Unto her Children doth her life transport:
For, finding them by some fell Serpent slain,
She rents her brest, and doth upon them rain
Her vitall humour; whence recovering heat,
They by her death, another life do get:
A Type of *Christ*, who, sin-thrall'd man to free,
Became a captive; and on shamefull Tree
(Self-guiltless) shed his blood, by 's wounds to save-us,
And salve the wounds th' old Serpent firstly gave-us:
And so became of meer immortall, mortall;
Thereby to make frail mortall Man, immortall.
Thus do'st thou print (O Parent of this All) Lessons for mankinde, out of the consideration of the natures of divers creatures.
In every brest of brutest Animall
A kind instinct, which makes them dread no less
Their Children's danger then their owne decease;
That so each Kinde may last immortally,
Though th' *Individuum* pass successively.
So fights a *Lion* not for glory (then)
But for his Deer Whelps taken from his Den
By Hunters fell: He fiercely roareth out,
He wounds, he kils; amid the thickest rout,
He rushes-in, dread-less of spears, and darts,
Swords, shafts, and staves, though hurt in thousand parts;
And brave-resolvéd, till his last breath lack,
Never gives-over, nor an inch gives-back:
Wrath salves his wounds: and lastly (to conclude)
When, over-layd with might and Multitude,
He needs must die; dying, he more bemoanes,
Then his own death, his Captive little-Ones.
So for their young our *Masty Currs* will fight,
Eagerly bark, bristle their backs and bite.
So, in the *Deep*, the *Dog-Fish* for her Fry
Lucina's throwes, a thousand times doth try:
For, seeing when the subtle Fisher followes them,
Again alive into her womb she swallowes them;
And when the perill's past, she brings them thence,
As from the Cabins of a safe defence;
And (thousand lives to their deer Parent owing)
As sound as ever in the Seas are rowing.
So doth a *Hen* make of her wings a Targe
To shield her *Chickens* that she hath in charge:
And so, the *Sparrow* with her angry bill
Defends her brood from such as would them ill.
I hear the *Crane* (if I mistake not) cry: The Crane.
Who in the Clouds forming the forkéd Y,
By the brave orders practiz'd under her,
Instructeth Souldiers in the Art of War.
For when her Troops of wandring Cranes forsake
Frost-firméd *Strymon*, and (in *Autumn*) take
Truce with the *Northren Dwarfs*, to seek adventure
In *Southren Climates* for a milder Winter;

Y

A front each Band a forward Captain flies,
Whose pointed Bill cuts passage through the Skies;
Two skilfull Sergeants keep the Ranks aright,
And with their voyce hasten their tardy Flight;
And when the honey of care-charming sleep
Sweetly begins through all their veines to creep,
One keeps the Watch, and ever carefull-most,
Walks many a Round about the sleeping Hoast,
Still holding in his claw a stony clod,
Whose fall may wake him if he hap to nod;
Another doth as much, a third, a fourth,
Untill, by turns the night be turned forth.

The Peacock. There, the fair *Peacock* beautifully brave,
Proud, portly-strouting, stalking, stately-grave,
Wheeling his starry Trayn, in pomp displayes
His glorious eyes to *Phœbus'* golden rayes.

The Cock. Close by his side stands the couragious *Cock*,
Crest-people's King, the Peasant's trusty Clock,
True Morning Watch, *Aurora's* Trumpeter,
The Lyon's terror, true Astronomer,
Who daily riseth when the Sun doth rise;
And when *Sol* setteth then to roost he hies.

The Estridge. There, I perceive amid the flowry Plain
The mighty *Estridge*, striving oft in vain
To mount among the flying multitude,
(Although with feathers, not with flight indu'd),
Whose greedy stomack steely gads digests;
Whose crispéd train adorns triumphant crests.

Thou happy Witness of my happy Watches,
Blush not (my book) nor think it thee dismatches,
To bear about upon thy paper-Tables,
Flies, *Butterflies*, *Gnats*, *Bees*, and all the rabbles
Of other *Insects* (endless to rehearse)
Limn'd with the pencill of my various Verse:
Sith these are also his wise Workmanships
Whose fame did never obscure Work eclipse:
And sith in These he shows us every howr
More wondrous proofs of his Almighty powr
Then in huge Whales, or hideous Elephants,
Or whatsoever other Monster haunts
In Storm-less Seas, raising a storm about,
While in the Sea another Sea they spout.
For, if old times admire *Callicrates*
For Ivory *Emmets;* and *Mermécides*
For framing of a riggéd Ship, so small
That with her wings a *Bee* can hide it all,
(Though th' Artfull fruits of all their curious pain,
Fit for no use, were but inventions vain)
Admire we then th' all-wise Omnipotence,
Which doth within so narrow space dispence
So stiff a sting, so stout and valiant heart,
So loud a voyce, so prudent Wit and Art.

Of Insects, in the Creation whereof the wisdome of their Maker shineth admirably.

Of Flyes.

Of Bees. For, where 's the State beneath the Firmament,
That doth excell the Bees for Government?
No, no: bright *Phœbus*, whose eternall Race
Once every Day about the World doth pace,
Sees here no Citie, that in Rites and Laws
(For Equitie) neer to their Justice draws:
Not [1] That which flying from the furious *Hun*,
In th' *Adrian* Sea another World begun.
Their well-rul'd State my soule so much admires,
That, durst I loose the Reins of my desires,
I gladly could digress from my designe,
To sing a while their sacred Discipline:
But if, of all, whose skilfull Pencils dare
To counterfeit th' Almightie's Models rare,
None yet durst finish that fair Piece, wherein
Learnéd *Apelles* drew *Love's* wanton Queen;
Shall I presume *Hymetus'* Mount to climbe,
And sing the *Bees'* praise in mine humble rime?
Which *Latian* Bards' inimitable Prince
Hath warbled twice about the banks of *Mince*?

Yet may I not that little *Worm* [2] pass-by,
Of Fly turn'd Worm, and of a Worm a Fly:
Two births, two deaths, here Nature hath assign'd-her,
Leaving a Post-hume (dead-alive) seed behind her;
Which soon transforms the fresh and tender leaves
Of *Thisbe's* pale Tree, to those slender sleaves
(On ovall clews) of soft, smooth, *Silken* flakes;
Which more for us, then for herself, she makes.
O precious fleece! which onely did adorn
The sacred loyns of Princes heretofore:
But our proud Age, with prodigall abuse,
Hath so profan'd the old honourable use,
That Shifters now, who scarce have bread to eat,
Disdain plain *Silk*, unless it be beset
With one of those deer Metals; whose desire
Burns greedy soules with an immortall Fire.

Though last, not least; brave *Eagle* no contempt
Made me so long thy story hence exempt;
(*Nor* LESS-EX *told shall thy true vertues be*,
For th' Eyrie's sake that ownes my Muse and me:
Where Jov's *and* Juno's *stately Birds be billing*,
Their Azure Field with fairest Eaglets *filling*
(Azure *they bear three* Eaglets *Argentine*,
A Cheuron *Ermin grailéd* Or *between*).
WIt CHieftie RICHes, *to* THem *all I wish*
In Earth; in Heav'n th' immortall Crown *of Bliss.*)
For, well I know, thou holdest (worthily)
That place among the Aëry flocks that fly,
As doth the *Dragon*, or the *Cockatrice*
Among the banefull Creeping Companies:
The noble *Lion* among savage beasts;
And gentle *Dolphin* 'mong the Dyving guests.
I know thy course; I know, thy constant sight
Can fixly gaze against Heav'n's greatest Light.
But, as the Phœnix on my Front doth glister,
Thou shalt the Finials of my Frame illustre.

A strange and notable story of the love and death of an Eagle.

On *Thracian* shore, of the same stormy stream
Which did inherit both the bones and name
Of *Phryxus'* Sister (and not far from thence
Where love-blind *Hero's* hap-less diligence,
Instead of Love's lamp, lighted Death's cold brand,
To waft *Leander's* naked limbs to land)

[1] Venice. [2] The Silkworm.

There dwelt a Maid, as noble, and as rich,
As fair as *Hero*, but more chaste by much:
For, her steel brest still blunted all the Darts
Of *Paphos'* Archer, and eschew'd his Arts.
One day, this Damsell through a Forrest thick
Hunting among her Friends (that sport did seek)
Unto a steep Rock's thorny-thrummed top
(Where, one (almost) would fear to clamber up)
Two tender *Eaglets* in a nest espies,
Which 'gainst the Sun sate trying of their eyes;
Whose callow backs and bodies round about
With soft short quils began to bristle out;
Who yawning wide, with empty gorge did gape
For wonted fees out of their Parents' rape.
Of these two *Fowls* the fairest up she takes
Into her bosome, and great haste she makes
Down from the Rock, and shivering yet for fear
Trips home as fast as her light feet can bear:
Even as a wolf, that hunting for a prey,
And having stoln (at last) some Lamb away;
Flyes with down-hanging head, and leareth back
Whether the Mastife doo pursue his track.
In time, this *Eagle* was so throughly mann'd,
That from the Quarry to her Mistress' hand
At the first call 't would come; and fawn upon-her,
And bill and bow, in signe of love and honour:
On th' other side, the Maiden makes as much
Of her deer Bird; stroaking with gentle touch
Her wings and train, and with a wanton voyce
It wantonly doth cherish and rejoyce:
And (pretty fondling) she doth prize it higher
Then her owne beauties; which all else admire.
But (as fell Fates mingle our single joyes,
With bitter gall of infinite annoyes)
An extream Fever vext the Virgin's bones
(By one disease to cause two deaths at once)
Consum'd her flesh, and wanly did displace
The Rose-mixt-Lillies in her lovely face.
Then far'd the *Foul* and *Fairest* both alike;
Both like tormented, both like shivering sick;
So that, to note their passions, one would gather
That *Lachesis* spun both their lives together.
But oft the *Eagle*, striving with her Fit,
Would fly abroad to seek some dainty bit
For her deer Mistress: and with nimble wing,
Some *Rail*, or *Quail*, or *Partridge* would she bring;
Paying with food, the food receiv'd so oft,
From those fair Ivory, Virgin-fingers soft,
During her nonage, yer she durst assay
To cleave the sky, and for her selfe to prey.
The Fever now with spitefull fits had spent
The blood and marrow of this Innocent,
And Life resign'd to cruell death her right;
Who three dayes after doth the Eagle cite.

The fearfull Hare durst now frequent the Down;
And round about the Wals of *Hero's* Town,
The Tercel-gentle, and swift Falcon flew,
Dread-less of th' *Eagle* that so well they knew:
For she (alas!) lies on her Ladies' bed,
Still-sadly mourning; though a-live, yet dead:
For, O! how should she live sith Fatall knife
Hath cut the thread of her live's dearest life?
O're the deer Corps somtimes her wings she hovers,
Somtimes the dead brest with her brest she covers,
Somtimes her neck doth the pale neck embrace,
Somtimes she kisses the cold lips and face;
And with sad murmurs she lamenteth so,
That her strange moan augments the parents' wo.
Thrice had bright *Phœbus'* daily Chariot run
Past the proud *Pillars* of *Alcmenas'* son,
Since the fair Virgin past the fatall Ferrey
Where (lastly) Mortals leave their burthens weary;
And yet this dolefull Bird, drown'd in her tears,
All comfort-less, Rest and Repast forbears:
So much (alas!) she seemeth to contend
Her life and sorrows both at once to end.
But lastly, finding all these means too-weak,
The quick dispatch, that she did wish, to wreak;
With ire and anguish both at once enraged,
Unnaturally her proper brest she gaged,
And tears her bowels, storming bitterly
That all these deaths could yet not make her dy.
But, loe the while, about the lightsome door
Of th' hap-less house, a mournfull troop that bore
Black on their back and Tapers in their fists,
Tears on their cheeks, and sorrow in their brests;
Who, taking up the sacred Load (at last)
Whose happy soule already Heav'n embrac't;
With shrill, sad cries, march toward the fatall Pile
With solemn pace: The silly Bird, the while,
Following far-off, her bloody entrails trails;
Honouring, with convoy, two sad Funerals.
No sooner had the Ceremonie's Flame
Embrac't the body of her tender Dame,
But suddenly, distilling all with blood,
Down soust the *Eagle* on the blazing wood:
Nor boots the *Flamine*, with his sacred wand,
A hundred times to beat her from her stand:
For, to the midst still of the *Pile* she plies;
And, singing sweet her Ladie's Obsequies,
There burns herselfe, and blendeth, happily,
Her bones with hers she lov'd so tenderly.
O happy Pair! upon your sable Toomb,
May *Mel* and *Manna* ever showring come;
May sweetest Myrtles ever shade your Herse,
And evermore live you within my Verse.

So Morne and Evening the Fifth Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 9, '*presidents*' = precedents.
,, 18, '*Baldrick*'—see Fourth Day, l. 226, and Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for a full note.
,, 23, '*hoast*' = to entertain as a 'host.'
,, 43, '*Champain*' = plain.
,, 49, '*Stares*' = starlings.
,, 50, '*Millions*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, on this double-rhyme word.
,, 60, '*Ye divine wits of elder Dayes*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* 'wits,' for a full note hereon.
,, 72, '*Roules*' = rolls: *ib.* '*Calamary.*' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for a full note.
,, 94, '*of one Tortoise*'—immortalised as the boat of Wordsworth's 'Idiot Boy.'
,, 109, '*huffing*' = bullying.
,, 119, '*Treen*' = trees or wood.
,, 157, '*recoyl*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 159, '*To see the smoak*'—a familiar Homeric reminiscence.
,, 172, '*pudder*' = poke—as with the 'puddering-pole.'
,, 206, '*Sargus*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for full notes on this and other of the fishes and fowls and many singular creatures celebrated in association with 'Vulgar Errors.'
,, 217, '*Pheer*' = husband or partner. See l. 610.
,, 220, '*yerst*' = erst.
,, 279, '*barded*' = bearded.
,, 315, '*Weyre*' = weir.
,, 330, '*gilden*' = golden.
,, 342, '*Carrak*' = large and valuable ship.
,, 372, '*Nacre*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 397, '*stowrs*'=stours, storms; but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for a full note.
,, 404, '*good-cheap*' = very cheap.
,, 418, '*a wider Cell.*' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for a fine poem by Dr. Holmes of America, wherein this is wonderfully worked out.
,, 430, '*owers*' = oars, as before *et frequenter*.
,, 432, '*Remora*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for parallels with this extraordinary account.
,, 437, '*bougeth*' = budgeth.
,, 438, '*fadome*' = fathom.
,, 439, '*fastly*' = fast elongated for metre.
,, 500, '*swage*' = assuage.
,, 505, '*consort*' = harmonise?
,, 522, '*There was a Dolphin.*' See Crashaw's charming 'Arion' (in Latin) translated in the Fuller Worthies' Library edn., vol. ii.
,, 558, '*sacre*' = make sacred?

Line 563, '*Welkin*' = curved skies, as in German *wolk*.
,, 610, '*Pheer.*' See as line 217.
,, 615, '*Primes*' = Springs.
,, 628, '*Skinker*' = cup-bearer.
,, 676, '*Spink . . . Linot.*' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, as on l. 206.
,, 720, '*Marlin*' = merlin, hawk.
'*Lanar*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
'*Tercell*' = male of the goshawk.
,, 721, '*Saker*' = the peregrine falcon.
,, 730, '*Grandam's*' = Earth's.
,, 763, '*infamous Bird*' = cuckoo.
,, 765, '*unkindely*' = un-kin-ly, or not of kin or kind.
,, 767, '*Madge*' = owl or howlet.
,, 775, '*Snight*'—qu. = snipe—by stress of rhyme with 'flight'?
,, 807, '*alonely*' = alone elongated.
,, 814, '*quites*' = quits, requites.
,, 825, '*trilleth*' = trickleth. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 856, '*Masty*' = large.
,, 882, '*care-charming sleep.*' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for various parallels with this compound.
,, 891, '*portly-strouting*' = largely-strutting.
,, 901, '*Estridge*' = ostrich.
,, 904, '*gads*' = goads.
,, 955, '*sleaves*' = flos-silk.
,, 956, '*clews*' = balls?
,, 959, '*heretoforn*' = heretofore by stress of rhyme with 'adorn.'
,, 962, '*Shifters*' = cozeners.
,, 968, '*LESS-EX*'—evidently a covert celebration of the gallant Earl of Essex. So too of Lady Rich (Sidney's Stella) in line 974. See Memorial-Introduction on these and other references.
,, 985, '*Finials*' = pinnacles.
,, 998, '*thorny-thrummèd*' = thorn-knit.
,, 1005, '*rape*' = plunder.
,, 1087, '*soust*' = plunged down violently.
,, 1088, '*boots*' = regards or heeds. *** As elsewhere, there are many classical commonplace names, &c., that it were superfluous to annotate. All in any way needing notice may be looked for *s.n.* in the Glossarial Index.—G.

THE SIXTH DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Inviting all, which through this World, aspire
Unto the next, God's glorious Works t' admire;
Here, on the Stage, our noble Poet brings
Beasts of the Earth, Cattell, and creeping things;
Their hurt and help to us: The strange events
Between Androdus, *and the Forrest Prince.*
The little-world (*Commander of the greater*)
Why formèd last: his admirable feature:
His Heav'n-born Soule; her wond'rous operation:
His dearest Rib; All Creatures' generation.

An exhortation to all which through the Pilgrimage of this life, tend toward the everlasting City, to consider well the excellent works of God, here represented by our Poet.

YOu Pilgrims, which (through this world's City) wend
Toward th' happy City, where withouten end
True joyes abound; to anchor in the Port
Where Death's pale horrors never do resort:
If you will see the fair Amphitheaters,
Th' Arke, Arcenels, Towrs, Temples, and Theaters,
Colosses, Cirques, Pyles, Ports, and Palaces
Proudly dispersèd in your passages;
Come, come with me: for, there's not any part
In this great Frame where shineth any Art,
But I will show 't you. Are you weary, since?
What! tyr'd so soon? Why will you not (my friends)
Having already ventur'd forth so far
On *Neptun's* back (through Winde's and Water's war)
Rowe yet a stroak, the Harbour to recover,
Whose shores already my glad eyes discover?
Almighty Father guide, their guide along,
And pour upon my faint influent tongue
The sweetest hony of th' *Hyanthian* Fount,
Which freshly purleth from the Muses' Mount,
With the sweet charm of my victorious Verse;
Tame furious Lions, Bears, and Tigers fierce;
Make (all the while) Beasts, laying fury by,
To come with Homage to my Harmony.

The Elephant.

OF ALL THE Beasts which thou *This-Day* didst build,
To haunt the Hils, the Forrest, and the Field,
I see (as Vice-Roy of their Brutish Band)
The *Elephant*, the Vant-guard doth command:
Worthy that Office; whether we regard
His Towréd back, where many Souldiers ward;
Or else his Prudence, wherewithall he seems
T' obscure the wits of human-kinde somtimes:
As studious Scholar, he self-rumineth
His lessons giv'n, his King he honoureth,
Adores the Moon: movéd with strange desire
He feels the sweet flames of the *Idalian* fire,
And (pierc't with glance of a kinde-cruell eye)
For humane beauty, seems to sigh and dye.
Yea (if the *Græcians* doe not mis-recite)
With 's crookéd trumpet he doth somtimes write.
But, his huge strength, or subtile Wit, cannot
Defend him from the sly *Rhinocerot:*

His combat with the Rhinocerot.

Who (never with blinde fury led) doth venter
Upon his Foe, but (yer the lists he enter)
Against a Rock he whetteth round about
The dangerous pike upon his arméd snout:
Then buckling close, doth not (at randon) hack
On the hard Cuirass on his Enemie's back;
But under's belly (cunning) findes a skin,
Where (and but there) his sharpned blade will in.
The scaly *Dragon*, being else too lowe
For th' *Elephant*, up a thick Tree doth goe;
So, closely ambusht almost every Day,
To watch the Carry-Castle in his way:
Who, once approaching straight his stand he leaves,
And round about him he so closely cleaves
With 's wrything body; that his Enemy
(His stinging knots unable to un-tie)

His combat with the Dragon.

Hastes to some Tree, or to some Rock, whereon
To rush and rub-off his detested zone;

The fell imbraces of whose dismall clasp
Have almost brought him to his latest gasp.
Then suddenly, the *Dragon* slips his hold
From th' *Elephant*, and sliding down, doth fold
The true Image of civill War. About his fore-legs, fetter'd in such order,
That stockéd there he now can stir no further;
While th' *Elephant* (but to no purpose) strives
With 's winding Trunk t' undoe his wounding gyves,
His furious foe thrusts in his nose, his nose,
Then head and all; and there-withall doth close
His breathing passage: but, his victory
He joyes not long; for his huge Enemy
Falling down dead, doth with his weighty Fall
Crush him to death, that caus'd his death withall:
Simile. Like factious *French-men*, whose fell hands pursue
In their own brests their furious blades t' embrew,
While pittie-less, hurried with blinded zeal,
In their own blood they bath their Common-weal;
When as at *Dreux*, *S. Denis*, and *Mountcounter*,
Their parricidiall bloody swords encounter;
Making their Countrey (as a Tragick Tomb)
T' enter th' Earth's terror in their hap-less womb.
Or, like our own (late) YORK *and* LANCASTER,
Ambitious broachers of that Viper-War;
Simile. *Which did the womb of their own Dam devour,*
And spoil'd the freshest of fair ENGLAND'S *Flowr;*
When (WHITE *and* RED) ROSE *against* ROSE, *they stood,*
Brother 'gainst Brother, to the knees in blood:
While Wakefield, Barnet, *and* S. Alban's *streets*
Were drunk with deer blood of PLANTAGENETS:
Where, either Conquer'd, and yet neither won;
Sith, by them both, was but their own undone.
The Hirable. Neer th' *Elephant*, comes th' hornéd *Hirable*,[1]
Camell. Stream-troubling *Camell*, and strong-neckéd *Bull*,
Bull. The lazy-paced (yet laborious) *Asse*,
Asse. The quick, proud *Courser*, which the rest doth passe
Horse. For apt address; *Mars* and his Master loving,
After his hand with ready lightness moving:
This, out of hand, will self advance, and bound,
Corvet, pase, manage, turn, and trot the Round:
That, followes loose behind the Groom that keeps-him;
This, kneeleth down the while his Master leaps-him:
This runs on Corn-Ears, and ne'r bends their quils;
That on the Water, and ne'r wets his heels.
The Hare. In a fresh Troup, the fearfull *Hare* I note,
The conney. Th' oblivious *Conney*, and the browzing *Goat*,
Goat. The sloathfull *Swine*, the golden-fleecéd *Sheep*,
Swine. The light-foot *Hart*, which every yeer doth weep
Sheep. (As a sad Recluse) for his branchéd head,
Deere. That in the Spring-time he before hath shed.
O! what a sport, to see a Heard of them
Take soyl in Summer in some spacious stream!
One swims before, another on his chine,
Nigh half-upright, doth with his brest incline;

On that, another; and so all do ride
Each after other: and still, when their guide
Growes to be weary, and can leade no more,
He that was hindmost comes and swims before:
Like as in Cities, still one Magistrate
Bears not the Burthen of the common state;
But having past his Yeer, he doth discharge
On others' shoulders his sweet-bitter charge.
Dog. But, of all Beasts, none steadeth Man so much
As doth the *Dog;* his diligence is such:
A faithfull Guard, a watchfull Sentinell,
A painfull Purveyor, that, with perfect smell,
Provides great Princes many a dainty mess;
A friend till death, a helper in distress,
Dread of the Wolf, Fear of the fearfull Thief,
Fierce Combatant, and of all Hunters chief.
Squirrill. There skips the *Squirrill*, seeming Weather-wise,
Without beholding of Heav'n's twinkling eyes:
For, knowing well which way the Winde will change,
He shifts the portall of his little Grange.
Weasell. There's th' wanton *Weasell*, and the wily *Fox*,
Fox. The witty *Monkey*, that man's action mocks:
Monkey. The sweat-sweet *Civit*, deerly fetcht from far
Civit Cat For Courtiers nice, past *Indian Tarnassar*.
Bever or Bezar. There, the wise *Bever*, who, pursu'd by foes,
Tears-off his codlings, and among them throwes,
Knowing that Hunters on the *Pontick* Heath
Doe more desire that ransom, then his death.
Hedg-hog. There the rough *Hedg-hog;* who, to shun his thrall,
Shrinks up himselfe as round as any Ball;
And fastning his slowe feet under his chin,
On's thistly bristles rowles him quickly in.
Chameleon. But th' eye of Heav'n beholdeth nought more strange
Then the *Chameleon*, who with various change
Receives the colour that each object gives,
And (food-less else) of th' Aire alonely lives.
My blood congeales, my sudden swelling brest
Can hardly breath, with chill cold cakes opprest;
My haire doth stare, my bones for fear do quake,
My colour changes, my sad heart doth shake:
And, round about 'Death's Image (gastly-grim)
Before mine eyes all-ready seems to swim.
O! who is he that would not be astound,
To be (as I am) heer environ'd round
Creatures Venemous, and offensive to man. With cruell'st Creatures, which for Mastery,
Have vow'd against us end-less Enmity?
Phœbus would faint, *Alcides'* selfe would dread,
Although the first drad *Python* conqueréd,
And th' other vanquisht th' *Erymanthian* Boar,
The *Némean* Lion and a many more.
What strength of arm, or Art-full stratagem,
The Crocodile. From *Nile's* fell Rover could deliver them,
Who runs, and rowes, warring by Land and Water
'Gainst men and Fishes subject to his slaughter?
Dragon. Or from the furious *Dragon*, which alone
Set-on a Roman Army; whereupon
Stout *Regulus* as many Engines spent,
As to the ground would *Carthage* wals have rent?

[1] Alias *Gyraffa*, alias *Anabula:* an Indian Sheep, or a wilde Sheep.

Aspick.

What shot-free Corslet, or what counsell crafty,
'Gainst th' angry *Aspick* could assure them safety?
Who (faithfull Husband) over Hill and Plain
Pursues the man that his dear Pheer hath slain;
Whom he can finde amid the thickest throng,
And, in an instant, 'venge him of his wrong.
What shield of *Ajax* could avoid their death
Basilisk. By th' *Basilisk*? whose pestilentiall breath
Doth pierce firm Marble, and whose banefull eye
Wounds with a glance, so that the soundest dye.

Why God created such noysome and dangerous creatures: Sin the occasion of the hurt they can doe us.

Lord! if so be, thou for mankinde didst rear
This rich round Mansion (glorious every where)
Alas! why didst thou on *This-Day* create
These harmfull Beasts, which but exasperate
Our thorny life? O! wert thou pleas'd to form
Th' innammel'd *Scorpion*, and the *Viper*-worm,
Th' horned *Cerastes*, th' *Alexandrian Skink*,
Th' *Adder*, and *Drynas* (full of odious stink)
Th' *Eft*, *Snake*, and *Dipsas* (causing deadly Thirst):
Why hast thou arm'd them with a rage so curst?
Pardon, good God, pardon me; t' was our pride,
Not Thou, that troubled our first happy tide,
And, in the Childehood of the World, did bring
Th' *Amphisbena*, her double banefull sting.
Before that *Adam* did revolt from Thee,
And (curious) tasted of the *sacred Tree*,
He livêd King of *Eden*, and his brow
Was never blancht with pallid fear, as now:
The fiercest Beasts, would at his word, or beck,
Bow to his yoke their self-obedient neck;
Simile. As now the ready *Horse* is at command
To the good Rider's spur, or word, or wand;
And doth not wildely his own will perform,
But his that rules him with a steddy arm.
Yea, as forgetfull of so foule offence,
God hath given us wisdome to avoid and vanquish them. Thou left'st him (yet) sufficient wisedome, whence
He might subdue, and to his service stoop
The stubborn'st heads of all the savage troop.
Of all the creatures through the Welking gliding,
Walking on Earth, or in the Waters sliding,
Th' hast arméd some with Poyson, some with Paws,
Some with sharp Antlers, some with griping Claws,
Some with keen Tushes, some with crookéd Beaks,
Some with thick Cuirets, some with scaly Necks;
But mad'st Man naked, and for Weapons fit
Thou gav'st him nothing but a pregnant Wit;
Which rusts and duls, except it subject finde
Worthy it's worth, whereon itself to grinde;
And (as it were) with envious armies great,
Be round about besiegéd and beset.
For, what boot *Milo's* brawny Shoulders broad,
And sinnewie Arms, if but a common load
He alwaies bear? what Bayes, or Olive boughs,
Parsley, or Pine, shall crown his warlike brows,
Except some other *Milo*, entring Lists,
Couragiously his boasted strength resists?
"In deepest perils shineth Wisdome's prime:
"Through thousand deaths true Valour seeks to clime;
"Well knowing, Conquest yeelds but little Honour,
"If bloody Danger doe not wait upon her.

God hath set them at enmity among themselves. O gracious Father! th' hast not onely lent
Prudence to Man, the Perils to prevent,
Wherewith these foes threaten his feeble life:
But (for his sake) hast set at mutuall strife
Serpents with *Serpents*, and hast rais'd them foes
Which, uprovokéd, felly them oppose.
The Viper and Scorpion with their young. Thou mak'st th' ingratefull *Viper* (at his birth)
His dying Mother's belly to gnaw forth:
Thou mak'st the *Scorpion* (greedy after food)
Unnaturally devour his proper brood:
Whereof, one scaping from the Parent's hunger,
With 's death doth vengence on his brethren's wronger:
The Weazell against the Basilisk. Thou mak'st the *Weazell*, by a secret might,
Murder the *Serpent* with the murdering sight:
Who so surpriz'd, striving in wrathfull manner,
Dying himself, kils with his bane his Baner.
The Ichneumon against the Aspick. Thou mak'st th' *Ichneumon* (whom the *Memphs* adore)
To rid of Poysons *Nile's* manuréd shore;
Although (indeed) he doth not conquer them
So much by strength as subtle stratagem.
As he that (urg'd with deep indignity)
By a proud Chalenge doth his foe defie,
Premeditates his posture and his play,
And arms himself so compleat every way
(With wary hand guided with watchfull eye,
And ready foot to traverse skilfully)
That the Defendant, in the heat of fight,
Findes no part open for his blade to light:
So *Pharaoh's* Rat, yer he begin the fray
'Gainst the blinde *Aspick*, with a cleaving Clay
Upon his coat he wraps an earthen Cake,
Which, afterward, the Sun's hot beams doe bake:
Arm'd with this Plaister, th' *Aspick* he approcheth,
And in his throat his crookéd tooth he brocheth;
While th' other boot-less strives to pierce and prick
Through the hard temper of his armour thick:
Yet, knowing himself too-weak (for all his wile)
Alone to match the scaly *Crocodile;*
The Ichmon and the Wren against the Crocodile. Hee, with the *Wren*, his ruine doth conspire.
The *Wren*, who seeing (prest with sleep's desire)
Nile's poys'ny Pirate press the slimy shore;
Suddenly comes, and hopping him before,
Into his mouth he skips, his teeth he pickles,
Cleanseth his palate, and his throat so tickles,
That, charm'd with pleasure, the dull *Serpent* gapes
Wider and wider with his ugly chaps:
Then, like a shaft th' *Ichneumon* instantly
Into the Tyrant's greedy gorge doth flie,
And feeds upon that Glutton, for whose Riot
All *Nile's* fat margents scarce could furnish diet.
Nay, more, good Lord, th' hast taught Mankind a Reason
God hath taught us to make great use of them. To draw Life out of Death, and Health from Poyson:
So that in equall Balance balancing
The Good and Evill which these Creatures bring
Unto man's life, we shall perceive, the first
By many grains to over-weigh the worst.

Fierce and untameable beasts.

From Serpents 'scap't, yet am I scarce in saf'ty:
Alas! I see a Legion fierce and lofty
Of *Savages*, whose fleet and furious pase,
Whose horrid roaring, and whose hideous face
Make my sense sense-less, and my speech restrain,
And cast me in my former fears again.

The Wolf. Already howls the waste-full *Wolf*, the *Boar*
Boar. Whets foamy Fangs, the hungry *Bear* doth roar,
Bear. The Cat-fac'd *Ounce*, that doth me much dismay,
Ounce. With grumbling horror threatens my decay;

Tigre. The light-foot *Tigre*, spotted *Leopard*,
Leopard. Foaming with fury, doe besiege me hard:

Unicorn. Then th' *Unicorn*, th' *Hyæna* tearing-tombs,
Hyæna. Swift *Mantichor'*, and *Nubian Cephus* coms:
Mantichora, a kinde of Hyæna. Of which last three, each hath, (as here they stand)
Cephus, a kind of Ape or Munkey Chiurca. Man's voice, Man's visage, Man-like foot and hand.
I fear the Beast bred in the bloody Coast
Of *Cannibals*, which thousand times (almost)
Re-whelps her whelps, and in her tender womb
She doth as oft her living brood re-tomb.

The Porcupine. But O! what Monster's this that bids me battell,
On whose rough back an Hoast of Pikes doth rattle,
Who string-less shoots so many arrowes out,
Whose thorny sides are hedgéd round about
With stiff steel-pointed quils, and all his parts
Bristled with Bodkins, arm'd with Auls and Darts,
Which ay fierce darting, seem still fresh to spring,
And to his aid still new supplies to bring?
O fortunate Shaft-never-wanting Bow-man!
Who, as thou fleest, canst hit thy following foe-man,
And never missest (or but very narrow)
Th' intended mark of thy self's-kindred Arrow:
Who, still self-furnisht, needest borrow never
Diana's shafts, nor yet *Apollo's* quiver,
Nor bow-strings fetcht from *Carian Alaband*,
Brazell from *Peru*; but hast all at hand
Of thine own growth; for in thy Hide doe growe
Thy String, thy Shafts, thy Quiver, and thy Bow.

The Lion King of Beasts. But (Courage now.) Here coms the valiant Beast,
The noble *Lion*, King of all the rest;
Who, bravely minded, is as milde to those
That yeeld to him, as fierce unto his foes:
To humble suiters neither stern nor statefull,
To benefactours never found ingratefull.

A memorable History of a Lion, acknowledging the kindness he had received of *Androdus*, a Roman Slave. I call to record that same *Roman* Thrall,
Who (to escape from his mechanicall
And cruell Master that (for lucre) us'd him
Not, as a Man; but, as a Beast, abus'd him)
Fled through the desart, and, with travell tir'd,
At length into a mossie cave retir'd:
But there, no sooner 'gan the drowsy wretch
On the soft grass his weary limbs to stretch;
But, comming swift into the cave, he seeth
A ramping Lion gnashing of his teeth.
A thief, to shamefull execution sent
By *Justice*, for his fault's just punishment,
Feeling his eyes' clout, and his elbowes' cord,
Waiting for nothing but the fatall Sword;
Dies yer his death, he looks so certainly
Without delay in that drad place to Die:
Even so the Slave, seeing no means to shun
(By flight or fight) his fear'd destruction
(Having no way to flee, nor arms to fight,
But sighs and tears, prayers and wofull plight)
Embraceth Death; abiding, for a stown,
Pale, cold, and sense-less, in a deadly swown.
At last, again his courage 'gan to gather,
When he perceiv'd no rage (but pity rather)
In his new Hoast; who with milde looks and meek
Seem'd (as it were) succour of him to seek,
Shewing him oft one of his paws, wherein
A festring thorn for a long time had been.
Then (though still fearfull) did the Slave draw nigher,
And from his foot he lightly snatcht the breer;
And wringing gently with his hand the wound,
Made th' hot impostume run upon the ground.
Thenceforth the *Lion* seeks for Booties best
Through hill and dale, to cheer his new-come Guest,
His new Physician; who, for all his cost,
Soon leaves his lodging, and his dreadfull Hoast,
And once more wanders through the wilderness,
Whither his froward Fortune would address;
Untill (re-ta'en) his fell Lord brought him home,
For Spectacle unto Imperiall *Rome*,
To be (according to their barbarous Laws)
Bloodily torn with greedy Lion's paws.
Fell *Cannibal!* Flint-hearted *Polyphem!*
If thou would'st needs exactly torture him
(Inhumane Monster, hatefull *Lestrigon*)
Why from thine own hand hast thou let him gon,
To bears and Lions to be giv'n for prey,
Thy self more fell, a thousand-fold then they?
African Panthers, *Hyrcan* Tigres fierce,
Cleonian Lions, and *Pannonian* Bears,
Be not so cruell, as who violates
Sacred Humanity, and cruciates
His loyall subjects; making recreations
Of Massacres, Combats, and sharp taxations.
'Bove all the Beasts that fill'd the *Martian Field*
With blood and slaughter, one was most beheld;
One valiant Lion, whose victorious fights
Had conquer'd hundreds of those guilty wights,
Whose feeble skirmish had but strir'n in vain
To 'scape by combat their deservéd pain.
That very Beast, with faint and fearfull feet,
This Runnagate (at last) is forc't to meet;
And beeing entred in the bloody List,
The Lion rowr'd and ruffles-up his Crest,
Shortens his body, sharpens his grim eye,
And (staring wide) he roareth hideously:
Then often swindging, with his sinewy train,
Somtimes his sides, somtimes the dusty plain,
He whets his rage and strongly rampeth on
Against his foe; who, nigh already gon
To drink of *Lethé*, lifteth to the Pole
Religious vows; nor for his life, but soule.

After the Beast had marcht some twenty pase,
He sodain stops: and, viewing well the face
Of his pale foe, remembred (rapt with joy)
That this was he that easéd his annoy:
Wherefore, converting from his hatefull wildeness
From pride to pitie, and from rage to mildeness,
On his bleak face he both his eyes doth fix;
Fawning for homage, his lean hands he licks.
The Slave, thus knowing, and thus being known,
Lifts to the Heav'ns his front, now hoary growne,
And (now no more fearing his tearing paws)
He stroaks the Lion, and his poule he claws,
And learns by proof, that *A good turn at need,*
At first or last, shall be assur'd of meed.
THER 's under Sun (as *Delphos* God did show)
Nosce teipsum. No better knowledge then *Our selfs to Know:*
There is no Theam more plentifull to scan,
The second part of the sixth book: Wherein is discoursed at large of the creation of Man. Then is the glorious goodly frame of MAN:
For, in man's self is Fire, Aire, Earth and Sea;
Man's (in a word) the World's *Epitomie*
Or little Map; which here my Muse doth try
By the grand Patern to exemplifie.
A witty Mason, doth not (with rare Art)
Into a Palace, *Paros* Rocks convert,
And of the wonders of God's wisdome, appearing both in his Body and Soule. Seel it with gold, and to the Firmament
Raise the proud Turrets of his Battlement,
And (to be briefe) in every part of it
Beauty to Use, Use unto Beauty fit,
To th' end the Skrich-Owl, and Night-Raven should
In those fair walls their habitations hold;
But rather, for some wise and wealthy Prince
Able to judge of his art's excellence:
Even so, the Lord built not this All-Theater,
The world made for Man. For the rude guests of Aire, and Woods, and Water;
But, all for Him, who (whether he survey
The vast salt kingdoms, or th' Earth's fruitfull clay,
Or cast his eyes up to those twinkling Eyes
That with disordered order gild the Skies)
Can every-where admire with due respect
Th' admiréd Art of such an Architect.
Now of all Creatures which his Word did make,
Man was created last and why. MAN was the last that living breath did take:
Not that he was the least; or that God durst
Not undertake so noble a Work at first:
Rather, because he should have made in vain
So great a Prince, without on whom to Reign.
Fit comparison. A wise man never brings his bidden Guest
Into his Parlour, till his Room be drest,
Garnisht with Lights; and Tables, neatly spred,
Be with full dishes well-nigh furnishéd:
So our great God, who (bounteous) ever keeps
Here open Court, and th' ever-bound-less Deeps
Of sweetest *Nectar* on us still distills
By twenty-times ten thousand sundry quills;
Would not our Grandsire to his Boord invite,
Yer he with Arras his fair house had dight,
And, under starry State-Clothes plac't his plates
Fill'd with a thousand sugred delicates.

All th' admirable Creatures made beforn,
Which Heav'n, and Earth, and Ocean doe adorn,
Are but Essays, compar'd in every part,
To this divinest Master-Piece of Art.
Therefore the supreme peer-less Architect,
When (of meer nothing) he did first erect
Heav'n, Earth, and Aire, and Seas; at once his Thought,
His Word, and Deed, all in an instant wrought:
But, when he would his own self's Type create,
Th' honour of Nature, th' Earth's sole Potentate;
As if he would a Councell hold, he citeth
His sacred Power; his Prudence he inviteth,
Summons his Love; his Justice he adjourns,
Calleth his Goodness, and his Grace returns;
To (as it were) consult about the birth
And building of a second God, of Earth;
And each (a-part) with liberall hand to bring
Some excellence unto so rare a thing.
Or rather, he consults with 's onely Son
(His own true Pourtrait) what proportion,
What gifts, what grace, what soule he shoulde bestow
Upon his *Vice-Roy* of this Realm below.
When th' other things God fashion'd in their kind,
The Sea t' abound in Fishes he assign'd, Gen. 1. 16.
The Earth in Flocks: but, having Man in hand
His very self he seeméd to command.
He both at-once both life and body lent
To other things; but when in Man he meant
In mortall limbs immortall life to place,
He seem'd to pawse, as in a weighty case:
And so at sundry moments finishéd
The Soule and Body of Earth's glorious Head.
Admiréd Artist, Architect divine,
Perfect and peer-less in all Works of thine, Invocation.
So my rude hand on this rough Table guide
To paint the prince of all thy Works beside,
That grave Spectators, in his face may spie
Apparent marks of thy Divinity.
Almighty Father, as of watery matter
It pleas'd thee make the people of the Water:
So, of an earthly substance mad'st thou all Man's body created of the dust of the Earth.
The slimie Burgers of this Earthly Ball;
To th' end each Creature might (by consequent)
Part-sympathize with his own Element.
Therefore, to form thine Earthly Emperour,
Thou tookest Earth, and by thy sacred power
So tempered'st it, that of the very same
Dead shape-less lump didst *Adam's* body frame:
Yet, not his Face down to the Earth-ward bending
(Like Beasts that but regard their belly, ending
For ever all) but toward th' Azure Skyes:
Bright golden Lamps lifting his lovely Eyes;
That through their nerves, his better part might look
Still to that place from whence her birth she took.
Also thou plantedst th' Intellectuall Pow'r His Head the seat of understanding.
In th' highest stage of all this stately Bowr,
That thence it might (as from a Cittadell)
Command the members that too-oft rebell

Against his Rule : and that our Reason, there
Keeping continuall Garrison (as 't were)
Might Avarice, Envie, and Pride subdue,
Lust, Gluttony, Wrath, Sloath, and all their Crew
Of factious Commons, that still strive to gaine
The golden Scepter from their Soverain.

The Eyes full of infinite admiration.

Th' Eyes (Bodie's guides) are set for Sentinell
In noblest place of all this Cittadell,
To spie far-off, that no miss-hap befall
At unawares the sacred Animall.
In forming these thy hand (so famous held)
Seemed almost to have it self excell'd.
Them not transpiercing, lest our eyes should be
As theirs, that Heav'n through hollow Canes doe see,
Yet see small circuit of the Welkin bright,
The Cane's strict compass doth so clasp their Sight :
And lest so many open holes disgrace
The goodly form of th' Earthly Monarch's face,
These lovely Lamps, whose sweet sparks lively turning,
With sodain glance set coldest harts a-burning ;
These windows of the Soule, these starry Twins,
These *Cupids'* quivers have so tender skinns,
Through which (as through a pair of shining glasses)
Their radiant point of piercing splendor passes,
That they would soon be quenchéd and put-out
But that the Lord hath Bulwarkt them about,
By seating so their wondrous Orb, betwix
The Front, the Nose, and the vermillion Cheeks :
As in two Vallies pleasantly inclosed
With pretty Mountains orderly disposed :

The Browes and Eye-lids.

And as a Pent-house doth preserve a Wall
From Rain and Hail, and other Storms that fall ;
The twinkling Lids with their quick-trembling hairs
Defend the Eyes from thousand dang'rous fears.
Who fain would see how much a human Face
A comely Nose doth beautifie and grace ;
Behold *Zopyrus*, who cut-off his Nose
For 's Prince's sake, to circumvent his foes.

The Nose.

The Nose, no less for use then beauty makes :
For, as a Conduit, it both gives and takes
Our living breath : it 's as a Pipe put-up,
Whereby the moist Brain's spongy boan doth sup
Sweet-smelling fumes : it serveth as a Gutter
To void the Excrements of grossest matter ;
As by the Scull-seams, and the Pory Skin
Evaporate those that are light and thin :
As through black Chimneyes flies the bitter smoak,
Which, but so vented, would the Houshold choak.
And, sith that Time doth with his secret file
Fret and diminish each thing every-while ;
And whatsoever here begins and ends,
Wears every houre, and its self-substance spends ;

The Mouth.

Th' Almighty made the Mouth to recompence
The Stomack's pension, and the time's expence
(Even as the green Trees, by their roots resume
Sap for the sap, that hourely they consume)
And plac't it so, that alwayes by the way,
By sent of meats the Nose might take Essay,
The watchfull Eye might true distinction make
'Twixt Herbs and Weeds, betwixt an Eel and Snake ;
And then th' impartiall Tongue might (at the last)
Censure their goodness by their savory taste.

The Tongue.

Two equall ranks of Orient Pearls impale

The Teeth.

The open Throat : which (Quern-like) grinding small
Th' imperfect food, soon to the Stomack send it
(Our Master-Cook) whose due concoctions mend-it.
But lest the Teeth, naked and bare to Light,
Should in the Face present a ghastly sight :
With wondrous Art, over that Mill, do meet
Two moving Leaves of Corall, soft and sweet.

The Lips.

O mouth ! by thee, our savage Elders, yerst
Through way-less Woods, and hollow Rocks disperst,
With Acorns fed, with Fels of Feathers clad
(When neither Traffick, Love, nor Law they had)
Themselves uniting, built them Towns, and bent
Their willing necks to civill Government.
O Mouth ! by thee, the rudest Wits have learn'd
The *Noble Arts*, which but the Wise discern'd :
By thee, we kindle in the coldest spirits
Heroik flames affecting glorious merits :
By thee, we wipe the tears off wofull Eyes :
By thee, we stop the stubborn mutinies
Of our rebellious Flesh, whose rest-less Treason
Strives to dis-throne and to dis-scepter Reason :
By thee, our Soules with Heav'n have conversation :
By thee, we calm th' Almightie's indignation,
When faithfull sighs from our soule's Centre fly
About the bright Throne of his Majesty :
By thee, we warble to the King of kings ;
Our Tongue's the Bowe, our Teeth the trembling Strings,
Our hollow Nostrils (with their double vent)
The hollow Belly of the Instrument ;
Our Soule 's the sweet Musician, that playes
So divine lessons and so Heav'nly layes,
As, in deep passion of pure burning zeal,
Jove's forked Lightnings from his fingers steal.

Of the excellent use and end of speech.

But O ! what member hath more marvails in't,

The Ears.

Then the Ears' round-winding double labyrinth ?
The bodie's Scouts, of sounds the Censurers,
Doors of the Soule, and faithfull Messengers
Of divine treasures, when our gracious Lord
Sends us th' Embassage of his sacred Word.
And, sith all Sound seems alwaies to ascend,
God plac't the Ears (where they might best attend)
As in two turrets, on the building's top,
Snailling their hollow entries so a-sloap,
That, while the voyce about those windings wanders,
The sound might lengthen in those bow'd *Meanders ;*
As, from a Trumpet, Winde hath longer life,
Or, from a Sagbut, then from Flute or Fife :
Or, as a noyse extendeth far and wide
In winding Vales, or by the crooked side
Of crawling Rivers ; or with broken trouble
Between the teeth of hollow Rocks doth double ;
And that no sodaine sound, with violence
Piercing direct the Organs of this Sense,

Sundry Similes expressing the reason of the round winding Mazes of the Ears.

Should stun the Brain, but through these Mazy holes
Conveigh the voyce more softly to our Soules.
As th' Ouse, *that crooking in and out doth run*
Another comparison to that purpose. *From* Stony-Stratford *towards* Huntingdon,
By Royall Amptill; *rusheth not so swift,*
As our neer Kennet, *whose Trowt-famous Drift*
From Marleborow, *by* Hungerford *doth hasten*
Through Newbery, *and Prince-grac't* Aldermaston;
Her Silver Nymphs (*almost*) *directly leading*
To meet her Mistress (*the great* Thames) *at* Reading.
The Hands. But will my Hands in handling th' human Stature,
Forget the Hands, the handmaids unto *Nature*,
Th' Almighty's Apes, the Instruments of Arts,
The voluntary Champions of our Hearts,
Minde's Ministers, the Clarks of quick conceites,
And bodie's Victuallers to provide it meats?
Ioynts. Will you the knee's and Elbowe's springs omit,
The Knees, and Armes. Which serve th' whole body by their motions fit?
For, as a Bow, according as the String,
Is stiff or slack, the Shafts doth farther sling;
Our Nerves and Gristles diversly dispence,
To th' human Frame, meet Motion, Might, and Sense:
The Sinewes, Gristles and Bones. Knitting the Bones, which be the Pillars strong,
The Beams and Rafters, whose firm Joynts may long
(Maugre Death's malice, till our Maker cals)
Support the Fabrick of these Fleshly Wals?
The Feet. Can you conceal the Feet's rare-skilfull feature,
The goodly Bases of this glorious Creature?
But, is 't not time now, in his Inner Parts,
To see th' Almightie's admirable Arts?
First, with my Launcet shall I make incision,
To see the Cells of the twin Brain's division;
The Treasurer of Arts, the Source of Sense,
The Seat of Reason; and the Fountaine, whence
Our Sinewes flow: whom Nature's providence,
Arm'd with a helme, whose double-lynings fence
The Brain's cold moisture from its boany Armor,
Whose hardnesse else might hap to bruise or harmher:
A Register, where (with a secret touch)
The studious daily some rare Knowledge couch?
O! how shall I on learnéd Leaf forth-set
That curious Mase, that admirable Net,
Through whose fine folds the spirit doth rise and fall,
Making its powrs of *Vital, Animal!*
Even as the Blood and Spirits, wandering
Through the *preparing vessel's* crooked Ring,
Are in their winding course concoct and wrought,
And by degrees to fruitfull *Seed* are brought.
Of the Heart. Shall I the Heart's un-equall sides explain,
Which equall poiz doth equally sustaine?
Whereof, th' one 's fill'd with blood, in th' other bides
The vitall Spirit which through the body slides:
Whose rest-less panting, by the constant Pulse,
Doth witness health; or, if that take repulse,
And shift the dance and wonted pase it went,
It shews that Nature 's wrong'd by Accident.
Of the Lungs. Or, shall I cleave the Lungs, whose motions light
Our inward heat doe temper day and night;

Like Summer gales, waving with gentle puffs,
The smiling Meadow's green and gaudy tuffs:
Light, spongy Fans, that ever take and give
Th' aetheriall Aire, whereby we breath and live:
Bellows, whose blasts (breathing by certain pawses)
A pleasant sound through our speech-organs causes?
Of the Stomack. Or, shall I rip the Stomack's hollowness,
That ready Cook concocting every Mess?
Which in short time it cunningly converts
Into pure Liquor fit to feed the parts;
And then the same doth faithfully deliver
Of the Liver. Into the *Port-vein* passing to the Liver,
Who turns it soon to blood; and thence again
Through branching pipes of the great *Hollow-vein*,
Through all the members doth it duly scatter:
An apt Similitude. Much like a Fountain, whose divided Water
It selfe dispersing into hundred Brooks,
Bathes some fair Garden with her winding crooks:
For, as these brooks, thus branching round about,
Make here the Pink, there th' Aconite to sprout;
Here the sweet Plum-tree, the sharp Mulbery there,
Here the low Vine, and there the lofty Pear;
Here the hard Almond, there the tender Fig,
Here bitter Worm-wood, there sweet-smelling Spike:
Of the Bloud and Nourishment. Even so the Blood (bred of good nourishment)
By divers Pipes to all the body sent,
Turns here to Bones, there changes into Nerves;
Here is made Marrow, there for Muscles serves,
Here skin becoms, there crooking veins, here flesh,
To make our Limbs more forcefull and more fresh.
But, now me lift no neerer view to take
Of th' inward parts, which God did secret make,
Nor pull in pieces all the Human Frame:
That work were fitter for those men of Fame,
Those skilfull sons of *Æsculapius*,
Hippocrates, or deep *Herophilus;*
Or th' eloquent and artificiall Writ
Of *Galen*, that renowned *Pergamite*.
'T sufficeth me in some sort to express,
By this Essay, the sacred mightiness,
Not of *Japhetus'* witty-fainéd Son,
But of the true *Prometheus*, that begun
And finisht (with inimitable Art)
The famous Image, I have sung in part.
Of the creation of the Soule. Now, this more peer-less learnéd Imager,
Life to his lovely Picture to confer,
Did not extract out of the Elements
A certain secret Chymick Quint-essence:
But, breathing, sent as from the lively Spring
Of his Divineness, some small Riverling,
Itself dispersing into every Pipe
Of the frail Engin of this Earthen Type.
Of her essence and substance. Not, that his own Self's-Essence blest he brake,
Or did his *Triple-Unity* partake
Unto his work; but, without Self's expence,
Inspir'd it richly with rare excellence:
And by his powr so spred his Rayes thereon,
That, even as yet, appears a portion

Of that pure lustre of Cœlestiall Light
Wherewith at first it was adorn'd and dight.
Whence it is proceeded. This *Adam's* spirit did from that Spirit derive
Which made the World: yet did not thence deprive
Of God's Self-substance any part at all;
Divers Similies. As in the Course of Nature doth befall,
That from the Essence of an Earthly Father,
An Earthly Son essentiall parts doth gather:
Or as in Spring-time from one sappy twig
There sprouts another consubstantiall sprig;
In brief, it 's but a breath. Now, though the Breath
Out of our Stomack's concave issueth;
Yet, of our substance it transporteth nought;
Onely it seemeth to be simply fraught,
And to retaine the purer qualities
Of th' inward place whence it derivéd is.
Inspiréd by that Breath, this Breath desire
I to describe. Whoso doth not admire
Of the excellence of man's Soule. His spirit, is sprightless; and his sense is past,
Who hath no sense of that admiréd Blast.
Yet wot I well, that as the Eye perceives
All but it self, even so our Soule conceives
All save her own self's-Essence; but, the end
Of her own greatness cannot comprehend.
How she may know her selfe. Yet as a sound Eye, voyd of vicious matter,
Sees (in a sort) it self in Glass or Water:
So, in her sacred Works (as in a Glass)
Our Soule (almost) may see her glorious face.
Three fit comparisons to that purpose. The boistrous Winde, that rents with roaring
The lofty Pines, and to the Welkin casts
Millions of Mountains from the watry World,
And proudest Turrets to the ground hath whurld:
The pleasing fume that fragrant Roses yeeld,
When wanton *Zephyr*, sighing on the field,
Enamels all; and, to delight the Sky,
The Earth puts on her richest Lyvory:
Th' accorded Discords, that are sweetly sent
From th' Ivory ribs of some rare Instrument,
Cannot be seen: but he may well be said
Of Flesh, and Ears, and Nose intirely voyd,
Who doth not feel, nor hear, nor smell (the powrs)
The shock, sound, sent; of storms, of strings, of flowrs.
The Soule, not onely vitall, but also divine and immortall. Although our Soule's pure substançe, to our sight
Be not subjected; yet her motion light
And rich discourse, sufficient proofs do give,
We have more Soule then to suffice to live;
A Soule divine, pure, sacred, admirable,
Immortall, endless, simple, unpalpable.
The Seat of the Soule. For, whether that the Soule (the Mint of Art)
Be all in all, or all in every part:
Whether the Brain or Heart do lodge the Soule,
Notable examples of excellent Memories. O *Seneca!* where, where could'st thou enroule
Those many hundred words (in Prose or Verse)
Which at first hearing thou could'st back reherse?
Where could great *Cyrus* that great Table shut
Wherein the Pictures and the names he put
Of all the Souldiers, that by thousands wander'd
After the fortunes of his famous Standard?

In what deep vessell did th' Embassader
Of *Pyrrhus* (whom the *Delphian* Oracler
Deluded by his double-meaning Measures)
Into what Cisterns did he pour those Treasures
Of learnéd store, which after (for his use)
In time and place, he could so fit produce?
The Memory is th' Eye's true Register,
The Peasant's Book, Time's wealthy Treasurer,
Keeping Records of Acts and Accidents
Whats'ever, subject unto humane sense,
Since first the Lord the World's foundations laid,
Or *Phœbus* first his golden locks displaid,
And his pale Sister from his beaming light
Borrow'd her splendor to adorn the Night.
So that our Reason, searching curiously
Through all the Roules of a good Memory,
And fast'ning closely with a *Gordian* knot
To Past Events, what Present Times allot,
Fore-sees the Future, and becoms more sage,
More happily to lead our latter age.
Of the quick swiftness and sodain motion of the Soule: comprehending all things in Heaven and Earth. And though our Soule live as imprison'd here
In our frail Flesh, or buried (as it were)
In a dark Toomb; yet at one flight she flies
From *Calpé* t' *Imaus*, from the Earth to Skies;
Much swifter then the Chariot of the Sun,
Which in a Day about the World doth run.
For, somtimes, leaving these base slimy heaps,
With cheerfull spring above the Clouds she leaps,
Glides through the Aire; and there she learns to know
Th' Originals of Winde, and Hail, and Snow,
Of Lightning, Thunder, Blazing-Stars, and Storms,
Of Rain, and Yce, and strange Exhaléd Forms.
By th' Aire's steep-stairs, she boldly climbs aloft
To the World's Chambers: Heaven she visits oft,
Stage after Stage: she marketh all the Sphears,
And all th' harmonious, various course of theirs:
With sure account, and certain Compasses,
She counts their Stars, she metes their distances
And differing pases; and, as if she found
No Subject fair enough in all this Round,
She mounts above the World's extremest Wall,
Far, far beyond all things corporeall;
Where she beholds her Maker, face to face,
(His frowns of *Justice*, and his smiles of *Grace*)
The faithfull zeal, the chaste and sober Port
The sacred Pomp of the Celestial Court.
Of learned, curious, pleasant, marvailous and more then human invention of man's Wit. What can be hard to a sloath-shunning Spirit,
Spurr'd with desire of Fame's eternall merit?
Look (if thou canst) from East to Occident,
From *Island* to the *Moors's* hot Continent;
And thou shalt nought perfectly fair behold,
But Pen, or Pencill, Graving-tool, or Mould
Hath so resembled, that scarce can our eye
The Counterfeit from the True thing descry.
Of Carving and Painting. The brazen Mare, that famous *Myron* cast,
Which Stalions leapt, and for a Mare imbrac't:
The lively picture of that ramping Vine
Which whilom *Zeuxis* limn'd so rarely fine.

That shoals of Birds, beguiléd by the shapes,
Peckt at the Table, as at very Grapes:
The Marble Statue, that with strangest fire
Fondly inflam'd th'*Athenian* Youth's desire:
Apelles' Venus, which allur'd well-neer
As many Loves, as *Venus'* selfe had here;
Are proofs enow that learnéd Painting can,
Can (Goddess-like) another Nature frame.

The subtile conclusions of the Mathematicks: Witness *Architas' Dove.*

But th' Art of Man, not onely can compack
Features and Forms that life and motion lack;
But also fill the Aire with painted shoals
Of flying Creatures (Artificiall Fowls):
The *Tarentine's* valiant and learnéd Lord,
Archytas, made a wooden Dove, that soar'd
About the Welkin, by th' accorded sleights
And counterpoize of sundry little weights.

The Eagle and the Fly, of *Iohnde Monte-regio*, or *Regi-Montanus.*

Why should I not that wooden Eagle mention
(A learnéd *Germane's* late admir'd invention)
Which mounting from his fist that framéd her,
Flew far to meet an *Almain* Emperour;
And having met him, with her nimble train,
And weary wings, turning about again,
Follow'd him close unto the Castle Gate
Of *Noremberg*; whom all the Showes of State,
Streets hang'd with Arras, Arches curious built,
Loud-thundring Canons, Columns richly gilt,
Gray-headed Senate, and Youth's gallantise,
Grac't not so much, as onely This Device.
Once, as this Artist (more with mirth then meat)
Feasted some friends that he esteeméd great,
From under's hand an Iron Fly flew out;
Which having showne a perfect Round-about,
With weary wings return'd unto her Master,
And (as judicious) on his arme she plac't her.
O divine wit! that in the narrow womb
Of a small Fly, could finde sufficient room
For all those Springs, wheels, counterpois, and chains,
Which stood in stead of life, and spur, and rains.

Astronomy.

Yea, you your selves, ye bright Celestiall Orbs,
Although no stop your rest-less Dance disturbs,
Nor stayes your Course; yet can ye not escape
The hands of men that are but men in shape.

The King of Persia his Heaven of Glasse.

A *Persian* Monarch, not content well-nigh
With the Earth's bounds to bound his Empery:
To reign in Heav'n, rais'd not with bold defiance
(Like braving *Nimrod*, or those boistrous *Gyants*)
Another *Babel*, or a heap of *Hils*;
But, without moving from the Earth, he builds
A Heav'n of Glass, so huge, that thereupon
Somtimes erecting his ambitious Throne,
Beneath his proud feet (like a God) he saw
The shining Lamps of th' other Heav'n, to draw
Down to the *Deep*, and thence again advance
(Like glorious Brides) their golden Radiance:
Yet had the Heav'n no wondrous excellence
(Save Greatnes) worthy of so great a Prince.

Admirable Dials and Clockes, namely, at this Day, that of Straesbourg.

But, who would think, that mortall hands could mould
New Heav'ns, new Stars, whose whirling courses
With constant windings, tho contrary waies,
Mark the true mounds of Years, and Months, and Daies?
Yet 't is a story that hath oft been heard,
And by grave Witness hundred times averr'd,
That, that profound *Briarius*, who of yore
(As selfly arm'd with thousand hands and more)
Maintain'd so long the *Syracusian* Towrs
'Gainst great *Marcellus* and his *Roman* Powrs:
Who fir'd his foe's Fleet with a wondrous Glass:
Who, hugest Vessels that did ever pass
The *Tirrhen* Seas, turn'd with his onely hand
From Shore to Sea, and from the Sea to Land:

The Engines of Archimedes, and his Sphear.

Framéd a *Sphear*, where every *Wandring Light*
Of lower Heav'ns and th' upper *Tapers* bright,
Whose glistering flames the Firmament adorn,
Did (of themselves) with ruléd motion turn.
Nor may we smother, or forget (ingrately)
The Heav'n of Silver, that was sent (but lately)
From *Ferdinando* (as a famous Work)
Unto *Bisantium* to the greatest Turk:
Wherein, a spirit, still moving to and fro,
Made all the Engin orderly to go:
And though th' one Sphear did alwaies slowly slide,
And (opposite) the other swiftly glide:
Yet still their Stars kept all their Courses ev'n
With the true Courses of the Stars of Heav'n.
The Sun, there shifting in the *Zodiack*
His shining Houses, never did forsake
His pointed Path: there, in a Month, his Sister
Fulfill'd her course, and changing oft her lustre
And form of Face (now larger, lesser soon)
Follow'd the Changes of the other *Moon*.

The Heaven of Silver sent by the Emperor *Ferdinand* to *Solyman* the great Turke.

O complete Creature! who the starry Sphears
Canst make to move, who 'bove the Heav'nly Bears
Extend'st thy powr, who guidest with thy hand
The Day's bright Chariot, and the nightly Brand:
This curious Lust to imitate the best
And fairest Works of the Almightiest,
By rare effects bears record of thy Linage
And high descent; and that his sacred Image
Was in thy Soule ingrav'n, when first his Spirit
(The Spring of life) did in thy limms inspire-it.
For, as his beauties are past all compare;
So is thy Soule all beautifull and fair.
As hee 's immortall, and is never idle:
Thy Soule 's immortall, and can brook no bridle
Of sloath, to curb her busie intellect:
He ponders all; thou poizest each effect,
And thy mature and settled Sapience
Hath some alliance with his Providence:
He works by Reason, thou by Rule: He 's glory
Of th' Heav'nly Stages, thou of th' Earthly Story:
He 's great High-Priest, thou his great Vicar here:
He 's Soverain Prince and thou his Vice-Roy deer.

Of man's resemblance to his first paterne, which is God.

For, soon as ever he had framéd thee,
Into thy hands he put this Monarchy;
Made all the Creatures know thee for their Lord,
And come before thee of their own accord:

Other testimonies of the excellency of Man, constituted Lord of the World.

And gave thee power (as Master) to impose
Fit sense-full Names unto the Hoast that rowes
In watery Regions; and the wandring Heards
Of Forrest people; and the painted Birds.
O too-too happy! had that fall of thine
Not cancell'd so the Character divine.

Wherein consisteth Man's felicity.

But sith our Soule's now-sin-obscuréd Light
Shines through the Lanthorn of our flesh so bright;
What sacred splendor will this Star send forth,
When it shall shine without this vail of Earth?

Excellent comparisons.

The Soule here lodg'd is like a man that dwels
In an ill Aire, annoy'd with noysom smels;
In an old house, open to winde and weather;
Never in health, not half an houre together:
Or (almost) like a Spider, who confin'd
In her Web's centre, shak't with every winde;
Moves in an instant, if the buzzing Flie
Stir but a string of her Lawn Canapie.

Of the Creation of Woman, made for an aide to man, and without whom man's life were miserable.

You that have seen within this ample Table,
Among so many Modules admirable,
Th' admiréd beauties of the King of Creatures,
Come, come and see the Woman's rapting features:
Without whom (here) Man were but half a man,
But a wilde Wolfe, but a Barbarian.
Brute, ragefull, fierce, moody, melancholike,
Hating the Light; whom nought but naught could like;
Born solely for himselfe, bereft of sense,
Of heart, of love, of life, of excellence.
God therefore, not to seem less liberall
To Man, then else to every Animall;
For perfect patern of a holy Love,
To *Adam's* halfe another halfe he gave,
Ta'en from his side, to binde (through every Age)
With kinder bonds the sacred Marriage.

Simile.

Even as a Surgeon, minding off-to-cut
Some-cureless Limb; before in ure he put
His violent Engins on the vicious member,
Bringeth his patient in a sense-less slumber,
And grief-less then (guided by Use and Art)
To save the whole, sawes off th' infested part:
So, God empal'd our Grandsires lively look,
Through all his bones a deadly chilness strook,
Siel'd-up his sparkling eyes with Iron bands,
Led down his feet (almost) to *Lethé* Sands;
In brief, so numm'd his Soule's and Bodie's sense,
That (without pain) opening his side, from thence
He took a rib, which rarely He refin'd,
And thereof made the Mother of Mankinde:
Graving so lively on the living bone
All *Adam's* beauties; that, but hardly, one
Could have the Lover from his Love descry'd,
Or known the Bridegroom from his gentle Bride:
Saving that she had a more smiling Eye,
A smoother Chin, a Cheek of purer Dye,
A fainter Voyce, a more inticing Face,
A deeper Tress, a more delighting Grace,
And in her Bosom (more then Lillie-white)
Two swelling Mounts of Ivory, panting light.

Their marriage.

Now, after this profound and pleasing Transe,
No sooner *Adam's* ravisht eyes did glance
On the rare beauties of his new-come Half,
But in his heart he 'gan to leap and laugh,
Kissing her kindly, calling her his Life,
His Loue, his Stay, his Rest, his Weal, his Wife,
His other-Selfe, his Help (him to refresh)
Bone of his Bone, Flesh of his very Flesh.

Their Epithalamy, or wedding Song.

Source of all joyes! sweet *Hee-Shes*-Coupled-One!
Thy sacred Birth I never think upon,
But (ravisht) I admire how God did then
Make Two of One, and One of Two again.
O blesséd Bond! O happy Marriage!
Which dost the match 'twixt Christ and us presage!
O chastest friendship, whose pure flames impart
Two Soules in one, two Hearts into one Heart!
O holy knot in *Eden* instituted
(Not in this Earth with blood and wrongs polluted,
Profan'd with mischiefs, the Pre-Scæne of Hell
To curséd Creatures that 'gainst Heav'n rebell)!
O sacred Cov'nant, which the sin-less Son
Of a pure Virgin (when he first begun
To publish proofs of his drad powr *Divine*,
By turning Water into perfect Wine,
At lesser *Cana*) in a wondrous manner
Did, with his presence, sanctifie and honour!

The commodities of Marriage.

By thy deer favour, after our Decease,
We leave-behinde our living Images,
Change War to Peace, in kindred multiply,
And in our Children live eternally.
By thee, we quench the wild and wanton Fires,
That in our Soule the *Paphian* shot inspires:
And taught (by thee) a love more firm and fitter,
We finde the Mel more sweet, the Gall less bitter,
Which here (by turns) heap up our humane Life
Ev'n now with joyes, anon with jars and strife.

Propagation by the blessing of God.

This done, the Lord commands the happy Pair
With chaste embraces to replenish Fair
Th' unpeopled World; that, while the World endures,
Here might succeed their living Portraitures.
He had impos'd the like precept before,
On th' irefull Droves that in the Desarts roare,
The feathered Flocks, and fruitfull-spawning legions
That live within the liquid Crystall Regions.
Thence-forth therefore, Bears, Bears ingendred;
The Dolphins, Dolphins; Vulturs, Vulturs bred;
Men, Men; and Nature with a change-less Course,
Still brought forth Children like their Ancestors:

Unnaturall conjunctions produce monstrous Births.

Tho since indeed, as (when the fire hath mixt-them)
The yellow Gold and Silver pale betwixt them
Another Metall (like to neither) make,
Which yet of either's riches doth partake:
So, oft two Creatures of a divers kinde,
Against the common course through All assign'd
Confounding their lust-burning seeds together,
Beget an Elf, not like in all to either,
But (bastard Mongrell) bearing marks apparent
Of mingled members, ta'en from either Parent.

Of things ingendered without seed or commixion of sexes.

God, not contented, to each Kinde to give
And to infuse the Vertue Generative,
Made (by his Wisedome) many Creatures breed
Of live-less bodies, without *Venus'* deed.
So, the cold humour breeds the *Salamander*,
Who (in effect) like to her birth's Commander
With child with hundred Winters, with her touch
Quencheth the Fire, though glowing ne'r so much.
So, of the Fire in burning furnace springs
The fly *Pyrausta* with the flaming Wings;
Without the Fire, it dyes; within it, joyes;
Living in that, which Each thing else destroyes.
So, slow *Bottes* underneath him sees,
In th' ycie *Iles*, those Goslings hatcht of Trees;
Whose fruitfull leaves, falling into the Water,
Are turn'd (they say) to living Fowls soon after.
So, rotten sides of broken Ships do change
To *Barnacles;* O Transformation strange!
'T was first a green Tree, then a gallant Hull,
Lately a Mushroom, now a flying Gull.

So Morne and Evening the Sixth Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 7, '*Androdus*'—*sic.:* Androclus is intended. The story is fetched from Aulus Gellius (v. 14).
,, 29, '*influent*' = un-fluent or not ready. Cf. Moses' 'I am not eloquent.'
,, 31, '*purleth.*' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 41, '*ward*'—noticeable use of the word.
,, 44, '*self-ruminеth*' = self-ruminateth, self-introspects. In 'The Flea' of Peter Woodhouse (1605) of our Occasional Issues, the Elephant is made to tell very fully his gifts and graces, albeit not without sharp retorts by 'the Flea.'
,, 65, '*Carry-Castle*'—quaint name. The early wood-cuts make the 'Castle' very prominent.
,, 77, '*stocked*' = fixed.
,, 95, '*broachers*' = openers.
,, 111, '*pase*' = pace. So in l. 702.
,, 137, '*painfull*' = full-of-pains or painstaking.
,, 150, '*Bever*' = beaver. The mythic expedient of the beaver is noticed even in Juvenal.
,, 161, '*alonely*'—fine word.
,, 187, '*Pheer*' = wife or mate.
,, 222, '*Welking*' = welkin, *i.e.* curved sky.
,, 226, '*Tushes*' = teeth—still used in our Nurseries or child-language, *e.g.*, tushy pegs or peggies.
,, 227, '*Cuirets*' = hard, thick skin.
,, 249, '*felly*' = fiercely, vengefully.
,, 250, '*Viper* (*at his birth*)'—the very old myth that the viper eats its way to birth through its parent.
,, 269, '*traverse*' = dispute or oppose?
,, 277, '*brocheth*' = openeth.
Line 293, '*margents*' = margins.
,, 356, '*clout*' = cloth—*Scotice* still.
,, 359, '*drad*' = dread, *frequenter*.
,, 364, '*stown*' = a moment or instant.
,, 410, '*swindging*' = swinging.
,, 412, '*rampeth*' = reareth up—heraldic term.
,, 425, '*hoary*' = gray—as some are said to have done in a night of suspense and terror.
,, 427, '*poule*' = poll.
,, 474, '*beforn*' = before—by stress of rhyme with 'adorn.'
,, 585, '*pension*' = allowance.
,, 594, '*impale*' = surround as a 'paling.'
,, 595, '*Quern-like*' = hand-mill.
,, 604, '*Fels*' = hide or mantle.
,, 630, '*Censurers*' = judges.
,, 660, '*Apes*' = imitators or resemblances.
,, 702, '*pase*' = pace, as in l. 111.
,, 707, '*tuffs*' = tufts—by stress of rhyme with 'puffs.'
,, 818, '*Table*' = tablet or memorandum-book?
,, 894, '*accorded*' = harmonised or balanced.
,, 899, '*Almain*' = German.
,, 917, '*rains*' = reins.
,, 957, '*greatest*'—note this use of the superlative. So by Milton.
,, 1031, '*ure*' = use.
,, 1033, '*Bringeth his patient in a sense-less slumber.*' This might read as a description of chloroform administration. See Memorial-Introduction.
,, 1087, '*Mel*' = honey.
,, 1129, '*Barnacles*'—a myth that lingered long. Marvell applied it drastically to the Scotch in his Satires. See my edn., *s.v.*—G.

THE SEVENTH DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

In sacred Rest, *upon* This sacred Day
Th' Eternall doth his glorious works *survay:*
His onely Powr *and* Providence *persever*
T' uphold, maintain, and rule the World *for ever:*
Maugre Men's *malice and* Hel's *raging mood,*
God turneth all things to his children's good:
Sabbath's *right use; From all* World's-Works *to cease;*
To pray (*not play*) *and hear the* Word *of Peace:*
Instructions *drawn from dead and living things,*
And for our selves; for all Estates; for Kings.

By an excellent similitude of a Painter delighted with the sight of a curious table which he hath lately finished: our Poet sheweth how God rested the seventh day, and saw (as saith the Scripture) that all that he had made was Good.

THe cunning *Painter*, that with curious care,
Limning a Land-scape, various, rich, and rare,
Hath set a-work, in all and every part,
Invention, Judgment, Nature, Use and Art;
And hath at length (t' immortalize his name)
With weary Pencill perfected the same;
Forgets his pains; and, inly fill'd with glee,
Still on his *Picture* gazeth greedily.
First, in a Mead he marks a frisking Lamb,
Which seems, though dumb, to bleat unto the Dam;
Then he observes a Wood, seeming to wave:
Then th' hollow bosom of some hideous Cave:
Here a high way, and there a narrow Path:
Here Pines, there Oaks torn by tempestuous wrath:
Here from a craggy Rock's steep-hanging boss
(Thrumm'd half with Ivie, half with crispéd Moss)
A silver Brook in broken streams doth gush,
And head-long down the hornéd Cliff doth rush;
Then, winding thence above and under ground,
A goodly Garden it be-moateth round:
There on his knee (behinde a Box-Tree shrinking)
A skillfull Gunner, with his left eye winking,
Levels directly at an Oak hard by;
Whereon a hundred groaning Culvers cry;
Down fals the Cock, up from the Touch-pan flies
A ruddy flash that in a moment dyes.
Off goes the Gun, and through the Forrest rings
The thundring bullet, born on fiery wings.
Here, on a green, two Striplings, strippéd light,
Run for a prize with laboursom delight;
A dusty Cloud about their feet doth flowe
(Their feet, and head, and hands, and all doe goe)
They swelt in sweat; and yet the following Rout
Hastens their haste with many a cheerfull shout.
Here, six pyed Oxen, under painfull yoak,
Rip up the folds of *Ceres'* Winter Cloak.
Here in the shade, a pretty Shepherdess
Drives softly home her bleating happiness:
Still as she goes, she spins; and as she spins,
A man would think some Sonnets she begins;
Heer runs a River, there springs forth a Fountain,
Here vales a Valley, there ascends a mountain.
Here smokes a Castle, there a City fumes,
And here a Ship upon the Ocean looms.
In brief, so lively Art hath Nature shap't,
That in his Work the Work-man's selfe is rapt,
Unable to look off; for, looking still,
The more he looks, the more he finds his skill:
So th'Architect (whose glorious Workmanships
My cloudy Muse doth but too-much eclipse)
Having with pain-less pain, and care-less care,
In these *Six-Dayes* finisht the Table fair
And infinite of th' *Universall Ball*,
Resteth *This-Day*, t' admire himselfe in All:
And for a season eying nothing els,
Joyes in his Work, sith all his Work excels
(If my dull, stutting, frozen eloquence
May dare conjecture of his high intents).
One while, he sees how th' ample Sea doth take
The Liquid homage of each other Lake;

God rested the seventh day, and contemplates on his workes.

A briefe recapitulation and consideration of the Workes of God in the whole world, and a learned Exposition of the words of Moses. Gen. 1. 31. God saw that all that he had made was perfectly good.

And how again the Heav'ns exhale, from it,
Aboundant vapours (for our benefit) :
And yet it swels not for those tribute streams,
Nor yet it shrinks not for those boyling beams.
There sees he th' Ocean-people's plenteous broods,
And shifting Courses of the Ebbs and Floods ;
Which with inconstant glaunces night and day
The lower Planet's forkéd front doth sway :
Anon, upon the flowry Plains he looks,
Lacéd about with snaking silver brooks.
Now, he delights to see foure Brethren's strife
Cause the World's peace, and keep the World in life :
Anon, to see the whirling Sphears to roule
In rest-less Dances about either Pole ;
Whereby, their Cressets (carried divers wayes)
Now visit us, anon th' *Antipodds*.
It glads him now to note, how th' Orb of Flame,
Which girts this Globe, doth not enfire the Frame :
How th' Air's glib-gliding firmness body bears
Such store of Fowls, Hail-storms, and Floods of tears :
How th' heavie Water, pronest to descend,
'Twixt Aire and Earth is able to depend :
And how the dull Earth's prop-less massie Ball
Stands steddy still, just in the midst of All.
Anon his nose is pleas'd with fragrant sents
Of Balm and Basill, Myrrh and Frankincense,
Thyme, Spiknard, Hyssop, Savory, Cinnamon,
Pink, Violet, Rose, and Clove-Carnation.
Anon, his ear 's charm'd with the melody
Of wingéd consorts' curious Harmony :
For, though each Bird, guided with art-less Art,
After his kinde, observe a song a-part,
Yet the sole burden of their severall Layes
Is nothing but the Heav'n-King's glorious prayse.
In briefe, th' Almightie's *eye*, and *nose*, and *ear*,
In all his works, doth nought *see*, *scent*, or *hear*
But *showes* his greatness, *savours* of his grace,
And *sounds* his glory over every place.
But above all, Man's many beauteous features
Detaine the Lord more then all other Creatures :
Man 's his own Minion ; Man 's his sacred Type :
And for Man's sake, he loves his Workmanship.
Not that I mean to fain an idle God,
That lusks in Heav'n and never looks abroad,
That crowns not Vertue, and corrects not Vice ;
Blinde to our service, deaf unto our sighs :
A Pagan Idol, voyd of powr and piety,
A sleeping Dormouse (rather) a dead Deity.
For though (alas !) somtimes I cannot shun,
But some profane thoughts in my minde will run,
I never think on God, but I conceive
(Whence cordiall comforts Christian soules receive)

Of the providence of God.

In God, Care, Counsell, Justice, Mercy, Might,
To punish wrongs, and patronize their right :
Sith Man (but Image of th' Almightiest)
Without these gifts is not a Man, but Beast.
Fond *Epicure*, thou rather sleep'st, thy self,
When thou did'st forge thee such a sleep-sick Elf
For Life's pure fount ; or vainly fraudulent
(Not shunning th' *Atheist's* sin, but punishment)
Imagined'st a God so perfect-less,
In Works defying whom thy words profess.
God is not sitting (like some Earthly State)
In proud Theatre, him to recreate
With curious Objects of his eares and eyes
(Without disposing of the Comcedies)
Content t' have made (by his great Word) to move
So many radiant Stars as shine above ;
And on each thing with his own hand to draw
The sacred Text of an eternall Law :
Then, bosoming his hand to let them slide,
With reins at will, whither that Law shall guide ;
Like one that having lately forc't some Lake,
Through some new Channell a new Course to take,
Takes no more care thence-forth to those effects,
But lets the stream run where his Ditch directs.

Epicurus and his followers, denying the same, confuted by sundry reasons.

Simile.

The Lord our God wants neither Diligence,
Nor Love, nor Care, nor Powr, nor Providence.
He prov'd his Powr, by *Making* All of nought :
His Diligence, by *Ruling* All he wrought :
His Care, by *Ending* it in Six Dayes' space :
His Love, in *Building* it for *Adam's* Race :
His Providence (maugre Time's wastefull rages)
Preserving it so many Years and Ages.

1. God's power, goodnes, and wisedome, shine gloriously in governing the World.

For, O ! how often had this goodly Ball
By his own greatness caus'd his proper Fall ?
How often had this World deceast, except
God's mighty arms had it upheld and kept ?
God is the soule, the life, the strength, and sinew,
That quickens, moves, and makes this Frame continue.
God 's the main spring, that maketh every way
All the small wheels of this great Engin play.
God 's the strong *Atlas*, whose unshrinking shoulders
Have bin and are Heav'ns heavie Globe's upholders.

2. In him, and through him, all things live, and move, and have their Being.

God makes the fountains run continually,
The Dayes and Nights succeed incessantly :
The Seasons in their Season he doth bring,
Summer and Autumn, Winter, and the Spring :
God makes th' earth fruitfull, and he makes the earth's
Large loynes not yet faint for so many births.
God makes the Sun and Stars, though wondrous hot,
That yet their heat themselves inflameth not ;
And that their sparkling beams prevent not so,
With wofull flames, the *Last* great *Day* of wo :
And that (as mov'd with a contrary wrest)
They turn at-once both North, and East, and West :
Heav'n's constant course, his heast doth never break :
The floating Water waiteth at his beck :
Th' Air 's at his Call, the Fire at his Command,
The Earth is His : and there is nothing fan'd
In all these Kingdoms, but is mov'd each howr
With secret touch of his eternall Powr.

3. All things particularly are guided by his Ordinance and power, working continually.

God is the Judge, who keeps continuall Sessions,
In every place to punish all Transgressions ;
Who, void of Ignorance and Avarice,
Not won with Bribes, nor wrested with Device,

4. God is the Iudge of the World : having all creatures visible and

invisible, ready armed to execute his Iudgements.

Sans Fear, or Favour, Hate, or partiall Zeal;
Pronounceth Judgments that are past appeal.
Himself is Judge, Jury, and Witness too,
Well knowing what we all think, speak, or doe:
He sounds the deepest of the doublest heart,
Searcheth the Reines, and sifteth every part:
He sees all secrets, and his *Lynx*-like eye
(Yer it be thought) doth every Thought descry:
His sentence given, never returns in vain;
For, all that Heav'n, Earth, Aire, and Sea contain,
Serve him as Sergeants: and the wingéd Legions
That soar above the bright Star-spangled Regions,
Are ever prest, his powrfull Ministers:
And (lastly) for his Executioners,
Sathan, assisted with th' infernall band,
Stands ready still to finish his command.

Yea, he maketh even the wicked his instruments to punish the wicked, and to prove his chosen.

God (to be briefe) is a good Artizan
That to his purpose aptly manage can
Good or bad Tools; for, for just punishment,
He arms our sins us Sinners to torment:
And, to prevent th' ungodly's plot, somtime
He makes his foes (will-nill-they) fight for him.
Yet true it is, that humane things (seem) slide
Unbridledly with so uncertain tide,
That in the Ocean of Events, so many,
Somtimes God's Judgments are scarce seen of any:

Againe, against Epicures, who hold that all things happen in the world by chance.

Rather it seems that giddy *Fortune* guideth
All that beneath the silver Moon betideth.
Yet art thou ever just (O God) though I
Cannot (alas!) thy Judgments' depth descry:
My Wit 's too shallow for the least Designe
Of thy drad Counsails, sacred, and divine:
And thy least-secret Secrets, I confess,
Too deep for us, without thy Spirit's address.

1. God's Iudgements past our search: yet ever iust in themselves.

Yet oftentimes, what seemeth (at first sight)
Unjust to us, and past our reason quite,
Thou mak'st us (Lord) acknowledge (in due season)
To have been done with equity and reason.

Gen. 45. 6, 7. and Gen. 50. 20.

So, suff'ring th' *Hebrew* Tribes to sell their brother,
Thy eternall Justice thou didst seem to smoother.
But *Joseph* (when, through such rare hap, it chanced
Him of a slave to be so high advanced,
To rule the Land where *Nilus'* fertill flood
Dry Heav'n's defects endevours to make good)
Learn'd, that his envious brethren's trecherous drift,
Him to the Stern of *Memphian* State had lift,
That he might there provide Reliefe and Room
For *Abraham's Seed*, against (then) time to come.

2. In executing his Iudgements on the rebellious, he sheweth mercy on his Servants.

When thy strong arm, which plagues the Reprobate,
The World and *Sodom* did exterminate,
With flood and flame: because there livéd then
Some small remaines of good and righteous men,
Thou seem'dst unjust: but when thou savédst *Lot*
From Fire; from Water, *Noah* and his Boat;
'T was plainly seen, thy Justice stands propitious
To th' Innocent, and smiteth but the vitious.

3. He sheweth his power in the confusion of the mightiest: and in the deliverance of his Church.

He wilfull winks against the shining Sun,
That sees not *Pharaoh* as a mean begun
For th' *Hebrews'* good; and that his hardned heart
Smoothéd the passage for their soon-depart;
To th' end the Lord, when Tyrants will not yeeld,
Might for his glory finde the larger field.
Who sees not also, that th' unjust Decree
Of a proud Judge, and *Judas* trecherie,
The People's fury and the Prelate's gall,
Serv'd all as Organs to repair the Fall
Of *Eden's* old Prince; whose luxurious pride
Made on his seed his sin for ever slide?

4. Hee turnes the malice of Satan and his instruments, to his owne glory, and the good of his: of whom hee hath alwaies speciall care.

Th' Almightie's Care, doth diversly disperse
Ore all the parts of all this Universe:
But more precisely, his wide wings protect
The race of *Adam*, chiefly his Elect.
For, aye he watcheth for his Children choice,
That lift to him their hearts, their hands, and voyce:
For them, he built th' ay-turning Heav'n's Theater;
For them he made the Fire, Aire, Earth, and Water:
He counts their hairs, their steps he measureth,
Handles their hands, and speaketh with their breath;
Dwels in their hearts, and plants his Regiments
Of watchfull Angels round about their Tents.

A remedy for temptation of the godly, seeing the prosperity of the wicked, and the afflictions of God's Children.

But here, what heare I? Faithless, God-less men,
I marvell not, that you impugn my pen:
But (O!) it grieves me, and I am amaz'd,
That those, whose faith, like glistring Stars hath blaz'd,
Even in our darkest nights, should so object
Against a Doctrine of so sweet effect;
Because (alas!) with weeping eyes they see
Th' ungodly-most in most Prosperity,
Clothéd in Purple, crown'd with Diadems,
Handling bright Scepters, hoording Gold and Gems,
Croucht-to, and courted with all kinde affection,
As priviledged by the Heav'n's protection;
So that, their goods, their honours, their delights
Excell their hopes, exceed their appetites:
And (opposite) the godly (in the storms
Of this world's Sea) tost in continuall harms:
In Earth, less rest then *Euripus* they finde,
God's heavie Rods still hanging them behinde:
Them, shame and blame, trouble and loss pursues;
As shadows bodies, and as night the dews.

The same comforted in divers sorts with apt similitudes, confirming the reason, and declaring the right end of God's divers dealing with men.

Peace, peace, deer friends: I hope to cancell quite
This profane thought from your unsettled Sp'rit.
Know then, that God (to th' end he be not thought
A powr-less Judge) here plagueth many a fault;
And many a fault leaves here unpunishéd,
That men may also his last Judgment dread.
On th' other side, note that the Crosse becomes
A ladder leading to Heav'n's glorious rooms:
A Royall Path, the Heav'nly *Milken way*,
Which doth the Saints to *Jove's* high Court convay.
O! see you not, how that a Father grave,
Curbing his Son much shorter then his Slave,
Doth th' one but rare, the other rife reprove;
Th' one but for lucre, th' other all for love?
As skilfull Quirry, that commands the Stable
Of some great Prince, or person honourable,

Gives oftest to that Horse the teaching Spur,
Which he finds fittest for the Use of War.
A painfull School-master, that hath in hand
To institute the flowr of all a Land,
Gives longest Lessons unto those, where Heav'n
The ablest Wits and aptest Wils hath giv'n.
And a wise Chieftain never trusts the weight
Of th' execution of a brave exploit,
But unto those whom he most honoureth,
For often proof of their firm force and faith:
Such sends he first t' assault his eager foes:
Such 'gainst the Canon on a Breach bestowes:
Such he commands naked to scale a Fort,
And with small number to re-gain a Port.

Afflictions profitable to the faithful.

God beats his Dear, from birth to buriall,
To make them know him, and their pride appall,
To draw devout sighs from calamity,
And by the touch to try their Constancie,
T' awake their sloath, their mindes to exercise
To travell cheer'ly for th' immortall Prize.

They are necessary to cure the diseases of the Soule.

A good Physician, that Art's excellence
Can help with practise and experience,
Applies discreetly all his *Recipés*,
Unto the nature of each fell-disease;
Curing this Patient with a bitter Potion,
That, with strict Diet, th' other with a Lotion,
And somtime cutteth off a Leg or Arm,
So (sharply-sweet) to save the whole from harm:
Even so the Lord (according to th' ill humours
That vex his most-Saints with soul-tainting tumors)
Sends somtimes Exile, somtimes lingring Languor,
Somtimes Dishonour, somtimes pining Hunger,
Somtimes long Law-suits, somtimes loss of good,
Somtimes a Child's death, or a Widow-hood:
But ay he holdeth, for the Good of his,
In one hand Rods, in th' other Remedies.

Without them God's children decline.

The Souldier, slugging long at home in Peace,
His wonted courage quickly doth decrease:
The Rust doth fret the blade hangd up at rest:
The Moath doth eat the garment in the Chest:
The standing Water stinks with putrefaction:
And Vertue hath no vertue but in action.
All that is fairest in the world, we finde
Subject to travell. So, with storms and winde
Th' Aire still is tost: the Fire and Water tend,
This still to mount, that, ever to descend:
The Spirit is spright-less if it want discourse,
Heav'n's no more heav'n if it once cease his Course.

The Crosse an honourable mark.

The valiant Knight is known by many scars:
But he that steals home wound-less from the Wars,
Is held a Coward, voyd of Valour's proof,
That for Death's fear hath fled, or fought a-loof.

God will be glorified in the constant sufferings of his Servants.

The Lord therefore, to give Humanity
Rare Presidents of dauntless Constancy,
And crown his deer Sons with victorious Laurels,
Won from a thousand foes in glorious quarrels;
Pours down more evils on their hap-less head,
Then yerst *Pandora's* odious Box did shed;
Yet strengthning stil their harts with such a plaister,
That though the Flesh stoop, still the Spirit is Master.

There is nothing evill in man's life, but sinne: and vertue is best perceived in the proofe.

But, wrongly I these evils Evill call:
Sole Vice is ill, sole Vertue good: and all
Besides the same, is selfly, simply, had
And held indifferent, neither good nor bad.
Let envious Fortune all her forces wage
Against a constant Man; her fellest rage
Can never change his godly resolution,
Though heav'n it self should threaten his confusion.

True constancy lively represented by two comparisons.

A constant Man is like the Sea, whose brest
Lies ever open unto every guest;
Yet all the Waters that she drinks, can not
Make her to change her qualities a jot:
Or like a good sound stomack, not soon casting
For a light surfeit, or a small distasting;
But, that, untroubled, can incontinent
Convert all meats to a perfect nourishment.

God, resting on the seventh day, and blessing it: teacheth us that in resting one day of the Weeke, we should principally employ it in his service: That wee should cease from our worldly and wicked works, to give place to his grace, and to suffer his Spirit to worke in us by the instrument of his holy world.

Though then, the Lord's deep Wisdom, to this day,
Work in the World's uncertain-certain sway:
Yet must we credit, that his hand compos'd
All in six Dayes, and that He then *Repos'd;*
By his example, giving us behest
On the Seventh Day for evermore to Rest.
For, God remembréd that he made not Man
Of stone, or Steel, or Brass *Corinthian:*
But lodg'd our Soul in a frail earthen Mass,
Thinner then Water, Brittler then the Glass;
He knows, our life is by nought sooner spent,
Then having still our minds and bodies bent.
A Field, left lay for some few years, will yeeld
The richer crop when it again is till'd:
A River, stoppéd by a sluce a space,
Runs (after) rougher, and a swifter pase:
A Bow, a-while unbent, will after cast
His shafts the farther, and them fix more fast:
A Souldier, that a season still hath lain,
Coms with more fury to the Field again:
Even so this Body, when (to gather breath)
One Day in Sev'n *at Rest* it sojourneth;
It recollects his Powrs, and with more cheer
Fals the next morrow to his first Career.

Simile.

But the chief End this Precept ayms at, is
To quench in us the coals of Covetize;
That, while we rest from all profaner Arts,
God's Spirit may work in our retiréd hearts:
That we, down-treading *earthly* cogitations,
May mount our thoughts to *heav'nly* meditations:
Following good Archers' guise, who shut one eye,
That they the better may their mark espy.

Against profaners of the Sabbath.

For, by th' Almighty, this great Holy-day
Was not ordain'd to dance, to mask, and play,
To slug in sloath, and languish in delights,
And loose the Reines to raging appetites,
To turn God's Feasts to filthy *Lupercals,*
To frantick *Orgies,* and fond *Saturnals,*
To dazle eyes with Pride's vaine-glorious splendor,
To serve strange gods, or our ambition tender;

As th' irreligion of loose Times hath since
Chang'd the *Prime-Churche's* chaster innocence.

We ought on the Lord's day attend his service, and meditate on the everlasting Rest, and on the works of God.

God would, that men should in a certain place
This-Day assemble as before his face,
Lending an humble and attentive ear
To learn his great Name's dear-drad Loving-Fear:
He would, that there the faithfull Pastor should
The Scripture's marrow from the bones unfould,
That we might touch with fingers (as it were)
The sacred secrets that are hidden there.
For, though the *reading* of those holy lines
In private Houses som-what move our minds;
Doubtless, the Doctrin *preacht* doth deeper pierce,
Proves more effectuall, and more weight it bears.

The practice of the faithfull, in all reformed Churches, on the Sabbath day.

He would, that there in holy Psalmes, we sing
Shrill praise and thanks to our immortall King,
For all the liberall bounties he bestow'th
On us and ours, in soule and body both:
He would, that there we should confess his Christ
Our onely Saviour, Prophet, Prince, and Priest:
Solemnizing (with sober preparation)
His blessèd Seals of Reconciliation:
And, in his Name, beg boldly what we need
(After his will) and bee assur'd to speed;
Sith in th' Exchequer of his Clemency
All goods of Fortune, Soule, and Body ly.

The Corporall Rest, a figure of the Spirituall.

He would, this Sabbath should a figure be
Of the blest Sabbath of Eternity.
But th' one (as Legall) heeds but outward things;
Th' other to Rest both Soule and Body brings:
Th' one but a Day endures; th' other's Date
Eternity shall not Exterminate:
Shadows the one, th' other doth truth include:
This stands in freedome, that in servitude:
With cloudy cares th' one 's muffled up som-whiles;
The other's face is full of pleasing smiles:
For never grief, nor fear of any Fit
Of the least care, shall dare come neere to it.
'Tis the grand *Jubilé*, Feast of all Feasts,
Sabbath of Sabbaths, end-less Rest of Rests;
Which, with the Prophets, and Apostles zealous,
The constant Martyrs, and our Christian Fellows,
God's faithfull Servants: and his chosen Sheep,
In Heav'n wee hope (within short time) to keep.

Meditations on the works of God, especially on the day of Rest.

He would this Day, our Soule (sequestered
From busie thoughts of worldly cares) should read
In Heav'n's bow'd Arches, and the Elements,
His bound-less Bounty, Power, and Providence;
That every part may (as a Master) teach
Th' illiterate, Rules past a vulgar reach.

Exhortations to this Meditation, with the use and profit thereof.

Come (Reader) sit, come sit thee downe by mee;
Think with my thoughts, and see what I doe see:
Hear this dumb Doctor: study in this Book,
Where day and night thou maist at pleasure look,
And thereby learne uprightly how to live:
For every part doth speciall Lessons give,
Even from the gilt Studs of the Firmament,
To the base Centre of our Element.

The planets teach us to follow the will of God.

Seest thou those Stars we (wrongly) *wandring* call,
Though divers wayes they dance about this Ball,
Yet evermore their manifold Career
Follows the Course of the *First Moving* Sphear?
This teacheth thee, that though thine owne Desires
Be opposite to what Heav'n's will requires,
Thou must still strive to follow (all thy Dayes)
God (the first Mover) in his holy wayes.

The Moon teacheth that we have not any thing that we have not received.

Vain puff of winde, whom vaunting pride bewitches,
For Bodies' Beauties, or Mind's (richer) Riches;
The Moon, whose splendor from her brother springs,
May, by Example, make thee veil thy wings:
For thou, no less then the pale Queene of Nights,
Borrow'st all goodness from the Prince of Lights.

The Elementary fire and ours, where our happinesse, and where our misery consists.

Wilt thou, from Orb to Orb, to th' Earth descend?
Behold the Fire which God did round extend:
As neer to Heav'n, the same is cleer and pure,
Ours here below, sad, smoakie, and obscure:
So, while my Soule doth with the heav'ns converse
It 's sure and safe from every thought perverse;
And though thou won heer in this world of sin,
Thou art as happy as Heav'n's Angels bin:
But if thy mind be alwaies fixéd all
On the foul dung-hill of this darksome vale,
It will partake in the contagious smels
Of th' unclean house wherein it droops and dwels.

The Aire, that afflictions are profitable for us.

If envious Fortune be thy bitter foe,
And day and night doe toss thee to and fro:
Remember, th' Air corrupteth soon, except
With sundry winds it oft be swing'd and swept.

The Sea, that wee ought for no respect to transgresse the Law of God.

The Sea, which somtimes down to Hel is driv'n
And somtimes heaves a froathy Mount to Heav'n,
Yet never breaks the bounds of her precinct,
Wherein the Lord her boistrous armes hath linkt;
Instructeth thee, that neither tyrant's rage,
Ambition's winds, nor golden vassalage
Of Avarice, nor any love, nor feare,
From God's Command should make thee shrink a hair.

The Earth, that wee should be constant.

The Earth, which never all at once doth move
Through her rich Orb, receivéd from above,
No firmer base her burthen to sustent
Then slippery props of softest Element;
By her example doth propose to thee
A needfull Lesson of true constancy.

The Ears of Corn, that we should be humble.

Nay, there is nought in our dear Mother found,
But pithily som Vertue doth propound.
O! let the Noble, Wise, Rich, Valiant,
Be as the base, poor, faint, and ignorant:
And, looking on the fields when *Autumn* shears,
There let them learn among the bearded ears;
Which still, the fuller of the flowry grain,
Bow downe the more their humble heads again;
And ay the lighter and the less their store,
They lift aloft their chaffie Crests the more.

The Palm-tree, that we should be chaste.

Let her, that (bound-less in her wanton wishes)
Dares spot the Spous-bed with unlawful kisses,
Blush, (at the least) at Palm-Tree's loyalty,
Which never bears unless her Male be by.

Cinnamon, teacheth diligence and prudence.

Thou, thou that prancest after Honour's prize
(While by the way thy strength and stomach dies)
Remember, Honor is like Cinnamon,
Which Nature mounds with many a million
Of thorny pricks; that none may danger-less
Approach the plant, much less the fruit possess.

The Sun and the Marigold direct us unto Christ the Sun of righteousnesse.

Canst thou the secret Sympathy behold
Betwixt the bright Sun and the Marigold;
And not consider, that wee must no less
Follow in life the Sun of righteousness?
O Earth! the Treasures of thy hollow brest
Are no less fruitfull Teachers then the rest.

Lime in water, teacheth us to shew our vertue in extremity.

For, as the Lime doth break and burne in Water,
And swell and smoak, crackle, and skip, and scatter;
Waking that Fire, whose dull heat sleeping was
Under the cold Crust of a Chalky Mass:
He that (to march amid the Christian Hoast)
Yeelds his heart's Kingdome to the Holy-Ghost;
And, for brave Service under Christ his Banner,
Lookes to bee crown'd with his chief Champion's Honor,
Must in affliction wake his zeal, which oft
In calmer time sleepes too securely soft.

The Diamond exhorts to constancy.

And, opposite, as the rich Diamond
The Fire and Steel doth stoutly both withstand:
So the true Christian should, till life expire,
Contemn proud Tyrant's raging Sword and Fire.
Or, if fell Rigour with some ruth-less smart
A little shake the sinnewes of his heart,

Gold in the furnace, to magnanimity and purity.

He must be like the richest Minerall,
Whose Ingots bow, but never breake at all;
Nor in the Furnace suffer any loss
Of weight, but lees; not of the Gold, but dross.

The stone Iris, to edification of our neighbour.

The precious stone, that bears the rainbow's name,
Receives the bright face of *Sol's* burnisht flame;
And by reflection, after, it displayes
On the next object all those pointed rayes:
So, whoso hath from the Empyreall Pole,
Within the center of his happy Soule,
Receiv'd some splendor of the beames divine,
Must to his Neighbour make the same to shine;
Not burying Talents which our God hath giv'n
To be imploy'd in a rich trade for Heav'n,
That in his Church he may receive his Gold
With thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold.

The Needle in the Mariner's Compass shewes that we should instantly look on Christ our onely Loadstar.

As th' Iron, toucht by th' Adamant's effect,
To the North Pole doth ever point direct:
So the Soule, toucht once by the secret powr
Of a true lively Faith, looks every houre
To the bright Lamp which serves for *Cynosure*
To all that sail upon the Sea obscure.

Lessons from living Creatures.

These presidents, from live-less things collected,
Breed good effects in spirits well-affected:
But lessons, taken from the things that live,
A livelier touch unto all sorts doe give.

Bees to Subiects and to Princes.

Up, up, yee Princes: Prince and People, rise,
And run to School among the Hony-Flies:
There shall you learn, that an eternall Law
Subjects the Subject under Prince's aw:
There shall you learn, that a couragious King
To vex his humble Vassals hath no sting.

The Marlin, to the unthankfull.

The *Persian* Prince, that Princely did conclude
So severe laws against Ingratitude,
Knew that the Marlin, having kept her warm
With a live Lark, remits it without harm;
And lest her friend-bird she should after slay,
She takes her flight a quite contrary way.

The Eagle, to parents.

Fathers, if you desire your Children sage
Should by their blessings bless your crookéd age;
Train them betimes unto true Vertue's Lore
By Aw, Instruction, and Example (more);
So the old Eagle flutters in and out,
To teach his young to follow him about.
If his example cannot timely bring
His backward birds to use their feeble wing,
He leaves them then some Dayes unfed, whereby
Sharp hunger may at length constraine them fly.
If that prevaile not, then he beats them, both
With beak and wings, to stir their fearfull sloth.

The Turtle, to wedlock-breakers.

You, that to haste your hated Spouses end,
Black deadly poyson in his dish doe blend;
O! can you see with un-relenting eyes
The Turtle-Dove? sith, when her husband dyes,
Dyes all her joy: for, never loves she more;
But on dry boughs doth her dead Spouse deplore.

Wild-geese, to babblers.

Thou, whom the freedom of a foolish tongue
Brings oft in danger for thy neighbour's wrong;
Discreetly set a hatch before the door:
As the wise Wilde-geese, when they over-soar
Cicilian Mounts, within their bils do bear
A pebble-stone both day and night; for feare
Lest ravenous Eagles of the North descry
Their Armie's passage, by their cackling Cry.

Divers fishes to unnaturall Mothers, that will not nurse their owne Children.

O! Mothers, can you? can you (O unkinde!)
Deny your Babes your breasts? and call to minde
That many Fishes many times are fain
Receive their seed into their wombs again;
Lucina's sad throes, for the self-same birth,
Enduring oft, it often bringing forth.

Dolphins, to the cruell.

O! why embrace not we with Charity
The living, and the dead with Piety?
Giving these succour, sepulture to those:
Even as the Dolphins do themselves expose,
For their live-fellows, and beneath the Waves
Cover their dead-ones under sandy Graves.

The wilde Kid, to children.

You Children, whom (past hope) the Heau'ns' benignity
Hath heapt with wealth, and heaved-up to dignity,
Doe not forget your Parents: but behold
Th' officious Kids, who (when their Parents old,
With heavie Gyves, Elds trembling Fever stops,
And fetters-fast upon the mountain-tops)
As carefull purveyours, bring them home to brouz
The tendrest tops of all the slendrest boughs;
And sip (self-thirst-less) of the River's brink,
Which in their mouthes they bring them home to drink.

The Spiders, to Man and Wife.

For house-hold Rules, read not the learnéd Writs
Of the *Stagyrian* (glory of good Wits):

Nor his, whom, for his hony-steepéd stile,
They Proverbiz'd the *Attick Muse* yer-while :
Sith th' onely Spider teacheth every one
The Husband's and the Huswife's function.
For, for their food the valiant Male doth roam,
The cunning Female tends her work at home :
Out of her bowels wool and yarn she spitteth,
And all that else her learnéd labour fitteth :
Her weight's the spindle that doth twist the twine,
Which her small fingers draw so ev'n and fine,
Still at the Centre she her warp begins,
Then round (at length) her little threds she pins,
And equall distance to their compass leaves :
Then, neat and nimbly her new web she weaves,
With her fine shuttle circularly drawn
Through all the circuit of her open lawn :
Open, lest else th' ungentle Winds should tear
Her Cipres Tent (weaker then any hair)
And that the foolish Fly might easier get
Within the meshes of her curious Net :
Which he no sooner doth begin to shake,
But straight the Male doth to the Center make,
That he may conquer more securely there
The humming Creature hampred in his snare.

The Lion, to Kings.

You Kings (that bear the sword of just hostility)
Pursue the Proud and pardon true Humility ;
Like noble Lions that do never show
Their strength and stomack on a yeelding Foe,
But rather through the stoutest throngs do forrage,
'Mid thousand Deaths to shew their daunt-less courage.

The Emmet and Hedge-hog, to the Sloathfull.

Thou Sluggard, if thou list to learn thy part,
Go learn the Emmet's and the Urchin's Art ;
In Summer th' one, in Autumn th' other takes
The Season's fruits, and thence provision makes,
Each in his lodging laying up a hoord
Against cold Winter, which doth nought afford.

Man may finde in himselfe excellent instructions.

But reader, we resemble one that windes
From *Saba*, *Bandan*, and the wealthy *Indes*
(Through threatning Seas, and dangers manifold)
To seek far-off for Incense, Spice, and Gold ;
Sith we, not loosing from our proper Strand,
Finde all wherein a happy life doth stand :
And our own Bodie's self-containéd motions
Give the most gross a hundred goodly Notions.

The head teacheth all persons in authority.

You Princes, Pastors, and ye Chiefs of War,
Do not your Laws, Sermons, and Orders mar ;
Lest your examples banefull leprosies
Infect your Subjects, Flocks, and Companies ;
Beware, your evill make not others like ;
For, no Part 's sound if once the Head be sick.

The Eyes instruct Princes and Noble-men.

You Peers, O do not, through self-partiall zeal,
With light-brain'd Counsels vex your Common-weale :
But, as both Eyes do but one thing behold,
Let each his Countrie's common good up-hold.

The Teeth, such as travell for others.

You that for Others travell day and night,
With much-much labour, and small benefit,
Behold the teeth, which Toll-free grinde the food,
From whence themselves do reap more griefe then good.

The Heart, the Ministers of the Word.

Even as the Heart hath not a Moment's rest,
But night and day moves in our panting brest,
That by his beating it may still impart
The lively spirits about to every part :
So those, to whom God doth his Flock betake,
Ought alwayes study, alwaies work, and wake,
To breath (by Doctrine and good conversation)
The quickning spirit into their Congregation.

The Stomack, the same.

And as the Stomack from the wholesom food
Divides the grosser part (which is not good)
They ought from false the truth to separate,
Error from Faith, and Cockle from the Wheat,
To make the best receiv'd for nourishment,
The bad cast forth as filthy excrement.

The Hands, all Christians to Charity.

If Bat or Blade do threaten sudden harm
To belly, brest, or leg, or head, or arme,
With dread-less dread the Hand doth ward the blow,
Taking her self her brethren's bleeding woe ;
Then 'mid the shock of sacrilegious Arms
That fill the world with blood and boistrous storms,
Shall we not lend our helping hands to others,
Whom faith hath made more neer and deer then brothers ;

The whole body, the whole society of mankinde, that every one ought to stand in his owne vocation.

Nor can I see, where underneath the sky
A man may finde a juster Policy,
Or truer Image of a calme Estate
Exempt from Faction, Discord, and Debate,
Then in th' harmonious Order that maintains
Our Bodie's life, through Members' mutuall pains :
Where, one no sooner feels the least offence,
But all the rest have of the same a sense.
The Foot strives not to smell, the Nose to walk,
The Tongue to combat, nor the Hand to talk :
But, without troubling of their Common-weal
With mutinies, they (voluntary) deal
Each in his Office and Heav'n-pointed place,
Be 't vile or honest, honouréd or base.
But, soft my Muse : what ? wilt thou re-repeat
The Little-World's admiréd modulet ?
If twice or thrice one and the same we bring,
'Tis tedious ; how-ever sweet we sing.
Therefore a-shore : Mates, let our Anchor fall :
Here blowes no Winde : here are we welcom all.
Besides, consider and conceive (I pray)
W' have row'd sufficient for a *Sabbath-day*.

The End of the First Week.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 4, '*persever*'—note the accentuation, as contemporaneously and earlier and later.
,, 26, '*boss*' = protuberance—and so 'emboss.'
,, 27, '*Thrummd*' = tufted.
,, 35, '*Culvers*' = doves, or wood-pigeons.
,, 46, '*pyed*' = pie-bald or streaked or parti-coloured.
,, 53, '*vales*' = vails, *i.e.* descends or stoops, in contrast with the 'ascend'ing mountain.
,, 68, '*stutting*' = stuttering.
,, 82, '*foure Brethren's strife*' — see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 86, '*Cressets*' = lamps.
,, 95, '*in the midst of all*'—according to the elder science.
,, 98, '*Savory*' =a seasoning kitchen herb.
,, 112, '*Minion*' = favourite—since deteriorated.
,, 115, '*lusks*' = lazily lolls.
,, 142, '*bosoming*'—noticeable verb.
,, 174, '*prevent*' = anticipate.
,, 200, '*prest*' = ready.
,, 227, '*smoother*' = smother.
,, 231, '*Stern*' = helm.
,, 245, '*mean*' = means, instrument.
,, 275, '*ungodly-most*' = most ungodly, and similarly elsewhere.
,, 297, '*Jove's*' — on the mixture of heathen, *i.e.* classical names with Christian, see our Memorial-Introduction.
,, 300, '*rift*' = abundantly, frequently.
Line 302, '*Quirry*' = equerry, attendant.
,, 317, '*Post*' = gate.
,, 340, '*slugging*' = acting as sluggards. See l. 414.
,, 357, '*Presidents*' = precedents. So l. 586.
,, 368-71—reminiscence of Horace.
,, 387, '*Brass Corinthian*' — the famous amalgam through the melting together of gold, silver, and copper—by many of the Latin poets celebrated, as 'Corinthium es.' See Pliny 34, 2, and Florus 11, 16. Cf. Horace, Od. ii. xviii., and Epod. 11.
,, 392, '*lay*' = lea, fallow.
,, 402, '*recollects*'—accurate use of this fine verb.
,, 416, '*Lurpercals*'=festival in honour of Lupercus, the Lycean Pan.
,, 417, '*Saturnalias*'=Saturnalia—festival in honour of Saturn.
,, 477, '*base*' = foundation?
,, 498, '*won*' = dwell.
,, 507, '*swing'd* = beat.
,, 580, '*Adamant*' = magnet.
,, 584, '*Cynosure*' =that which draws attention.
,, 598, '*Marlin*' = merlin hawk.
,, 622, '*hatch*' = wicket? or death-sign?
,, 643, '*officious*' = office-filling.
,, 669, '*Cipres*' = crape-like or finest gauze.
,, 683, '*Urchin*' = hedge-hog.
,, 696, '*Pastors*' = clergymen.
,, 721, '*Cockle*' = weed.
,, 747, '*modulet*' = small model.—G.

DU BARTAS

HIS

SECOND WEEKE:

DISPOSED

(After the proportion of his First)

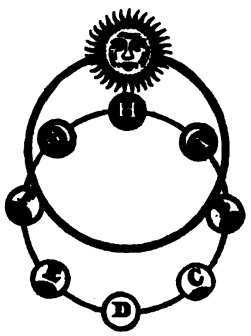
Into SEAVEN DAYES:

(viz.)

The { I. ADAM, II. NOAH, III. ABRAHAM, IV. DAVID. }

The { V. ZEDECHIAS, VI. MESSIAS, VII. Th' ETERNALL SABBATH. }

But, of the three last, Death (preventing Our NOBLE POET) hath deprived Us.



Acceptam refero.

TO
THE
MOST
ROYAL
PATTERN
AND PATRON
OF LEARNING
AND RELIGION,
THE HIGH
AND
MIGHTY PRINCE,
JAMES
(By The Grace Of God)
KING
OF GREAT BRITAINE,
FRANCE, AND IRELAND,
TRUE DEFENDER OF
THE TRUE ANCIENT
CHRISTIAN,
CATHOLICKE, AND
APOSTOLICK FAITH,
&c.

I. SONNET.

From ZEAL-Land, *sayling with the Winde of* Love,
In the Bark LABOUR, *steer'd by* Theorems,
Laden with Hope, *and with* Desire *t' approve,*
Bound for Cape-Comfort *in the* Ile *of* JEMMES;
In such a Mist *we fell vpon the* Coast,
That suddenly vpon the Rock Neglect
(*Unhappily*) *our* Ship *and* Goods *we lost,*
Even in a Place *that we did least suspect.*
So, Cast-away (*my* LIEGE) *and quite vndon,*
We Orphan-*remnants of a woefull* Wrack,
Here cast a-shore, to Thee *for* succour *run:*
O Pittie *vs, for our deer Parent's sake,*
Who Honour'd *Thee, both in his Life and Death,*
And to thy guard *his* POSTHUMES *did bequeath.*

II. SONNET.

These glorious WORKES, *and gratefull* Monuments
Built by Du BARTAS, *on the* Pyrenæis
(Your *Royall Vertues* to immortalize,
And magnifie your rich Munificence)
Have prov'd so Chargefull to Trans-port *from thence,*
That our small Art's-stock *hardly could suffise*
To vnder-goe so great an Enterprize;
But is even beggerd with th' un-cast *Expense.*
So that, except our Muse's SOVERAIN
With gracious Eye regard her spent Estate;
And, with a hand of Princely Favour *daign*
To stay her fall (*before it be too-late*)
She needs must fail: as (*lending light about*)
Self-spending Lamps, for lack of Oyl, go-out.

Voy (Sire) Saluste.

DEDICATIONS.

TO THE RIGHT EXCELLENT, AND MOST HOPEFULL YOUNG PRINCE, HENRY, *Prince of* WALES.

ANAGR. { Henricus Stuartus. / *Hic strenuus ratus.* }

{ THE TROPHEIS, and MAGNIFICENCE. }

The gracious Welcome You vouchsaft yer-while
To my grave PIERAC (*though but meanly clad*)
Makes BARTAS (*now, no Stranger in this* Isle)
More bold to come (*though suited even as bad*)
To kiss Your HIGHNES' *Hand; and, with Your Smile,*
To Crown His Haps, and our faint Hopes to glad
(*Whose weary longings languish in our* Stile:
For in our Wants, *our very* Songs *be sad*)
He brings for Present *to so great a* PRINCE,
A Princely GLASSE, *made first for* SALOMON:
The fitter therefore for your EXCELLENCE
As oft to look in, as you look upon.
Some Glasses flatter: other-some deforme:
This, ay, presents You a true PRINCE'S Form.

Voy (Sire) Saluste.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE LORD HIGH CHANCELlor of ENGLAND.

ANAGR. { Thomas Egerton. / 1. *Gestat honorem.* / 2. *Age mett Honors.* / 3. *Honors mett Age.* }

THE LAW.

Most humbly

Shewes to thy Great Worthiness
(*Grave* MODERATOR *of our* Britain LAWES)
The Muses' *Abject* (*subject of* Distress)
How long wrong-vext, *in a not*-Need-*less* Cause,
Not at the King's-Bench, *but the* Penny-less,
By one, I Want (*the son of* Simpleness);
Unable, more to grease *the scraping paws*
Of his Attorney Shift, *or oyl the jaws*
Of his (dear) *Counsell, Serjeant* Pensiveness;
He is compell'd in forma pauperis,
To Plead *himselfe* (*and shew his* (*little*) Law)
In the free Court *of thy milde* Courtesies.
Please it thee therefore an Injunction *grant,*
To stay *the* Suit *betweene himself and* Want.

For Thee and Thine, for ay
So He and His shall pray.

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE EARLE OF SALISBURY, Lord high Treasurer of *England*.

ANAGR. { Robertus Cecilius. Robertus Cecilius. / *Cui ortus celebris:* (vel) *Cerebro sic Tullius.* / Robertus Comes Sari. *Carus est Orbi sermo.* }

THE CAPTAINES.

ARmes *yeeld to* Arts: *the* Trumpet *to the* Tongue:
Stout Ajax *Prise the wise* Ulysses wan:
It will not seem then that we have mis-sung,
To sing of CAPTAINES to a Counsail-*man:*
Sith without Counsaile, Courage *is but Rage;*
Rude in Resolving, rash in Acting it:
In which respect those of the Antique *Age*
Fain PALLAS Goddess *both of* War *and* Wit:
Therefore, to Thee, *whose* Wit *so much hath sted*
(*In* War *and* Peace) *our Princes and our* STATE:
To Thee, *whose* Vertue *hath now triumphéd*
Of Cause-less Envie, *and mis-grounded* Hate:
To Thee (Witt's-WORTHIE) *had it not been wrong,*
Not to have sounded my War-WORTHIE's *Song?*

J. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, The Earle of *Dorset* (late) Lord high *Treasurer of* ENGLAND.

ANAGR. { Sacvilus. / *Vas lucis.* } Comes Dorsetius. / *Esto decor Musis.* / *Sacris Musis celo devotus.* }

THE SCHISME.

NOt *with-out* Error, *and apparent* Wrong
To Thee, *the* Muses, *and my* Self (*the most*)
Could I omit, amid this Noble *Hoast*
Of learnéd *Friends to* Learning, *and our Song,*
To muster Thee; Thee, *that hast lov'd so long*
The sacred Sisters, *and* (*sad-sweetly-most*)
Thy Selfe *hast sung* (*under a fainéd Ghost*)
The tragick Falls *of our* Ambitious *Throng.*
Therefore, in honour of Thy *younger* Art,
And of the Muses, *honour'd by the same,*
And to express my Thankfull *thoughts* (*in part*)
This Tract *I sacre vnto* SACKVIL's *Name,*
No less renown'd *for Numbers of* Thine Owne,
Then for thy Love, *to Other's Labours, show'n.*

J. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE EARLE OF PEMBROKE,

ANAGR. { William Harbert. / *With liberall arm.* }

THE DECAY.

FAr *be the* Title *of this tragick* page
From Thee (*rare Module of* Heroik *minds*)
Whose noble Bountie *all the* Muses *binds*
To honour Thee; *but mine doth most engage:*
And yet, to Thee, *and to Thy* Patronage
(*For present lack of other* gratefull *signes*)
Needs must I Offer *these* DECAYéd *lines*
(*Lynéd with* Horrors *of* ISAACIAN *rage*)
Where-in, to keep decorum *with my* Theam,
And with my Fortunes (ruin'd *every-way*)
My Care-clogd Muse (*still carried* down *the stream*)
In singing Other's, *sighes her* Own DECAY
In stile, in state, in hap, in hope, in all:
For, Vines, vnpropped, on the ground do craul.

J. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, The Earle of *Essex*, Earle Marshall of ENGLAND, &c.

EDEN.

GReat Strong-bowe's *heir, no selfe-conceit doth cause*
Mine humble wings aspire to you, vnknowne:
But, knowing this, that your renown alone
(*As th'* Adamant, *and as the* Amber *drawes:*
That, hardest steel; this, easie-yeelding strawes)
Atterrs the stubborn, and attracts the prone:
I have presum'd (*O Honor's Paragon!*)
To grave your Name (*which all* Iberia *awes*)
Here, on the fore-front of this little Pile;
T' invite the vertuous to a sacred feast,
And chase-away the vicious and the vile;
Or stop their lothsom envious tongues, at least.
If I have err'd, let my submission 'scuse:
And daign to grace my yet vngracéd Muse.

J. S.

TO THE SAME

RIGHT HONOURABLE

EARLE OF ESSEX, &c.

THE ARK.

FRom th' ARK of Hope, *still tossed in distresse*
On th' angry Deluge *of disastrous plight,*
My silly Dove *here takes her second flight,*
To view (*great Lord*) *thy* World *of worthiness:*
Vouchsafe (*rare plant of perfect* Nobleness)
Some branch *of safety, whereon she may light;*
Some Olive leaf, *that may presage me right;*
A safe escape from this wet wilderness.
So, when the Flood *of my deep cares shall* fall,
And I be landed on sweet Comfort's Hill;
First, my pure thoughts to Heav'n present I shall:
Then, on thy favours meditating still,
My Zealous Muse *shall dayly strive to frame*
Some fairer Tropheis *to thy glorious* Name.

J. S.

TO THE SAME

RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Earle of DEVONSHIRE, &c.

THE HANDY-CRAFTS.

THe Mome-*free Passage, that my* Muse *hath found*
Under Safe-Conduct of thy Patronage,
Through carping censures of this curious Age
(*Where high conceited happy Wits abound*)
Makes her presume (O Mount-joy, *most Renownd!*)
To bear again, in her re-Pilgrimage,
The noble Pastport of thy Tutelage,
To salve her still from sullen Envie's wound.
Let thy (*true Eagle*) *Sun-beholding Eyes*
Glance on our Glow-worme's scarce discernèd spark:
And while Witt's towring Falcons touch the skies,
Observe a while our tender-impèd Lark.
Such sparks may flame, and such light Larks may flie
A higher pitch, then dross-full Vanity.

J. S.

TO THE RIGHT HO-

NOURABLE CHARLES LORD

Mount-joy, Earle of Devonshire.

THE IMPOSTURE.

THough in thy Brook (*great* Charles) *there swim a Swan*
Whose happy, sweet, immortall tunes can raise
The vertuous greatness of thy Noble praise
To higher notes, then my faint Numbers can;
Yet, while thy Lucan *doth in silence scan*
Unto himselfe new meditated laies,
To finish vp his sad Pharsalian *fraies,*
Lend ear to BARTAS (*now our Country-man*)
For, though his English be not yet so good
(*As* French-men *hardly doe our tongue attain*)
He hopeth yet to be well vnderstood;
The rather, if you (*worthy Lord*) *shall daign*
His bashfulness a little to advance,
With the milde favours of your countenance.

J. S.

TO THE SAME RIGHT

HONOURABLE EARLE OF

DEVONSHIRE, &c.

THE COLONIES.

REnowndd Scipio, *though thine* Ennius
Still merit best the best of thy regard:
Though (*worthily*) *his trumpet be preferr'd*
To sound the Triumphs thou hast won for us;
Yet sith one Pen, how-ever plenteous
Were it the Mantuan *or* Meonian *Bard*)
Sufficeth not to give Fame's *full Reward*
To thy great Deeds, admir'd and glorious:
Though Hee, thy Homer *be; Thou, his* Achilles;
Both by Each other Happy: Thou (*here-in*)
T'have such a Trump as his immortall Quill-is:
He such a Theam as thy High Vertues bin:
It shall (*Great* Worthy) *no Dis-Honour be,*
That (*English*) Bartas *hath Sung* (*thrice*) *to thee.*

J. S.

TO THE HONOURABLE, LEARNED, AND RELIGIOUS Gentleman, Sir *Peter Young* of Seton, KNIGHT, Almoner of *Scotland*, and one of his Majestie's Privie COUNCELL there.

THE COLUMNS.

YOUNG, *Ancient Servant of our Soveraign Lord,*
Grave Master of thy Master's minor-years:
Whose Prudence and whose Pietie appears
In his Perfection, which doth thine record:
Whose loyall Truth, His Royall Trusts approve
By oft Embassage to the greatest Peers:
Whose Duty and Devotion he endeers
With present favours of his princely Love:
In Honour of these Honours many-fold,
And for memoriall of Thy kinde regard
Of these poor Orphanes (pyn'd in Hopeless cold)
Accept these Thanks for thy firm Love's reward;
Where-in (so Heav'ns prosper what we have sung)
Through every Age thou shalt live ever YOUNG.

J. S.

TO THE RIGHT VERTUOUS (Favourer of Vertue, Furtherer of Learning) Sir THOMAS SMITH (of London) Knight, (late) Lord Embassadour for his Majestie, to the Emperour of RUSSIA.

JONAS.

TO *thee, long tost in a fell* Storm *of* State;
Cast out, and swallowed *in a Gulfe of* Death,
On false-suspect *of thine vnspotted* Faith
And flying from thy (*heav'n-given*) Charge *of late:*
For much resemblance of thy troublous Fate
(*Much like in* Case *to that hee suffereth,*
Though (*in effect*) *thy* Cause *far differeth*)
I send my JONAS, *to congratulate*
Thy (*happy*) Rescue, *and thy holy* Triall:
Where-by (*as Fire doth purifie the Gold*)
Thy Loyalty *is more notorious* Loyall,
And worthy th' Honours *which thou now do'st hold.*
Thus, Vertue's Palms, *oppressed,* mount *the more:*
And Spices *bruis'd, smell* sweeter *then before.*

J. S.

TO THE

MOST HONOURABLE LEARNED, AND RELIGIOUS Gentleman, M^r. *Anthonie Bacone.*

THE FURIES.

BOund *by thy Bounty, and mine owne Desire*
To tender still new Tribute of my Zeal
To Thee, whose favour did the first repeal
My proto-BARTAS *from Self-doomèd Fire:*
Having new-tunèd to du BARTAS *Lyre,*
These tragick murmurs of his FURIES *fell,*
Which (*with the Horrors of an earthly Hell*)
The Sin-curst life of wretched Mortals tire:
To whom, but Thee, should I present the same?
Sith, by the Breath of Thine encouragement
My sacred-furie *thou didst first inflame*
To prosecute This sacred Argument.
Such as it is, accept it, as a signe
Of thankfull Love, from Him, whose all is Thine.

J. S.

TO THE SAME MOST HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN, M^r. Anthonie Bacone.

BABYLON.

THy *friendly censure of my first* ESSAY
Du Bartas' FURIES, *and his* BABYLON)
My faint Endeavours hath so cheard on,
That both His WEEKS *are also* Ours *to-day.*
Thy gracious hand, reprieving from decay
My fame-lesse Name doom'd to oblivion,
Hath so stirr'd vp my Soule's devotion,
That in my Songs thy Name *shall live for ay.*
Thy milde acceptance of my simple myte
(*Pattern and Patron of all vertuous drifts*)
Doth here again my gratefull Muse *invite*
To re-salute thee with mine humble gifts;
Indeed, no Gifts, but Debts to thy Desert:
To whom I owe my hand, my head, my heart.

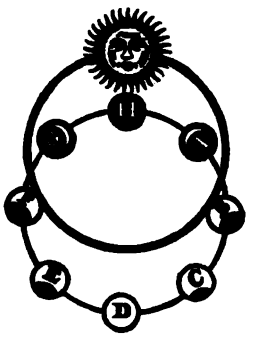
J. S.

ADAM.

THE
FIRST DAY
OF THE
SECOND WEEKE,

Containing

I. EDEN,
II. The IMPOSTURE,
III. The FURIES,
IV. The HANDY-CRAFTS.



Acceptam refero.

EDEN.

Eden.

THE FIRST PART

Of The

FIRST DAY OF

THE II. WEEK.

The Argument.

Our Poet, first, doth God's assistance seek:
The Scope and Subject of his Second Week.
Adam *in* Eden: Eden's *beauties rare;*
A reall place, not now discernéd where:
The Tree of Life, *and* Knowledge-Tree *withall:*
Knowledge of Man, before and since his Fall:
His Exercise and excellent Delights,
In's Innocence: of Dreams and Ghostly Sights:
Nice Questions curb'd: Death, Sin's effect, whereby
Man (else Immortall) mortall now, must Dy.

Invocation of the true God, for assistance in description of the infancy and first estate of the World.

GReat God, which hast this *World's Birth* made me see,
Unfold his Cradle, shew his infancy:
Walk thou, my Spirit, through all the flowring alleys
Of that sweet Garden, where, through winding valleys,
Four lively floods crauld: tell me what mis-deed
Banisht both *Eden's Adam*, and his seed:
Tell who (immortall) mortallzing, brought us
The balm frō heav'n wᶜʰ hopéd health hath wrought us:
Grant me the story of thy Church to sing,
And gests of Kings: Let me this Totall bring
From thy first Sabbath to his fatall Toomb,
My stile extending to the Day of Doome.
Lord, I acknowledge and confess, before,
This Ocean hath no bottom, nor no shore;
But (sacred Pilot) thou canst safely steer
My vent'rous Pinnasse to her wishéd Peer;
Where once arriv'd, all dropping wet, I will
Extoll thy favours, and my vows fulfill.

And gracious Guide, which dost all grace infuse,
Since it hath pleas'd thee task my tardy Muse
With these high Theames, that through mine Art-less Pen
This holy Lamp may light my Country-men:
Ah, teach my hand, touch mine unlearnéd lips;
Lest, as the Earth's grosse body doth Eclipse
Bright Cynthia's *beams when it is interpos'd*
'Twixt her and Phœbus: *so mine ill-dispos'd,*
Dark gloomy Ignorance, obscure the rayes
Of this divine Sun of these learnéd dayes.
O! furnish me with an un-vulgar stile,
That I by this may wain our wanton Ile
From Ovid's *heires, and their un-hallowed spell*
Here charming senses, chaining soules in Hell.
Let this provoke our modern Wits to sacre
Their wondrous gifts to honour thee their Maker;
That our mysterious ELPHINE Oracle:
Deep, morall, grave, Invention's miracle;
My deer sweet Daniel, *sharp conceipted, brief,*
Civill, sententious, for pure accents chief:
And our new Naso, *that so passionates*
The Heroïck sighes of love-sick Potentates:
May change their subject, and advance their wings
Up to these higher and more holy things.
And if (sufficient rich in selfe-invention)
They scorn (as I) to live of Stranger's Pension,
Let them devise new Weeks, *new Works, new Waies*
To celebrate the supreme Prince of praise.
And let not me (good Lord) be like the Lead
Which to some City from some Conduit-head

The Translator, considering his own weaknesse and insufficiency for a worke so rare and excellent, as all the world hath worthily admired: craveth also the assistance of the Highest, that (at least) his endevour may both stir up some abler spirit to undertake this Taske: and also provoke all other good wits to take in hand som holy Argument: and with-all, that himself may be for ever sincerely affected, and (as it were) throughly seasoned with the sweet relish of these sacred and religious discourses.

Simile.

Brings wholsome Water; yet (self-wanting sense)
Itself receives no drop of comfort thence:
Simile. *But rather, as the thorough-seasoned But*
Wherein the tears of death-prest Grapes are put,
Reteins (long after all the Wine is spent)
Within it selfe the Liquor's lively sent:
Let me still savour of these sacred sweets
Till Death fold-up mine earth in earthen sheets;
Lest my young layes, now prone to preach thy glory
To BRUTUS' *heirs, blush at my elder Story.*

Narration. God, having created and established Man Lord of the creatures, lodgeth him in the faire Garden of *Eden*.

God (*supreme Lord*) committed not alone
T' our Father *Adam*, this inferiour Throne;
Ranging beneath his rule the scaly Nation
That in the Ocean have their habitation;
Those that in horror of the Desarts lurk;
And those that capering in the Welkin work:
But also chose him for a happy Seat
A climate temperate both for cold and heat,
Which dainty *Flora* paveth sumptuously
With flowry VER's inameld tapistry;
Pomona pranks with fruits, whose taste excels,
And *Zephyr* fils with Musk and Amber smels;
Where God himselfe (as Gardner) treads the allies,
With Trees and Corn covers the hils and valleyes;
Summons sweet sleep with noise of hundred brooks,
And Sun-proof Arbours makes in sundry nooks;
He plants, he proins, he pares, he trimmeth round
Th' ever green beauties of a fruitfull ground;
Here-there the course of th' holy Lakes he leads,
With thousand Dies he motleys all the Meades.

The *Elysian* fields of the Heathen Poets are but dreams.

Ye Pagan Poets that audaciously
Have sought to dark the ever-Memory
Of God's great Works; from henceforth still be dum
Your fabled prayses of *Elysium;*
Which by this goodly Module you have wrought,
Through deaf tradition, that your Fathers taught:
For, the Almighty made his blissfull bowrs
Better indeed then you have fainéd yours.

A large description of the rich beauties of the Garden of *Eden*, or earthly Paradise.

For, should I say that still with smiling face,
Th' all-clasping Heav'ns beheld this happy place;
That honey sweet, from hollow rocks did drain;
That fostring milk flow'd up and down the Plain:
That sweet as Roses smelt th' ill-savory Rew;
That in all soyls, all seasons, all things grew;
That still there dangled on the self-same treen
A thousand fruits, nor over-ripe, nor green;
That eagrest fruits, and bitterest hearts did mock
Madera Sugars, and the Apricock;
Yeelding more wholsome food then all the messes,
That now taste-curious wanton Plenty dresses,
Disguising (in a thousand costly dishes)
The various store of dainty Fowls and Fishes,
Which far and neer we seek by Land and Seas,
More to provoke then hunger to appease.

Excellent estate of the Earth, and especially of *Eden* before *Adam's* fall.

Or should I say, each morning on the ground
Not common dew, but *Manna* did abound:
That never gutter-gorging durty muds
Defil'd the chrystall of smooth-sliding floods,
Whose waters past, in pleasant taste, the drink
That now in *Candia* decks *Cerathus'* brink:
That shady Groves of noble Palm-tree sprays,
Of amorous Myrtles, and immortall Bays
Never un-leav'd: but evermore, their new
Self-arching arms in thousand Arbours grew:
Where thousand sorts of Birds, both night and day,
Did bill and wooe, and hop about, and play:
And, marrying their sweet tunes to th' Angels' layes,
Sung *Adam's* bliss, and their great Maker's praise.
For then, the Crowes, night-Rav'n's, and Howlet's noise
Was like the Nightingal's sweet-tunéd voice;
And Nightingals sung like divine *Arion*,
Like *Thracian Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Amphion*.
Th' Air's daughter Eccho, haunting woods among,
A blab that will not (cannot) keep her tongue,
Who never asks, but onely answers all,
Who lets not any her in vain to call;
She bore her part; and full of curious skill,
They ceasing, sung; they singing, ceaséd still:
There Musick raign'd, and ever on the plain,
A sweet sound rais'd the dead-live voyce again.

All discommodities far from *Eden* before Sinne.

If there, I say, the Sun (the Season's stinter)
Made no hot Summer, nor no hoary Winter,
But lovely VER kept still in lively lustre
The fragrant valleys, smiling Meads, and Pasture:
That boistrous *Adam's* body did not shrink
For Northren Windes, nor for the Southren wink:
But *Zephyr* did sweet musky sighes afford,
Which breathing through the Garden of the Lord,
Gave bodies vigour, verdure to the field,
That verdure flowrs, those flowres sweet savour yeeld:
That Day did gladly lend his Sister Night,
For half her Moisture, half his shining Light:
That never hail did Harvest prejudice,
That never frost, nor snow, nor slippery yce
The Fields en-ag'd: nor any stormy stowr
Dismounted Mountains: nor no violent showr
Pov'risht the Land, which frankly did produce
All fruitfull vapours for delight and use:
I think I lye not, rather I confess
My stammering Muse's poor unlearnedness.

Eden's principall and most excellent beauty.

If in two words thou wilt her praise comprise,
Say 'twas the type of th' upper Paradise;
Where *Adam* had (O wondrous strange!) discourse
With God himselfe, with Angels intercourse.

Yet (over-curious) question not the site,
Where God did plant this Garden of delight:
Whether beneath the Equinoctiall line,
Or on a Mountain neer *Latona's* shine;
Nigh *Babylon*, or in the radiant East:
Humble content thee that thou know'st (at least)
That, that rare, plenteous pleasant happy thing
Whereof th' Almighty made our Grand-sire King;
Was a choice soil, through which did rowling slide
Swift *Ghion*, *Pishon*, and rich *Tigris* tide,

Of the place where the Garden of *Eden* was situate.

And that fair stream whose silver waves do kiss
The Monarch Towrs of proud *Semiramis*.

It was a certaine materiall place, howsoever now a-dayes we can exactly observe neither the circuit, nor extent of it.

Now, if that (roaming round about the earth)
Thou find no place that answers now in worth
This beauteous place, nor Country that can showe
Where now-adayes, those noted flouds do flowe:
Include not all within this Close confin'd,
That labouring *Neptune's* liquid Belt doth bind.
A certaine place it was (now sought in vain)
Where set by grace, for sin remov'd again,
Our Elders were: whereof the Thunder-darter
Made a bright Sword the Gate, an Angel Porter.

It was no allegoricall nor mysticall Garden.

Nor think that *Moses* paints fantastick-wise
A mystike tale of fainéd Paradise.
('Twas a true Garden, happy Plentie's horn,
And seat of graces) lest thou make (forlorn)
An Ideall *Adam's* food fantasticall,
His sin suppos'd, his pain Poeticall:
Such Allegories serve for shelter fit
To curious Idiots of erroneous wit:
And chiefly then when reading Histories,
Seeking the spirit, they doe the body leese.

It was defaced by the generall Flood.

But if thou list to ghesse by likelihood,
Think that the wreakfull nature-drowning Flood
Spar'd not this beauteous place, which formost saw
The first foul breach of God's eternall law:
Think that the most part of the plants it pull'd,
And of the sweetest flowrs the spirits dull'd,
Spoyl'd the fair Gardens, made the fat Fields lean,

Why the Situation of the Garden of Eden is now hard to find.

And chang'd (perchance) the river's channell clean:
And think, that Time (whose slippery wheel doth play
In humane causes with inconstant sway,
Who exiles, alters, and disguises words)
Hath now transform'd the names of all these Fords.
For, as through sin we lost that place, I feare
(Forgetfull) we have lost the knowledge where
'Twas situate, and of the sugred dainties
Wherewith God fed us in those sacred plenties.

Of the two trees serving as Sacraments to Adam.

Now of the Trees wherewith th' immortal Powr
Adorn'd the quarters of that blissfull Bowr,
All serv'd the mouth save two sustain'd the mind;
All serv'd for food save two for seals assign'd.

Whereof the tree of life was a Sacrament.

God gave the first, for honourable stile,
The tree of life: true name; (alas the while!)
Not for th' effect it had, but should have kept,
If man from duty never had mis-stept.
For, as the ayre of those fresh dales and hils
Preservéd him from *Epidemick* ills,
This fruit had ever-calm'd all insurrections,
All civill quarels of the crosse complections;
Had barr'd the passage of twice-childish age,
And ever-more excluded all the rage
Of painfull griefes, whose swift-slow posting pase
At first or last our dying life doth chase.

The excellency of that Tree.

Strong counter-bane! O Sacred plant divine!
What metall, stone, stalk, fruit, flowr, root, or ryne,
Shall I presume in these rude rimes to sute
Unto thy wondrous World-adorning Fruit?
The rarest Simples that our fields present-us
Heale but one hurt, and healing too torment-us:
And with the torment, lingring our reliefe,
Our bags of Gold voyd, yer our bulks of griefe.
But thy rare fruits hid powr admiréd most,
Salveth all sores, *sans* pain, delay, or cost:
Or rather, man from yawning Death to stay,
Thou didst not cure, but keep all ils away.
O holy, peerlesse, rich preservative!

We cannot say what Tree it was.

Whether wert thou the strange restorative
That suddenly did age with youth repair,
And made old *Æson* younger then his heir?
Or holy *Nectar* that in Heav'nly bowrs,
Eternally self-pouring *Hebé* pours?
Or blest *Ambrosia* (God's immortall fare?)
Or else the rich fruit of the Garden rare,
Where, for three Ladies (as assuréd guard)
A fire-arm'd Dragon day and night did ward?
Or precious *Moly*, which *Jove's* Pursuivan
Wing-footed *Hermes* brought to th' *Ithacan*?
Or else *Nepenthé*, enemy to sadnesse,
Repelling sorrows, and repealing gladnesse?
Or *Mummie*? or *Elixir* (that excels
Save men and Angels every Creature els)?
No, none of these: these are but forgeries,
But toyes, but tales, but dreams, deceits, and lies.
But Thou art true, although our shallow sense
May honour more, then sound thine Excellence.

Of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evill.

The Tree of Knowledge, th' other Tree behight:
Not that it selfly had such speciall might,
As men's dull wits could whet and sharpen so
That in a moment they might all things know.
'T was a sure pledge, a sacred signe, and seal;
Which, being ta'en, should to light man reveal
What ods there is between still peace, and strife;
God's wrath, and love; drad death, and dearest life;
Solace, and sorrow; guile, and innocence;
Rebellious pride, and humble obedience.

Of the excellence of man's knowledge before Sin.

For, God had not depriv'd that primer season
The sacred lamp and light of learnéd Reason:
Mankinde was then a thousand fold more wise
Then now: blinde Errour had not bleard his eyes
With mists; which make th' *Athenian Sage* suppose
That *nought he knows, save this, that nought he knows.*
That even light *Pirrhon's* wavering fantasies
Reave him the skill his un-skill to agnize.
And th' *Abderite*, within a Well obscure,
As deep as dark, the Truth of things immure.

How he knew good and evill before Sin.

He (happy) knew the Good, by th' use of it:
He knew the Bad, but not by proof as yet:
But as they say of great *Hippocrates*,
Who (though his limbs were numm'd with no excesse,
Nor stopt his throat, nor vext his fantasie)
Knew the cold Cramp, th' Angine and Lunacy,
And hundred els-pains, whence in lusty flowr
He liv'd exempt an hundred years and foure.
Or like the pure Heav'n-prompéd Prophets rather,
Whose sight so cleerly future things did gather,

Because the World's Soule in their soule enseal'd
The holy stamp of secrets most conceal'd.
Of man's knowledge since his Fall. But our now-*knowledge* hath, for tedious train,
A drooping life, and over-rackéd brain,
A face forlorn, a sad and sullen fashion,
A restlesse toyl, and Care's self-pining passion.
Knowledge was then even the soule's soul for light,
The spirit's calm Port, and Lanthorn shining bright
To strait-stept feet: cleer knowledg; not confus'd:
Not sowr, but sweet: not gotten, but infus'd.
Why the Lord put man in the Garden of Eden. Now Heav'n's eternall all-fore-seeing King,
Who never rashly ordereth any thing,
Thought good, that man (having yet spirit sound-stated)
Should dwel elswhere, then where he was created;
That he might know, he did not hold this place
By Nature's right, but by meer gift and grace;
That he should never taste fruits un-permitted,
But keep the sacred pledge to him committed,
And dresse that Park, which, God without all tearm,
On these conditions gave him as in Farm.
Of his exercise there. God would that (voyd of painfull labour) he
Should live in *Eden;* but not idlely:
For, idlenesse pure Innocence subverts,
Defiles our body, and our soule perverts:
Yea, sobrest men it makes dilicious,
To vertue dull, to vice ingenious.
But that first travell had no sympathy
With our since-travel's wretched cruelty,
Distilling sweat, and panting, wanting winde,
Which was a scourge for *Adam's* sin assign'd.
Foure comparisons. For, *Eden's* Earth was then so fertill fat,
That he made only sweet Essayes in that,
Of skilfull industry, and naked, wrought
More for delight, then for the gaine he sought.
In brief, it was a pleasant exercise,
A labour lik't, a pain much like the guise
1 Of cunning Dauncers; who, although they skip,
Run, caper, vault, traverse, and turn, and trip,
From Morne till Even, at night again full merry,
Renew their dance, of dancing never weary.
2 Or else of Hunters, that with happy luck
Rousing betimes some often-breathéd Buck,
Or goodly Stagge, their yelping Hounds uncouple,
Winde loude their horns, their whoops and halloos double,
Spur-on and spare not, following their desire,
Themselves un-weary, though their Hackneys tyre.
But, for the end of all their jollity,
There 's found much stifnesse, sweat, and vanity.
3 I rather match it to the pleasing pain
Of Angels pure, who ever sloath disdain:
4 Or to the Sun's calm course, who pain-lesse ay
About the Welkin posteth night and day.
Adam admires the beauties of the World in generall: Doubtlesse when *Adam* saw our common aire,
He did admire the Mansion rich and faire
Of his Successors. For frosts keenly cold
The shady locks of Forrests had not powl'd:
Heav'n had not thundred on our heads as yet,
Nor giv'n the Earth her sad Divorce's Writ.

But when he once had entred Paradise,
The remnant World he justly did dispise: But most especially of the Garden of Eden.
[Much like a Boor far in the Countrey born,
Who, never having seen but Kine and Corn,
Oxen, and Sheep, and homely Hamlets thatcht
(Wch, fond, he counts as Kingdoms; hardly matcht)
When afterward he happens to behold In this Comparison my Author setteth downe the famous City of *Paris:* but I have presumed to apply it to our owne City of *London*, that it might be more familiar to my meer English and un-travell'd Readers.
The wealthy London's *wonders manifold,*
The silly peasant thinks himselfe to be
In a new world; and gazing greedily,
One while he, Art-lesse, all the Arts admires,
Then the fair Temples, and their top-lesse spires,
Their firm foundations, and the massie pride
Of all their sacred ornaments beside:
Anon he wonders at the differing graces,
Tongues, gests, attires, the fashions and the faces,
Of busie-buzzing swarmes, which still he meets
Ebbing and flowing over all the streets;
Then at the signes, the shops, the weights, the measures,
The handy-crafts, the rumours, trades, and treasures.
But, of all sights, none seemes him yet more strange
Then the rare, beauteous, stately rich Exchange.
Another while he marvels at the Thames,
Which seems to bear huge Mountaines on her streams;
Then at the fair-built Bridge; which he doth judge
More like a tradefull City then a Bridge;
And glancing thence along the Northrene shore,
That Princely Prospect doth amaze him more.]
For in that Garden man delighted so,
That (rapt) he wist not if he wak't or no;
If he beheld a true thing or a fable;
Or Earth, or Heav'n: all more then admirable.
For such excesse his extasie was small:
Not having spirit enough to muse withall,
He wisht him hundred-fold redoubled senses,
The more to taste so rare sweet excellences;
Not knowing, whether nose, or ears, or eyes,
Smelt, heard, or saw, more savors, sounds, or dies.
Happinesse of the first man before his fall. But, *Adam's* best and supreme delectation,
Was th' often haunt and holy conversation
His soule and body had so many wayes
With God; who lightned *Eden* with his Rayes.
For spirits, by faith religiously refin'd,
'Twixt God and man retein a middle kinde:
And (Umpires) mortall to th' immortall joine;
And th' infinite in narrow clay confine.
Of the visions of the Spirit. Sometimes by you, O you all-faining Dreams,
We gain this good; but not when *Bacchus* streames
And glutton vapours over-flow the Brain,
And drown our spirits, presenting fancies vain:
Nor when pale *Phlegm*, or saffron-colour'd *Choler*,
In feeble stomacks belch their divers dolor,
And print upon our Understanding's Tables;
That, Water-wracks; this other, flamefull Fables:
Nor when the Spirit of lies, our spirit deceives,
And guilefull visions in our fancy leaves:
Nor when the pencill of Cares over-deep
Our day-bred thoughts depainteth in our sleep.

But when no more the soule's chiefe faculties,
Are 'sperst to serve the body many wayes,
When all self-unéd, free from days disturber,
Through such sweet Transe, she finds a quiet harbor;
Where some in riddles, some more plain exprest,
She sees things future in th' Almightie's brest.

Of the certainty of the visions of the spirit, the body being at rest.

And yet far higher is this holy Fit
When (not from flesh, but from flesh cares, acquit)
The wakefull soule it selfe assembling so,
All selfly dies; while that the body though
Lives motion-lesse: for, sanctified wholely,
It takes th' impression of God's Signet solely;
And in his sacred Crystall Map, doth see
Heav'n's Oracles, and Angel's glorious glee:
Made more then spirit, Now, Morrow, Yesterday,
To it, all one, are all as present ay.
And though it seem not (when the dreams expir'd)
Like that it was; yet is it much admir'd
Of rarest men, and shines among them bright
Like glistring stars, through gloomy shades of night.

Of divine and extraordinary visions and revelations.

But above all, that 's the divinest Transe,
When the Soul's eye beholds God's countenance,
When mouth to mouth familiarly he deales,
And in our face his drad-sweet face he seales.
As when S. *Paul* on his deer Master's wings,
Was rapt alive up to th' eternall things:
And he that whilom for the chosen flock,
Made wals of waters, waters of a rock.

Of the excellency of such visions and revelations.

O sacred flight! sweet rape! love's soverain bliss!
Which very love's deer lips dost make us kiss:
Hymen, of *Manna* and of *Mel* compact,
Which for a time doth Heav'n, with earth contract:
Fire, that in Limbeck of pure thoughts divine
Dost purge our thoughts, and our dull earth refine;
And mounting us to Heav'n, un-moving hence,
Man (in a trice) in God doost quintessence:
O! mad'st thou man divine in habitude,
As for a space; O sweetest solitude,
Thy bliss were equall with that happy Rest
Which after death shall make us ever-blest.

What manner of visions the first man had in Eden.

Now, I beleeve that in this later guise
Man did converse in Pleasant Paradise
With Heav'n's great Architect, and (happy) there
His body saw (or body as it were)
Gloriously compact with the blesséd Legions
That raign above the azure-spangled Regions.

Man is put in possession of Eden, under a condition.

ADAM, quoth He, the beauties manifold
That in this *Eden* thou dost heer behold,
Are all thine; onely enter; (sacred Race)
Come, take possession of this wealthy place,
The Earth's sole glory: take (dear Son) to thee
This Farm's demains, leave the Chief right to me;
And th' onely Rent that of it I reserve, is
One Tree's fair fruit, to shew thy sute and service:
Be thou the Liege, and I Lord Paramount,
Ile not exact hard fines (as men shall woont).
For signe of Homage, and for seal of Faith,
Of all the Profits this Possession hath,
I onely ask one Tree; whose fruit I will
For Sacrament shall stand of *Good* and *Ill*.
Take all the rest, I bid the; but I vow
By th' un-nam'd Name, where-to all knees do bow,
And by the keen Darts of my kindled ire
(More fiercely burning then consuming fire)
That of the fruit of *Knowledge* if thou feed,
Death, dreadfull death, shal plague Thee and thy seed.
If then, the happy state thou holdst of me,
My holy mildnesse, nor high Majestie,
If faith nor honour curb thy bold ambition,
Yet weigh thy selfe, and thine own Seeds condition.

Before Sin, Man was an humble and zealous servant of God.

Most mighty Lord (quoth *Adam*) heer I tender
All thanks I can, not all I should thee render
For all thy liberall favours far surmounting
My heart's conceit, much more my tongue's recounting.
At thy command, I would, with boystrous shock,
Go run my self against the hardest rock:
Or cast me headlong from some Mountain steep,
Down to the whirling bottom of the Deep:
Yea, at thy beck, I would not spare the life
Of my deer *Phœnix, sister-daughter-wife:*
Obeying thee, I find the things impossible,
Cruell, and painfull; pleasant, kinde, and possible,
But since thy first Law doth more grace afford
Unto the Subject, then the soverain Lord:
Since (bounteous Prince) on Me and my Descent,
Thou dost impose no other tax, nor rent,
But one sole precept, of most just condition
(No precept neither, but a Prohibition);
And since (good God) of all the fruits in EDEN
There's but one Apple that I am forbidden,
Even onely that which bitter Death doth threat,
(Better, perhaps, to look on then to eat)
I honour in my soule, and humbly kisse
Thy just Edict (as Author of my blisse):
Which, once transgrest, deserves the rigour rather
Of sharpest Judge, then mildnesse of a Father.

The Firmament shall retrograde his course,
Swift *Euphrates* goe hide him in his source,
Firm Mountains skip like Lambs; beneath the Deep
Eagles shall dive; Whales in the Air shall keep,
Yer I presume, with fingers' ends to touch
(Much lesse with lips) the Fruit forbid so much.

Description of the beauties of the Garden of Eden.

Thus, yet in league, with Heav'n and Earth he lives;
Enjoying all the Goods th' Almighty gives:
And, yet not treading Sin's false mazy measures,
Sails on smooth surges of a Sea of pleasures.
Heer, underneath a fragrant Hedge reposes,
Full of all kinds of sweet all-coloured Roses,
Which (one would think) the Angels daily dresse
In true love-knots, tri-angles, lozenges.

The Orchard.

Anon he walketh in a levell lane,
On eyther side beset with shady Plane,
Whose archéd boughs, for *Frise* and *Cornick* bear
Thick Groves, to shield from future change of air:
Then in a path impal'd, in pleasant wise,
With sharp-sweet Orange, Limon, Citron trees;

Whose leavie twigs, that intricately tangle,
Seem painted wals whereon true fruits do dangle.
Now in a plenteous Orchard planted rare
With un-graft Trees; in checker round and square:
Whose goodly fruits so on his will do wait,
That plucking one, another's ready straight:
And having tasted all (with due satiety)
Finds all one goodness, but in taste variety.

The Brook. Anon he stalketh with an easy stride,
By some cleer River's lilly-pavéd side,
Whose sand's pure gold, whose pebbles precious Gemms,
And liquid, silver all the curling streams:
Whose chiding murmur, mazing in and out,
With Crystall cisterns moats a mead about:

The Bridges. And th' art-less Bridges, over-thwart this Torrent,
Are rocks self-archéd by the eating Current:
Or loving *Palms*, whose lusty Females willing
Their marrow-boyling loves to be fulfilling,
(And reach their Husband-trees on th' other banks)
Bow their stiffe backs, and serve for passing-planks.

The Alleis, Beds, and Borders. Then in a goodly Garden's alleys smooth,
Where prodig' Nature sets abroad her booth
Of richest beauties, where each bed and border
Is like pide Posies divers dyes and order.
Now, far from noyse, he creepeth covertly
Into a Cave of kindly *Porphyry*,

The Caves. Which, rock-fal'n spowts, congeald by colder air,
Seem with smooth anticks to have seeléd fair:
There layd at ease, a cubit from the ground,
Upon a Jasper fring'd with yvie round,
Purfled with veins, thick thrumm'd with mossie Bever,
He fals asleep fast by a silent River:

The pleasant murmur of the Waters. Whose captive streams, through crooked pipes still rushing,
Make sweeter musick with their gentle gushing,
Then now at *Tivoli:* th' *Hydrantick* Braul
Of rich *Ferrara's* stately Cardinall:
Or *Ctesibe's* rare engins, framéd there
Whereas they made of *Ibis*, *Jupiter*.

The Maze. Musing, anon through crooked Walks he wanders,
Round-winding rings, and intricate Meanders,
False guiding paths, doubtfull beguiling strays,
And right-wrong errors of an end-less Maze:
Not simply hedgéd with a single border
Of *Rosemary*, cut-out with curious order,
In *Satyrs*, *Centaurs*, *Whales*, and *half-men-horses*,

The wonderfull Plants. And thousand other counterfaited corses;
But with true Beasts, fast in the ground still sticking,
Feeding on grass, and th' Airy moysture licking:

The Bonarets. Such as those *Bonarets*, in *Scythia* bred
Of slender seeds, and with green fodder fed;
Although their bodies, noses, mouthes, and eyes,
Of new-yeand Lambs have full the form and guise;
And should be very Lambs, save that (for foot)
Within the ground they fix a living root,
Which at their navell grows and dyes that day
That they have brous'd the neighbour-grass away.

O wondrous vertue of God onely good!
The Beast hath root, the Plant hath flesh and bloud:
The nimble Plant can turn it to and fro;
The nummed Beast can neither stir nor go;
The Plant is leaf-less, branch-less, void of fruit;
The Beast is lust-less, sex-less, sire-less, mute:
The Plant with Plants his hungry panch doth feed;
Th' admiréd Beast is sow'n a slender seed.
Then up and down a Forrest thick he paseth;

The trees of the Garden of Eden. Which, selfly op'ning in his presence, 'baseth
Her trembling tresses never-vading spring,
For humble homage to her mighty King:
Where thousand Trees, waving with gentle puffs
Their plumy tops, sweep the celestiall roofs:

The Cerbas. Yet envying all the massie *Cerbas'* fame,
Sith fifty pases can but clasp the same.
There springs the Shrub three foot above the grass,

The balm. Which fears the keen edge of the Curtelace,
Whereof the rich *Egyptian* so endears
Root, bark, and fruit, and much-much more the tears.

The Sea-Oake. The Cochenel. The Chermez. There lives the *Sea-Oak* in a little shell;
There grows untill'd the ruddy *Cochenel:*
And there the *Chermes*, which on each side arms,
With pointed prickles, all his precious arms;
Rich Trees and fruitfull in those Worms of Price,
Which presséd, yeeld a *crimsin*-caloured juice,
Whence thousand Lambs are died so deep *in grain*,
That there own Mothers know them not again.

The admirable Melt. There mounts the *Melt*, which serves in *Mexico*
For weapon, wood, needle, and threed (to sowe)
Brick, hony, sugar, sucket, balm, and wine
Parchment, perfume, apparel, cord and line:
His wood for fire, his harder leaves are fit
For thousand uses of inventive wit.
Somtimes thereon they grave their holy things,
Laws, lauds of Idols, and the gests of Kings:
Somtimes, conjoynéd by a cunning hand,
Upon their roofs for rowes of tile they stand:
Somtimes they twine them into equall threds;
Small ends make needles; greater, arrow-heads:
His upper sap the sting of Serpents cures:
His new-sprung bud, a rare Conserve indures:
His burnéd stalks, with strong fumosities
Of piercing vapours, purge the *French* disease:
And they extract from liquor of his feet,
Sharp vinegar, pure hony, sugar sweet.

The Shamefaced. There quakes the Plant, which in *Pudefetan*
Is call'd the *Shame-fac't:* for, asham'd of man,
If towards it one do approach too much,
It shrinks his boughs, to shun our hatefull touch:
As if it had a soule, a sense, a sight,
Subject to shame, feare, sorrow, and despight.

A Tree whose leaves transforme to fowle and fish. And there, that Tree from off whose trembling top
Both swimming shoals, and flying troops doe drop:
I mean the Tree now in *Juturna* growing,
Whose leaves, disperst by *Zephyr's* wanton-blowing,
Are metamorphos'd both in form and matter;
On Land to Fowls, to Fishes in the Water.

A modest correction of our Poet unwilling to wade further in curious search of hidden secrets.

But, seest thou not (dear *Muse*) thou tread'st the same
Too-curious path thou dost in others blame?
And striv'st in vain to paint This Work of choice,
To which no humane spirit, nor hand, nor voice,
Can once conceive, less pourtray, least express,
All overwhelm'd in gulfs so bottomlesse.
Who (matching Art with Nature) likeneth
Our grounds to EDEN, fondly measureth
By painted Butter-flies th' imperiall Eagle;
And th' Elephant by every little Beagle.

Or to wander unprofitably in nice questions, concerning the Garden of Eden, and man's abode there.

This fear to faile, shall serve me for a bridle,
Lest (lacking wings and guide) too busie-idle,
And over-bold, God's Cabinet I clime,
To seek the place, and search the very time
When both our *Parents*, or but one was ta'en
Out of our Earth, into that fruitfull Plain:
How long they had that Garden in possession,
Before their proud and insolent Transgression:
What children there they earned, and how many,
Of whether sex: or, whether none or any:
Or how (at least) they should have propagated,
If the sly malice of the Serpent hated,
Causing their fall, had not defil'd their kin,
And unborn seed, with leprosie of sin.
If voyd of *Venus;* sith unlike it is,
Such blessed state the noble flowr should miss
Of Virgin-head; or, folk so perfect chaste
Should furious feel, when they their loves imbrac't,
Such tickling flames as our fond soule surprise
(That dead a-while in *Epilepsie* lyes)
And slack our sinnews all, by little and little
Drowning our reason in foul pleasure brittle.
Or, whether else as men ingender now,
Sith Spouse-bed spot-less laws of God allow,
If no excess command: sith else again
The Lord had made the double sex in vain.
Whether their Infant, should have had the powr
We now perceive in fresh youth's lusty flowr,
As nimble feet, limbs strong and vigorous,
Industrious hands, and hearte couragious;
Sith before Sin, Man ought not less appear
In nature's gifts, than his then servants were:
And lo the Partridge, which new-hatched bears
On her weak back her parent-house, and wears
(In steed of wings) a bever-supple Down,
Follows her Dam through furrows up and down.
Or else as now; sith in the womb of *Eve*
A man of thirty years could never live:
Nor may we iudge 'gainst Nature's course apparent,
Without the sacred Scripture's speciall warrant:
Which for our good (as Heav'n's dear babe) hath right
To countermand our reason and our sight.
Whether their seed should with their birth have brought
Deep knowledge, reason, understanding-thought;
Sith now we see the new-fall'n feeble Lamb
Yet stain'd with blood of his distressed Dam,
Knows well the Wolf, at whose fell sight, he shakes
And right the teat of th' unknown Ewe he takes.
And sith a dull Dunce, which no knowledge can,
Is a dead Image, and no living man.
Or the thick vail of ignorance's night
Had hooded-up their issues' inward sight;
Sith the much moysture of an infant brain
Receives so many shapes, that over-lain
New dash the old; and the trim commixtion
Of confus'd fancies, full of alteration,
Makes th' understanding dull, which settle would;
And finds no firm ground for his Anchor's hold.
Whether old ADAM should have left the place
Unto his Sons; they, to their after-race:
Or whether all together at the last
Should gloriously from thence to Heav'n have past;

The decision of such questions is a busie idlenesse.

Search whoso list: who list let vaunt in pride
T' have hit the White, and let him (sage) decide
The many other doubts that vainly rise.
For mine own part I will not seem so wise:
I will not waste my travell and my seed
To reap an empty straw, or fruit-less reed.

Sin makes us perceive more then sufficiently what happinesse our Grand-sire lost, and what misery he got, by his shamefull fall.

Alas! we know what *Orion* of grief
Rain'd on the curst head of the Creatures' *Chief*,
After that God against him war proclaim'd,
And Satan Princedome of the earth had claim'd:
But none can know precisely, how at all
Our Elders liv'd before their odious Fall:
An unknown Cifer, and deep Pit it is,
Where *Dircean Oedipus* his marks would misse:
Sith *Adam's* self, if now he liv'd anew,
Could scant unwinde the knotty snarled clew
Of double doubts and questions intricate
That Schools dispute about this pristin state.

But for sin, man had not beene subiect to death.

But this sole point I rest resolved in,
That, seeing Death 's the meer effect of sin,
Man had not dreaded Death's all-slaying might,
Had he still stood in Innocence upright.

Simile.

For, as two Bellows, blowing turn by turn,
By little and little make cold coals to burn,
And then their fire inflames with glowing heat
An iron bar; which, on the Anvill beat,
Seems no more Iron, but files almost all
In hissing sparks, and quick bright cindars small:
So, the World's Soule should in our soule inspire
Th' eternall force of an eternall fire,
And then our Soule (as form) breath in our corse
Her countless numbers, and Heav'n-tuned force,
Wherewith our bodies' beauty beautifi'd,
Should (like our death-less Soule) have never dy'd.

Obiections against the estate of man, who had not been subiect to death but for sin

Here (wot I well) some wranglers will presume
To say, Small Fire will by degrees consume
Our humour radicall: and, how-be-it
The differing vertues of those fruits as yet
Had no agreement with the harmfull spight
Of the fell Persian dangerous *Aconite;*
And notwithstanding that then ADAM's taste
Could well have used all, without all waste,
Yet could they not restore him every day
Unto his body that which did decay;

Because the food cannot (as being strange)
So perfectly in humane substance change:
Simile. For it resembleth Wine, wherein too rife
Water is brew'd, whereby the pleasant life
Is over-cool'd; and so there rests, in fine,
Nought of the strength, savour, or taste of Wine.
Besides, in time the naturall faculties
Are tyr'd with toyl; and th' Humour-enemies,
Our death conspiring, undermine at last,
Of our Soules' prisons the foundations fast.
Answer to those obiections. I, but the Tree of life the strife did stay
Which th' humours caused in this house of clay;
And stopping th' evill, changed (perfect good)
In body fed, the body of the food:

Onely the Soule's contagious malady
Had force to frustrate this high remedy.
Immortall then, and mortall, Man was made; Conclusion.
Mortall he liv'd, and did immortall vade:
For, 'fore th' effects of his rebellious ill,
To dy or live was in his power and will:
But since his Sin, and proud Apostasie,
Ah! dye he may, but not (alas!) not-dye;
As after his new birth, he shall attain
Onely a powr to never-dye again.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 21, '*gests*' = deeds, *e.g.*, Gesta Romanorum.
,, 31, '*tardy*' = slow.
,, 41, '*wain*' = wean.
,, 44, '*sacre*' = consecrate.
,, 48, '*Daniel*' = Samuel Daniel. See our Memorial-Introduction on this.
,, 50, '*our new Naso*'—see *ibid.*
,, 69, 'Brutus' heirs' = Britons—the mythical descent.
,, 79, 'Ver's' = Spring's.
,, 86, '*proins*' = prune—as birds their feathers.
,, 104, '*treen*' = branch.
,, 144, '*boistrous*'—odd use of the word.
,, 154, '*en-ag'd*' = made aged or sere: *ibid.*, '*stowr*' —see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 167, '*shine*'—qu. shrine?
,, 250, '*Moly*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for illustrations.
,, 254, '*Mummie*'—*ibid.*
,, 274, '*th' Athenian Sage*' = Socrates.

Line 277, '*agnise*' = confess.
,, 285, '*Angine*' = quinsey.
,, 331, '*often-breathed*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 369, '*Exchange*'—*ibid.*
,, 372, '*fair-built Bridge*'—*ibid.*
,, 408, '*self-uned*' = self-oned, self-contained.
,, 518, '*Frize and Cornich*' = frieze and cornice.
,, 520, '*impal'd*' = encircled with palings.
,, 552, '*Purfled*' = fringed—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, and 'thrumm'd.'
,, 605, '*there*' = their.
,, 654, '*earned*' = gained or obtained.
,, 675, '*hearte*'—misprinted 'hearts' in the original.
,, 680, '*bever-supple*' = supple beaver-skin-like.
,, 700, '*commixation*' = commingling.
,, 712, '*travell*' = travail.
,, 714, '*Orion*'—query—that it would need all the words in the lexicon of Orion to set forth?
,, 742, '*wot*' = I wit, I know.

G.

The Imposture.

THE SECOND PART

Of The

FIRST DAY OF

THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Justice *and* Mercy *modul'd in their kinde:*
Satan's *proud Hate, and Envie to Mankinde:*
His many engines, and malitious Wiles,
Whereby the best he many times beguiles:
Why he assum'd a Body, and began
With Eve; *by Her to undermine her Man:*
Their dreadfull Fall: *Their drowsie* Conscience:
God's righteous Sentence, *for their foul Offence,*
On them (*and theirs*): *Their Exile:* Eden *barr'd*
With flaming *Sword, and* Seraphin *for guard.*

O Who shall lend me light and nimble wings,
That (passing Swallows, and the swiftest things)
Even in a moment, boldly-daring, I
From Heav'n to Hell, from Hell to Heav'n may fly?
O! who shall shew the countenance and gestures
Of *Mercy* and *Justice?* which, fair sacred sisters,
With equall poiz, doe ever balance ev'n
Th' unchanging Projects of the King of Heav'n.
Th' one stern of look, the other milde-aspecting:
Th' one pleas'd with tears, the other bloud affecting:
Th' one bears the sword of vengeance un-relenting,
Th' other brings Pardon for the true-repenting.
Th' one, from Earth's-*Eden*, *Adam* did dismiss:
Th' other hath rais'd him to a higher Bliss.
Who shall direct my Pen to paint the Story
Of wretched man's forbidden-Bit-lost glory?
What spell shall charm th' attentive Reader's sense?
What Fount shall fill my voice with eloquence?
So that I, *rapt, may ravish all this* ILE
With grave-sweet warbles of my sacred stile;
Though *Adam's* Doom, in every Sermon common,
And founded on the error of a *woman*,
Weary the Vulgar, and be judg'd a jest
Of the profane zeal-scoffing *Atheist.*

Ah! Thou my God, even Thou (my soule refining — He hath recourse to God, the onely giver of all sufficiency and dexterity in good and holy things.
In holy *Faith's* pure Furnace, cleerly shining)
Shalt make my hap far to surmount my hope,
Instruct my spirit, and give my tongue smooth scope:
Thou (bounteous) in my bold attemps shalt grace-me,
And in the rank of holiest Poets place-me;
And frankly grant, that (soaring neer the sky)
Among our Authors, Eagle-like I fly:
Or, at the least (if heav'n such hap denay)
I may point others, Honour's beauteous way.

WHILE *Adam* bathes in these felicities, — The enemy of God envieth man, and plotteth his destruction.
Hell's Prince (sly parent of revolt and lies)
Feels a pestiferous busie-swarming nest
Of never-dying Dragons in his brest,
Sucking his bloud, tyring upon his lungs,
Pinching his entrails with ten thousand tongues,
His cursed Soule still most extreamly racking,
Too frank in giving torments, and in taking:
But above all, *Hate, Pride,* and *Envious* spight,
His hellish life do torture day and night,
For th' Hate he bears to God, who hath him driv'n
Justly for ever from the glittering Heav'n,
To dwell in darknesse of a sulph'ry clowd
(Though still his brethren's service be allow'd):
The Proud desire to have in his subjection
Mankind inchain'd in gyves of Sin's infection:
And th' Envious heart-break to see (yet) to shine
In *Adam's* face God's image all divine,
Which he had lost; and that Man might atchieve
The glorious blisse, his Pride did him deprive;
Grown barbarous Tyrant of his treacherous will,
Spurs-on his course, his rage redoubling still.

Or rather (as the prudent Hebrew notes)
'Tis that old *Python* which through hundred throats
Doth proudly hisse, and (past his wont) doth fire
A hell of Furies in his fell desire:
His envious heart, self-swoln with sullen spight,
Brooks neither greater, like, nor lesser wight:
Dreads th' one as Lord; as equall, hates another;
And (jealous) doubts the rising of the other.

His subtilty in executing his designes.

To vent his poyson, this notorious Tempter
(Meer spirit) assails not *Eve*, but doth attempt her
In fainéd form: for else, the soule divine,
Which rul'd (as Queen) that Little-World's designe,
So purely kept her Vow of Chastity,
That he in vain should tempt her Constancy.
Therefore he fleshly doth the flesh assay
(Suborning that) her Mistresse to betray;
A subtle Pandar with more ticing sleights
Then Sea hath Fish or Heav'n hath twinkling lights.

Why he hid him in a body.

For had he been of an ethereall matter,
Of fiery substance, or aëreall nature;
The needfull help of language had he wanted,
Whereby Faith's ground-work was to be supplanted:
Sith such pure bodies have nor teeth, nor tongues,
Lips, art'ries, nose, palate, nor panting lungs,
Which rightly plac't are properly created
True instruments of sounds articulated.

Why he appeared not in his owne likenesse: nor transformed him into an Angel of light.

And furthermore, though from his birth h' had had
Heart-charming cunning smoothly to perswade,
He fear'd (malitious) if he, care-lesse, came
Un-maskéd (like himselfe, in his own name)
In deep distrust man entring suddenly,
Would stop his ears, and his foule presence fly:
As (opposite) taking the shining face
Of sacred Angels full of glorious grace,
He then suspected, lest th' Omnipotent
Should think man's fall scarce worthy punishment.

Simile.

Much like (therefore) some theef that doth conceive
From travellers both life and goods to reave,
And in the twi-light (while the Moon doth play
In *Thetis'* Palace) neer the King's high-way
Himself doth ambush in a bushy Thorn;
Then in a Cave, then in a field of Corn,
Creeps to and fro, and fisketh in and out,
And yet the safety of each place doth doubt;
Till, resolute at last (upon his knee
Taking his levell) from a hollow Tree,
He swiftly send his fire-wing'd messenger,
At his false suit t' arrest the passenger:
Our freedom's felon, fountain of our sorrow,

He hides him under divers figures.

Thinks now the beauty of an Horse to borrow;
Anon to creep into a Heifer's side;
Then in a Cock, or in a Dog to hide;
Then in a nimble Hart himselfe to shroud;
Then in the starr'd plumes of a Peacock proud;
And lest he misse a mischief to effect,
Oft changeth minde, and varies oft aspect.

Why hee chose the Serpent.

At last, remembring that of all the broods
In Mountains, Plains, Airs, waters, wilds and woods,
The knotty Serpent's spotty generation
Are filled with infectious inflamation:
And tho' they want Dogs' teeth, Boars' tusks, Bears' paws,
The Vulture's bill, Buls' horns, and Gryphins' claws;
Yea, seem so weak, as if they had not might
To hurt us once, much less to kill us quite:
Yet, many times they trecherously betray us,
And with their breath, look, tongue, or train they slay us;
He crafty cloaks him in a Dragon skin
All bright-bespect; that, speaking so within
That hollow Sagbut's supple-wreathing plies,
The Mover might with Organ sympathize.
For, yet the faith-lesse Serpent (as they say)
With horror crawl'd not groveling on the clay,
Nor to Man-kinde (as yet) was held for hatefull,
Sith that 's the hire of his offence ingratefull.

Sundry opinions hereupon.

But now to censure how this change befell
Our wits come short, our words suffice not well
To utter it: much lesse our feeble Art
Can imitate this sly malitious part.

1

Somtimes me seems (troubling *Eve's* spirit) the Fiend
Made her this speaking fancy apprehend.
For, as in liquid clouds (exhaled thickly)
Water and Aire (as moyst) doe mingle quickly;
The evill Angels slide too easily,
As subtle Spirits int' our fantasie.

2

Somtimes me seems She saw (wo-worth the hap)
No very Serpent, but a Serpent's shape:
Whether that Satan playd the Juggler there,
Why tender eyes with charméd Tapers blear,
Transforming so, by subtle vapoury gleams,
Men's heads to Monsters, into Eels the beams:
Or whether, Divels having bodies light,
Quick, nimble, active, apt to change with sleight,
In shapes or shews, the guilefull have propos'd;
In brief, like th' Aire, whereof they are compos'd.
For as th' Aire, with scatt'red clouds bespred,
Is here and there black, yellow, white, and red,
Resembling Armies, Monsters, Mountains, Dragons,
Rocks, fiery Castles, Forrests, Ships and Wagons,
And such to us through glasse transparent clear
From form to form varying it doth appear:
So, these Seducers can grow great or small,
Or round, or square, or straight, or short, or tall,
As fits the passions they are movéd by,
And such our soule receives them from our eye.

3

Somtimes, that Satan (onely for this work)
Fain'd him a Serpent's shape, wherein to lurk.
For, Nature framing our soule's enemies,
Of bodies light, and in experience wise,
In malice crafty; curious they assemble
Small Elements, which (as of kin) resemble,
Whereof a Masse is made, and thereunto
They soon give growth and lively motion too.
Not, that they be Creators: for, th' Almighty,
Who first of nothing made vaste *Amphitrite*,

The World's dull Centre, Heav'n's ay-turning Frame,
And whirling Aire, sole merits that high Name:
Who (onely *Being*) Being gives to all,
And of all things the seeds substantiall
Within their first born-bodies hath inclos'd,
To be in time by Nature's hand dispos'd:
Not those, who (taught by curious Art or Nature)
Have giv'n to things Heav'n-pointed form and stature,
Hastned their growth, or wak'ned learnedly
The forms that formlesse in the Lump did ly.
4 But (to conclude) I think 'twas no conceipt,
No feinéd Idoll, nor no juggling sleight,
Nor body borrowed for this use's sake,
But the self Serpent which the Lord did make
In the beginning: for, his hatefull breed
Bears yet the pain of this pernicious deed.
5 Yet 'tis a doubt whether the Divell did
Governe the Dragon (not there selfly hid)
To raise his courage, and his tongue direct,
Locally absent, present by effect:
As when the sweet strings of a Lute we strike,
Another Lute laid neer it, sounds the like;
Nay, the same note, through secret sympathy
(Untoucht) receiving Life and Harmony:
Or, as a Star, which (though far distant) pours,
Upon our heads, hap-lesse or happy showrs.
6 Or, whether for a time he did abide
Within the doubling Serpent's damask hide,
Holding a place-less place: as our soule dear,
Through the dim Lanthorn of our flesh, shines clear;
And bound-lesse bounds it self in so straight space,
As form in body, not as body in place.
But this stands sure, how-ever else it went,
Th' old Serpent serv'd as Satan's instrument
Conclusion of the former opinions. A comparison. To charme in *Eden*, with a strong illusion,
Our silly Grandam to her self's confusion.
For, as an old, rude, rotten, tune-lesse Kit,
If famous Dowland *daign to finger it*,
Makes sweeter Musick then the choicest Lute
In the grosse handling of a clownish Brute:
So, whiles a learnéd Fiend with skilfull hand
Doth the dull motions of his mouth command,
This self-dumb Creature's glozing Rhetorike
With bashfull shame great Orators would strike:
So, Fiery Trunks within *Epyrus'* Grove,
Mov'd by the spirit that was inspir'd by *Jove*,
With fluent voyce (to every one that seeks)
Fore-tell the Fates of light beleeving Greeks:
So, all inceast, the pale *Engastrowsith*
(Rul'd by the furious spirit he's haunted with)
Speaks in his womb; So, well a workman's skill
Supplies the want of any organ ill:
So doth the *Phantike* (lifting up his thought
On Satan's wing) tell with a tongue distraught
Strange Oracles; and his sick spirit doth plead
Even of those Arts that he did never read.
O ruth-less murd'rer of immortall Soules!
Alas! to pull us from the happy Poles,
And plunge us headlong in the yawning hell,
Thy ceas-lesse frauds and fetches who can tell?
Thou play'st the Lion, when thou dost engage The sundry subtle and horrible endeavours of the Divell, putting on divers forms to overthrow man-kinde.
Bloud-thirsty *Nero's* barbarous heart with rage,
While flesht in murders (butcher-like) he paints
The Saint-poor world wth the dear bloud of Saints.
Thou play'st the Dog, when by the mouth profane
Of some false Prophet thou dost belch thy bane,
While from the Pulpit barkingly he rings
Bold blasphemies against the King of kings.
'Thou play'st the Swine, when plung'd in pleasures vile,
Some Epicure doth sober mindes defile;
Transforming lewdly, by his loose impiety,
Strict *Lacedæmon* to a soft society.
Thou play'st the Nightingale, or else the Swan,
When any famous Rhetorician,
With captious wit and curious language, draws
Seducéd hearers; and subverts the laws.
Thou play'st the Fox, when thou dost fain a-right
The face & phrase of some deep Hypocrite,
True painted Toomb, dead-seeming coals, but quick;
A Scorpion fell, whose hidden tail doth prick.
Yet this were little, if thy spite audacious
Spar'd (at the least) the face of Angels gracious,
And if thou didst not (Ape-like) imitate
Th' Almightie's Works, the wariest Wits to mate.
But (without numbring all thy subtle baits, The Poet resumeth his Discourse touching the temptation of Eve.
And nimble juggling with a thousand sleights)
Timely returning where I first digrest,
I 'le onely here thy first DECEIT digest.
The Dragon then, Man's Fortress to surprise, Comparison.
Follows some Captain's martiall policies,
Who, yer too neer an adverse place he pitch,
The situation marks, and sounds the ditch,
With his eyes levell the steep wall he metes,
Surveyes the flanks, his Camp in order sets;
And then approaching, batters sore the side
Which Art and Nature have least fortifi'd:
So this old Souldier, having markéd rife
The first-born payr's yet danger-dread-lesse life;
Mounting his Canons, subtly he assaults
The part he findes in evident defaults:
Namely, poor Woman, wavering, weak, unwise,
Light, credulous, news-lover, giv'n to lies.
Eve, Second honour of this Universe! Sathan's Oration.
Is 't true (I pray) that jealous God, perverse,
Forbids (quoth he) both you and all your race
All the fair Fruits these silver Brooks embrace;
So oft bequeath'd you, and by you possest,
And day and night by your own labour drest?
With th' air of these sweet words, the wily Snake
A poysoned air inspiréd (as it spake)
In *Eve's* frail brest; who thus replies: O! know, Eve's answer.
What e'er thou be (but, thy kinde care doth show
A gentle friend) that all the fruits and flowrs
In this earth-heav'n are in our hands and powrs,
Except alone that goodly fruit divine,
Which in the midst of this green ground doth shine;

But, all-good God (alas! I wot not why)
Forbad us touch that Tree, on pain to dye.
She ceast; already brooding in her heart
A curious wish, that will her weal subvert.

A fit comparison.

As a false Lover, that thick snares hath laid
T' intrap the honour of a fair young Maid,
When she (though little) listning ear affords
To his sweet, courting, deep-affected words,
Feels some asswaging of his freezing flame,
And sooths himselfe with hope to gain his game;
And, rapt with joy, upon this point persists,
That parley'ng Citie never long resists:
Ev'n so the Serpent, that doth counterfeit
All guilefull Call t' allure us to his net;
Perceiving *Eve* his flattering gloze digest,
He prosecutes, and, jocund, doth not rest,
Till he have try'd foot, hand, and head, and all,
Upon the breach of his new-battered wall.

The Divel's reply.

No, fair (quoth he) beleeve not, that the care
God hath, Mankinde from spoyling death to spare,
Makes him forbid you (on so strict condition)
This purest, fairest, rarest Fruit's fruition:
A double fear, an envie, and a hate,
His jealous heart for ever cruciate;
Sith the suspected vertue of This Tree
Shall soon disperse the cloud of Idiocy,
Which dims your eyes; and further, make you seem
(Excelling us) even *equall* Gods to him.
O World's rare glory! reach thy happy hand,
Reach, reach, I say: why dost thou stop or stand?
Begin thy Blisse, and do not fear the threat

His audacious impudency.

Of an uncertain God-head, onely great
Through self-aw'd zeal: Put on the glistring Pall
Of immortality: doe not fore-stall
(As envious Stepdame) thy posterity
The soverain honour of *Divinity*.

The Apostasie of Eve.

This parley ended, our ambitious Grandam,
Who onely yet did heart and eye abandon,
Against the Lord, now farther doth proceed,
And hand and mouth makes guilty of the deed.

A comparison.

A novice Thief (that in a Closet spies
A heap of Gold, that on the Table lies)
Pale, fearfull shivering, twice or thrice extends,
And twice or thrice retires his fingers' ends,
And yet again returns; the booty takes,
And faintly-bold, up in his cloak it makes,
Scarce findes the door, with faultring foot he flies,
And still looks back for fear of *Hu-on-cries:*
Even so doth *Eve* shew by like fearfull fashions
The doubtfull combat of contending Passions;
She would, she should not; glad, sad; coms and goes:
And long she marts about a Match of Woes:
But (out alas!) at last she toucheth it,
And (having toucht) tastes the *Forbidden bit.*

Another comparison lively expressing the Fall of Man, by the provocation of his wife.

Then as a man that from a lofty Clift,
Or steepy Mountain doth descend too swift,
Stumbling at somwhat, quickly clips some lim
Of some dear kinsman walking next to him,
And by his headlong fall, so brings his friend
To an untimely, sad, and sudden end;
Our Mother, falling, hales her Spouse anon
Down to the gulf of pitchy *Acheron.*
For, to the wisht Fruit's beautifull aspect,
Sweet *Nectar*-taste, and wonderfull effect,
Cunningly adding her quaint smiling glances,
Her witty speech, and pretty countenances,
She so prevails, that her blind Lord, at last,
A morsell of the sharp-sweet fruit doth taste.
Now suddenly wide-open feel they might
(Siel'd for their good) both soules' and bodies' sight;
But the sad Soule hath lost the Character,
And sacred Image that did honour her:

The effects of their disobedience.

The wretched Body, full of shame and sorrow
To see it naked, is inforc't to borrow
The Tree's broad leaves whereof they aprons frame,
From Heav'n's fair eye to hide their filthy shame.
Alas fond death-lings! O! behold how cleer
The *Knowledge* is that you have bought so deer:
In heav'nly things ye are more blinde then Moals,
In earthly, Owls. O! thinke ye (silly soules)
The sight that swiftly through th' Earth's solid centers
(As globes of pure transparent crystall) enters,
Cannot transpierce your leaves? or do ye ween,
Covering your shame so to conceal your sin?
Or that, a part thus clouded, all doth lie
Safe from the search of Heav'n's all-seeing eye?
Thus yet, man's troubled-dull Intelligence
Had of his fault but a confusèd sense:
As in a dream, after much drink it chances,
Disturbed Spirits are vext with raving fancies.
Therefore, the Lord, within the Garden fair,
Moving betimes I wot not I what ayre,
But supernaturall; whose breath divine
Brings of his presence a most certain signe:
Awakes their *Lethargie* and to the quick,
Their self-doom'd soules doth sharply press and prick:

The extraordinary presence of God, awakes their drowsie soules swallowed up of Sin: and begins to arraign them.

Now more and more making their pride to fear
The Frowning visage of their Judge severe:
To seek new-refuge in more secret harbors
Among the dark shade of those tufting arbors.
Adam, quoth God, (with thundring Majesty)
Where art thou (wretch!) what dost thou? answer me
Thy God and Father; from whose hand the health
Thou hold'st, thine honour, and all sorts of wealth.
At this sad summons, wofull man resembles
A bearded rush that in a river trembles:
His rosie cheeks, are chang'd to earthen hew;
His dying body, drops in ycie dew;
His tear-drown'd eyes, a night of Clouds bedims;
About his ears a buzzing horror swims;
His fainted knees, with feeblenesse are humble;
His faultring feet doe slide away and stumble;
He hath not (now) his free, bold, stately port;
But down-cast looks, in fearfull slavish sort;
Now, nought of *Adam*, doth in *Adam* rest;
He feels his senses pain'd, his soule opprest;

Description of the horrible effects of a guilty Conscience, summoned to the presence of God.

A confus'd hoast of violent passions jar;
His flesh and spirit are in continuall war:
And now no more (through conscience of this error)
He hears or sees th' Almighty, but with terror:
And loth he answers (as with tongue distraught)
Confessing (thus) his fear, but not his fault:

Adam's answer.

O Lord! thy voyce, thy dreadfull voyce hath made
Me (fearfull) hide me in this covert shade.
For, naked as I am (O most of might!)
I dare not come before thine awfull sight.

God urgeth the cause of his deiection and fear.

Naked (quoth God)? why (faith-lesse renegate,
Apostate Pagan!) who hath told thee that?
Whence springs thy shame? what makes thee thus to run
From shade to shade, my presence still to shun?
Hast thou not tasted of the learnéd Tree,
Whereof (on pain of death) I warnéd thee?

[1] Adam's reply, excusing himselfe, and covertly imputing his Guilt to God.

O righteous God (quoth[1] *Adam*) I am free
From this offence: the wife thou gavest me,
For my companion and my comforter,
She made me eat the deadly meat with her.

Examination of Eve, who excuseth her self likewise on another.

And thou (quoth God) O! thou frail treacherous Bride,
Why, with thy self, hast thou seduc'd thy Guide?
Lord (answers *Eve*) the Serpent did intice
My simple frailty to this sinfull vice.

An example for Iudges and Magistrates.

Mark here, how He, who fears not who reform
His high Decrees, not subject unto form,
Or stile of Court: who, all-wise, hath no need
T' examine proof or witness of the deed:
Who, for sustayning of unequall Scale,
Dreads not the Doom of a *Mercuriall*;
Yer Sentence pass doth publikely convent,
Confront, and hear with ear indifferent
Th' Offenders sad: then with just indignation,
Pronounceth thus their dreadfull Condemnation.

The Sentence of the supreme Iudge against the guilty Prisoners: and first of all against the Serpent.

Ah, curséd Serpent, which my fingers made
To serve Mankinde: th' hast made thy selfe a blade
Wherewith vain Man and his inveigléd Wife
(Self-parricides) have reft their proper life.
For this thy fault (true Fountain of all ill)
Thou shalt be hatefull 'mong all Creatures still.
Groveling in dust, on dust thou ay shalt feed:
I'le kindle war between the Woman's seed,
And thy fell race; hers on the head shall ding
Thine: thine again hers in the heel shall sting.

Against the Woman.

Rebell to Mee, unto thy Kindred curst,
False to thy Husband, to thy Selfe the worst:
Hope not, thy fruit so eas'ly to bring-forth
As now thou slay'st it: henceforth every Birth
Shall torture thee with thousand sorts of pain;
Each art'rie, sinew, muscle, joynt and vein,
Shall feel his part: besides foul vomitings,
Prodigious longings, thoughtfull languishings,
With change of colours, swouns, and many others,
Eternall fellows of all future Mothers:
Under his yoak, thy Husband thee shall have,
Tyrant, by thee made the Arch-tyrant's slave.

Against Man.

And thou disloyall, which hast hearknéd more
T' a wanton fondling, then my sacred lore,
Henceforth the sweat shall bubble on thy brow;
Thy hands shall blister, and thy back shall bow:
Ne'er shalt thou send into thy branchie veines
A bit, but bought with price of thousand pains.
For, the earth feeling (even in her) th' effect
Of the doom thundréd 'gainst thy foul defect;
In stead of sweet fruits which she selfly yeelds
Seed-less, and Art-less, over all thy fields,
With thorns and burs shall bristle up her brest.
(In short) thou shalt not taste the sweets of rest,
Till ruth-less Death, by his extreamest pain,
Thy dust-born body turn to dust again.

Here I conceive, that flesh and bloud will brangle,
And murmuring Reason with th' Almighty wrangle,
Who did our Parents with *Free-will* indue,
Though he fore-saw, that that would bee the clew
Shoud lead their steps into the wofull way
Where life is death ten thousand times a-day:
Now all that hee fore-sees, befals: and further,
He all events by his free-powr doth order.

Objections to excuse the Sin of Man. 1

Man taxeth God of too-unjust severity,
For plaguing *Adam's* sin in his posterity:
So that th' old yeers' renewéd generations
Cannot asswage his venging indignations,
Which have no other ground to prosecute,
But the mis-eating of a certain fruit.

Answres to the first obiection.

O dusty wormling! dar'st thou strive and stand
W^th Heav'n's high Monarch? wilt thou (wretch) demand
Count of his deeds? Ah! shall the potter make
His clay, such fashion as him list to take?
And shall not God (World's Founder, Nature's Father)
Dispose of man (his own meer creature) rather?
The supreme King, who (Judge of greatest Kings)
By Number, Weight and Measure, acts all things,
Vice-loathing Lord, pure Justice, Patron strong,
Law's life, Right's rule; will he do any wrong?

1

Man, holdest thou of God thy frank *Free-will*,
But free t' obey his sacred goodness still?
Freely to follow him, and do his best,
Not *Philtre*-charm'd, nor by *Busiris* prest?
God arms thee w^th discourse: but thou (O wretch!)
By the keen edge the wound-soule sword dost catch;
Killing thy selfe, and in thy loyns thy line.
O banefull Spider (weaving wofull twine)
All Heav'n's pure flowrs thou turnest into poyson:
Thy sense reaves sense: thy reason robs thy reason.
For, thou complainest of God's grace, whose Still
Extracts from dross of thine audacious ill,
Three unexpected goods; praise for his Name;
Bliss for thy self; for Satan endless shame:
Sith, but for sin, *Justice* and *Mercy* were
But idle names: and but that thou didst erre,
CHRIST had not come to conquer and to quell,
Upon the Cross, Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell;
Making thee blesséd more since thine offence,
Then in thy primer happy innocence.

2

Then, might'st thou die; now death thou dost not doubt:
Now, in the Heav'n; then, didst thou ride without:

3

In Earth thou liv'dst then; now in Heav'n thou beest:
Then, thou didst hear God's word, it now thou seest:
Then pleasant fruits; now, *Christ* is thy repast:
Then might'st thou fall; but now thou standest fast.
Now *Adam's* fault was not in deed so light,
As seems to Reason's sin-bleard Owlie sight:
But 't was a chain where all the greatest sins
Were one in other linkéd fast, as Twins:
Ingratitude, Pride, Treason, Gluttony,
Too-curious-Skill-thirst, Envie, Felony,
Too-light, too-late Belief, were the sweet baits
That made him wander from Heav'n's holy straights.
What wouldst thou (Father) say unto a Son
Of perfect age, to whom for portion
(Witting and willing, while thy self yet livest)
All thy possessions in the Earth thou givest:
And yet th' ungratefull, grace-less, insolent,
In thine own Land, rebellion doth invent?
Map now an *Adam* in thy memory;
By God's own hand made with great majesty,
Not poor, nor pinéd; but at whose command
The rich abundance of the World doth stand;
Not slave to sense but having freely might
To bridle it, and range it still a-right:
No idiot fool, nor drunk with vaine opinion;
But God's Disciple and his deerest Minion:
Who rashly growes for little, nay for nought,
His deadly foe that all his good had wrought:
So mayst thou ghess, what whip, what rope, what rack,
What fire, were fit to punish *Adam's* lack.

Answers to the second objection. 1

Then, sith Man's sin by little and little runs
End-lesse, through every Age from Sires to Sons;
And still the farther this foule sin-spring flowes,
It still more muddy and more filthy growes,
Thou ought'st not marvail, if (even yet) his seed
Feel the just wages of this wicked deed.
For, though the keen sting of concupiscence
Cannot, yer birth, his fell effect commence;
The unborn Babe, hid in the Mother's womb,
Is sorrow's servant, and Sin's servile groom,
As a frail Mote from the first Mass extract,
Which *Adam* baen'd by his rebellious fact.
Sound off-spring comes not of a Kinde infected:
Parts are not fair, if totall be defected:
And a defiléd stinking sink doth yeeld
More durt then water to the neighbour field.

2 Simile.

While night's black muffler hoodeth up the skies,
The silly blind-man misseth not his eyes;
But when the day summons to work again,
His night, eternall then he doth complain,
That he goes groping, and his hand (alas!)
Is fain to guide his foot, and guard his face:
So man, that liveth in the womb's obscurity,
Knowes not, nor maketh known his lust's impurity;
Which, for 'tis sown in a too-plenteous ground,
Takes root already in the Caves profound
Of his infected Heart: with 's birth, it 'pears,
And growes in strength, as he doth grow in years;
And waxt a Tree (though proin'd with thousand cares)
An execrable deadly fruit it bears.
Thou seest, no Wheat *Helleborus* can bring:
Nor Barley, from the madding Morrell spring:
The bleating Lambs brave Lions do not breed:
The leprous Parents raise a leprous seed:
Even so our Grand-sire, living Innocent,
Had stockt the whole World with a Saint-descent:
But suffering sin in EDEN him invade,
His Sons, the Sons of Sin and Wrath he made.
For, God did seem t' indow, with glory and grace,
Not the first Man so much, as all man's race;
And after reave again those gifts divine,
Not him so much, as in him all his line.

3 Simile.

For, if an odious Traitour that conspires,
Against a Prince, or to his State aspires,
Feel not alone the law's extremity;
But his Sons' Sons (although sometimes they be
Honest and vertuous) for their Father's blame,
Are hap-less scarr'd with an eternall shame:
May not th' Eternall with a righteous terror,
In *Adam's* issue punish *Adam's* error?

4 Conclusion of the former disputations, and execution of God's Decree against *Adam* and *Eve*: They are driven out of *Eden*.

May he not thrall them under Death's command,
And sear their brows with everlasting brand
Of infamy, who in his stock (accurst)
Have graft worse slips then *Adam* set at first?
Man's seed then justly, by succession,
Bears the hard penance of his high transgression:
And *Adam* here, from *Eden* banishéd,
As first offender is first punishéd.
Hence (quoth the Lord) hence, hence (accursed race)
Out of my Garden: quick, avoid the place,
This beauteous Place, pride of this Universe,
A house unworthy Masters so perverse.

Simile.

Those that (in quarrell of the Strong of strongs,
And just revenge of Queen, and Countrie's wrongs)
Were witnesses to all the wofull plaints,
The sighes, and tears, and pitifull complaints,
Of braving Spaniards (*chiefly brave in word*)
When by the valiant Heav'n-assisted sword
Of Mars-*like* ESSEX, England's *Marshall-Earle*
(*Then* Albion's *Patron, and* Eliza's *Pearle*)
They were expulst from Cad'z, *their deerest pleasure,*
Losing their Town, their Honour, and their Treasure:
Wo worth (*said they*) *wo worth our King's ambition;*
Wo worth our Clergie, and their Inquisition:
He seeks new Kingdoms, and doth lose his old;
They burne for Conscience, but their thirst is Gold:
Wo, and alas, wo to the vain bravados
Of Typhon-*like invincible* ARMADOS;
Which, like the vaunting Measter-man of Gath,
Have stirr'd against us little David's *wrath:*
Wo worth our sins: wo worth our selves, and all
Accursed causes of our sudden fall.
Those well may ghess the bitter agonies,
And luke-warm Rivers gushing down the eyes
Of our first *Parents*, out of *Eden* driv'n
(Of Repeal hope-less) by the hand of Heav'n;

The earthly *Eden* shut-up for ever from Mankinde.

For, the Almighty set before the doore
Of th' holy Park, a *Seraphin* that bore
A waving sword, whose body shinéd bright,
Like flaming Comet in the midst of night;
A body meerly *Metaphysicall*,
Which (differing little from th' ONE unicall,
Th' *Act-simple-pure*, the onely-being BEEING)
Approacheth matter; ne'ertheles, not being
Of matter mixt: or rather is so made
So meerly spirit, that not the murdering blade,
His joynéd quantity can part in two:
For (pure) it cannot *Suffer* ought, but *Doe*.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 1, '*modul'd*' = modelled.
,, 50, '*tyring*' = feeding.
,, 84, '*ticing*' = enticing.
,, 110, '*fisketh*' = frisketh?
,, 199, '*selfly*,' = of himself—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for other examples.
,, 218-9,—see Memorial-Introduction on this tribute to 'famous Dowland.' '*Kit*' = a kind of fiddle.
,, 241, '*fetches*' = stratagems.
Line 345, '*Hu-on-cries*' = hue-and-cry.
,, 456, '*ding*' = dinge, 'bruise.'
,, 484, '*brangle*' = quarrel.
,, 495, '*venging*' = avenging.
,, 571, '*baen'd*' = baned, banned.
,, 586, '*ꝑears*' = appears.
,, 588, '*ꝑroin'd* = pruned—as before.
,, 628, '*Essex*'—see our Memorial Introduction.
,, 651, '*unicall*' = unity, undivided.

G.

The Furies.

THE THIRD PART OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

The World's transform'd *from what it was at first:*
For Adam's *sin, all creatures else accurst:*
Their Harmony distuned by His jar:
Yet all againe consent, to make him war;
As, th' Elements, and above all, the Earth:
Three ghastly FURIES; Sickness, War, *and* Dearth,
A gen'rall Muster *of the Bodie's* Griefs:
The Soule's Diseases, *vnder sundry Chiefs:*
Both full of Horror, but the later most;
Where vgly Vice *in* Vertue's *Mask doth boast.*

Sin hath changed and disfigured the face of the World.

THis's not the World. O! whither am I brought?
This Earth I tread, this hollow-hanging Vault,
Which Dayes reducing, and renewing Nights,
Renews the grief of mine afflicted sprights;
This Sea I sail, this troubled Aire I sip,
Are not *The First-weeke's* glorious Workmanship:
This wretched Round is not the goodly Globe
Th' Eternall trimméd in so various Robe:
'Tis but a Dungeon and a dreadfull Cave,
Of that first World the Miserable Grave.

Invocation.

All-quickning Spirit, great God, that (justly-strange,
Judge-turned-Father) wrought'st this wondrous-change;
Change and new-mould me, let thy hand assist,
That in my Muse appear no earthly mist:
Make me thine organ, give my voyce dexterity
Sadly to sing this sad Change to Prosperity.
And, Bounteous giver of each perfect gift,
So tune my voyce to his sweet-sacred Clift
That in each strain my rude unready tongue
Be lively Eccho of his learnéd Song.
And henceforth, let our holy Musick ravish
All well-born Soules, from fancies lewdly-lavish
(Of charming Sin the deep inchaunting Syrens,
The snares of vertue, valour-softning Hyrens)
That toucht with terror of thine indignation,
Presented in this wofull Alteration,
Wee all may seek, by prayer and true repentance,
To shun the rigour of thy wrathfull Sentence.

* *But, yer we farther passe, our slender Bark*
Must here strike top-sails to a Princely Ark
Which keeps these straights: He hails us threatfully,
Star-boord our helm; Come underneath his Lee.
Ho whence your Bark? *of Zeal-land:* whither bound?
For Vertue's Cape: What lading? *Hope.* This *Sound*
You should not pass; save that your voyage tends
To benefit our Neighbours and our Friends.
Thanks, Kingly Captain; daign us then (we pray)
Some skilfull Pylot through this FURIOUS *Bay;*
Or, in this Channell, sith we are to learn,
Vouchsafe to togh us at your Royall Stern.

* *The translator here humbly veileth bonnets to the King's Majesty, who many years since (for his Princely exercise) translated these FVRIES, the VRANIA, and some other pieces of Du BARTAS.*

YER THAT our Sire (O too too proudly-base)
Turn'd tail to God, and to the Fiend his face,
This mighty World did seem an Instrument
True-strung, well-tun'd, and handled excellent;
Whose symphony resounded sweetly-shrill
The Almightie's praise, who play'd upon it still.
While Man serv'd God, the World serv'd him, the live
And live-lesse creatures seeméd all to strive

Happy estate of the World, before sin: set forth by a similitude.

To nurse this league; and, loving zealously
These too dear Heads, embracéd mutually:
In sweet accord, the base with high rejoyc't,
The hot with cold, the solid with the moist;
And innocent *Astræa* did combine
All with the mastick of a love divine.

The Sympathy yet appearing between certain Creatures, is but as a little shadow of the perfect union which was among all creatures before Man's fall.

For, th' hidden love that now a-dayes doth hold
The Steel and Load-stone, *Hydrargire* and Gold,
Th' Amber and Straw; that lodgeth in one shell
Pearle-fish and *Sharpling:* and unites so well
Sargons and *Goats*, the *Sperage* and the *Rush*,
Th' *Elm* and the *Vine*, th' *Olive* and *Myrtle-bush;*
Is but a spark or shadow of that Love
Which at the first in every thing did move,
When as th' Earth's *Muses* with harmonious sound
To Heav'n sweet *Musick* humbly did resound.
But *Adam*, being chief of all the strings
Of this large Lute, o'er-reachéd, quickly brings
All out of tune: and now for melody
Of warbling Charms, it yeelds so hideously,
That it affrights fell *Enyon*, who turmoils
To raise again th' old *Chaos* antick broils:

Of the Discord that Sin hath brought among all things.

Heav'n, that still smiling on his Paramour,
Still in her lap did *Mel* and *Manna* pour,
Now with his hail, his rain, his frost and heat,
Doth parch, and pinch, and over-whelm, and beat,
And hoars her head with Snowes, and (jealous) dashes
Against her brows his fiery lightning flashes:

Sundry notable Antipathies.

On th' other side, the sullen, envious Earth
From blackest Cels of her foule brest sends forth
A thousand foggy fumes, which every-where
With cloudy mists Heav'n's crystall front besmear.
Since that, the Wolf the trembling Sheep pursues,
The crowing Cock the Lion stout eschews,
The Pullein hide them from the Puttock's flight,
The Mastiffe's mute at the *Hyæna's* sight:
Yea (who would think it?) these fell enmities,
Rage in the sense-less trunks of plants and Trees:
The *Vine*, the *Cole;* the *Cole-wort Swines-bread* dreads,
The *Fearn* abhors the hollow waving *Reeds:*
The *Olive* and the *Oake* participate,
Even to their earth, signes of their Ancient hate;
Which suffers not (O date-lesse discord!) th' one
Live in that ground where th' other first hath grown.
O strange instinct! O deep immortall rage,
Whose fiery fewd no *Læthé*-floud can swage!
So, at the sound of Wolf-Drum's rattling thunder
Th' affrighted Sheep-skin-Drum doth rent in sunder:
So, that fell Monster's twisted entrails cuts
(By secret powr) the poor Lamb's twinéd guts,
Which (after death) in stead of bleating mute,
Are taught to speak upon an Yvory Lute:
And so the Princely Eagle's ravening plumes
The feathers of all other Fowls consumes.
The *first-mov'd heav'n* (in't self it self stil stirring)
Rapts with his course (quicker then windes swift whirring)
All th' other Sphears, and to *Alcides'* Spires
From *Alexander's* Altars drives their Fires:

But mortall *Adam*, Monarch here beneath,
Erring, draws all into the paths of death;
And on rough Seas, as a blinde Pilot, rash,
Against the rock of Heav'n's just wrath doth dash
The World's great vessell, sayling yerst at ease,
With gentle gales, good guide on quiet Seas.

The estate of Man before Sin.

For (yer his Fall) which way so e'er he rowl'd,
His wondering eyes, God every where behold;
In Heav'n, in Earth, in Ocean and in Aire,
He sees, and feels, and findes him every-where.
The World was like a large and sumptuous Shop
Where God his goodly treasures did unwrap:
Or Chrystall glasse most lively representing,
His sacred goodnesse, every where frequenting.

His estate after Sin.

But, since his sin, the wofull wretch findes none
Herb, garden, grove, field, fountain, stream or stone,
Beast, mountain, valley, sea-gate, shore or haven,
But bears his Death's-doom openly ingraven:
In brief, the whole scope this round Centre hath,
Is a true store-house of Heav'n's righteous wrath.

All creatures from the highest to the lowest, enemies to Man.

Rebellious *Adam*, from his God revolting,
Findes his yerst-subjects 'gainst himselfe insulting:
The tumbling Sea, the Aire with tempests driv'n,
Thorn-bristled Earth, the sad and lowring Heav'n
(As from the oath of their allegeance free)
Revenge on him th' Almightie's injury.

The Heavens with all therein.

The Stars conjur'd through envious influence,
By secret hang-men punish his offence:
The Sun with heat, the Moon with cold doth vex-him:
Th' Air wth unlookt-for sudden changes checks-him,
With fogs, and frosts, hails, snowes, and sulph'ry thunders,
Blasting, and storms, and more prodigious wonders.

All the Elements.

Fire fall'n from Heav'n, or else by Art incited,
Or by mischance in some rich building lighted,
Or from some Mountain's burning bowels throw'n,
Repleat with Sulphur, Pitch, and Pumy stone,
With sparkling fury spreads, and in few hours
The labour of a thousand years devours.

Fire.
Aire.

Sea.

The greedy Ocean, breaking wonted bounds,
Usurpes his Heards, his wealthy Iles and Towns.

Earth.

The grievéd Earth, to ease her (as it seems)
Of such profane accurséd weight, somtimes
Swallowes whole Countries, and the ayrie tops
Of prince-proud towrs, in her black womb she wraps.

Earth brings forth weeds.

And in despight of him abhord and hatefull
She many wayes proves barren and ingratefull;
Mocking our hopes, turning our seed-Wheat-kernel
To burn-grain Thistle, and to vaporie Darnel,
Cockle, wilde Oats, rough Burs, Corn-cumbring Tares,
Short Recompence for all our costly cares.

Venemous plants.

Yet this were little, if she more malicious,
Fell Stepdame, brought us not Plants more pernicious:
As, sable *Henbane*, *Morell*, making mad;
Cold poysoning *Popy*, itching drowsie, sad:
The stifning *Carpese*, th' eyes-foe *Hemlock* stinking,
Limb-numming belching, and the sinew-shrinking

Dead-laughing *Apium*, weeping *Aconite*
(Which in our Vulgar deadly *Wolf's-bane* hight)
The dropsie-breeding, sorrow-bringing *Psylly*
(Here called *Flea-wurt*) *Colchis'* banefull Lilly,
(With us *Wilde-Saffron*) blistring byting fell:
Hot *Napell*, making lips and tongue to swell:
Bloud-boyling *Yew*, and costive *Misseltoe:*
With yce-cold *Mandrake*, and a many moe
Such fatall plants; whose fruit, seed, sap, or root,
T' untimely Grave doe bring our heed-lesse foot.

Poyson hidden among the Metals.

Besides, she knowes, we (brutish) value more,
Then Lives or Honours, her rich glittering Ore:
That *Avarice* our bound-lesse thought still vexes,
Therefore among her wreakfull baits she mixes
Quick-silver, *Lethargie* and *Orpiment*,
Wherewith our entrails are oft gnawn and rent:
So that somtimes for Body, and for Minde,
Torture and torment, in one Mine we finde.

The excellency of Man's Dominion over the Creatures before his Fall.

What resteth more? The Masters skilfull most,
With gentle gales driv'n to the wishéd Coast,
Not with lesse labour guide there wingéd wayns
On th' azure fore-head of the liquid plains:
Nor craftie Jugglers, can more eas'ly make
There self-liv'd Puppits (for their lucre's sake)
To skip, and scud, and play, and prate, and praunce,
And fight, and fall, and trip, and turn, and daunce:
Then happy we did rule the scaly Legions
That dumbly dwell in stormy water-Regions;
Then feathered fingers, and the stubborn droves
That haunt the Desarts and the shady Groves:
At every word they trimbléd then for aw,
And every wink then serv'd them as a law;
And alwayes bent all duty to observe-us,
Without command, stood ready still to serve-us.

The Creatures now become Tyrants and Traitors to Him, whose slaves and servants they were before Sin.

But now (alas!) through our fond Parents' fall,
They (of our slaves) are grown our tyrants all.
Wend we by Sea? the drad *Leviathan*
Turns upside-down the boyling Ocean,
And on the suddain sadly doth intoomb
Our floating Castle in deep *Thetis'* womb;
Yerst in the Welkin like an Eagle towring,
And on the water like a Dolphin scowring.
Walk we by land? how many loathsome swarms
Of speckléd poysons, with pestiferous arms,
In every corner in close Ambush lurk
With secret bands our suddain banes to work?
Besides, the Lion and the Leopard,
Boar, Bear, and Wolf, to death pursue us hard;
And, jealous vengers of the wrongs divine,
In peeces pull their Soverain's sinfull line.
The huge thicke Forrests have nor bush nor brake
But hides some Hang-man our loath'd life to take:
In every hedge and ditch both day and night
We fear our death, of every leafe affright.
Rest we at home? the Masty fierce in force,
Th' untamed Bull, the hot courageous Horse,
With teeth, wth horns, and hooffes besiege us round,
As griev'd to see such tyrants tread the ground:
And ther 's no Fly so small but now dares bring
Her little wrath against her *quondam* King.

An admirable description of Man's miserable punishments, nurtured by himselfe.

What hideous sights? what horror-boading shows?
Alas, what yels? what howls? what thund'ring throws?
O! Am I not neer roaring *Phlegeton?*
Alecto, sad *Meger'* and *Thesiphon?*
What spels have charm'd ye from your dreadfull den
Of darkest Hell? Monsters abhorr'd of men!
O Night's black daughters, grim-fac't *Furies* sad,
Stern *Pluto's* Postes what make ye here so mad?
O! feels not man a world of wofull terrors,
Besides your goaring wounds and ghastly horrors?
So soon as God from *Eden Adam* drave,
To live in this Earth (rather in this Grave,
Where raign a thousand deaths) he sommon'd up
With thund'ring call the damnéd Crew, that sup
Of Sulph'ry *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegeton*,
Bloody *Cocytus*, muddy *Acheron*.
Come snake-trest Sisters, come ye dismall Elves,
Cease not to curse and cruciate your selves:
Come, leave the horror of your houses pale,
Come, parbreak here your foul, black, banefull gall:
Let lack of work no more from hence-forth fear-you,
Man by his sin a hundred Hels doth rear-you.
This eccho made whole Hel to tremble troubled,
The drowsie Night her deep dark horrors doubled,
And suddainly *Avernus'* Gulf did swim
With Rozen, Pitch, and Brimstone to the brim,
And th' ugly *Gorgons*, and the *Sphinxes* fell,
Hydras, and *Harpies* 'gan to yawn and yell.
As the heat, hidden in a vapoury Cloud,
Striving for issue with strange murmurs loud,
Like guns astuns, wth round, round-rumbling thunder,
Filling the Air with noyse, the Earth wth wonder:
So the three Sisters, the three hideous *Rages*,
Raise thousand storms, leaving th' infernall stages.

The FURIES with their furniture and traine, representing the Horror of Sinne, and the cursed estate of an evill conscience.

Already all rowle-on their steely Cars
On th' ever-shaking nine-fold steely bars
Of *Stygian* Bridge, and in that fearfull Cave
They jumble, tumble, rumble, rage and rave.
Then dreadfull *Hydra*, and dire *Cerberus*
Which on one body, beareth (monsterous)
The heads of Dragon, Dog, Ounse, Bear, and Bull,
Wolfe, Lion, Horse (of strength and stomack full)
Lifting his lungs, he hisses, barks and brayes,
He howls, he yels, he bellowes, roars, and neighs:
Such a black Sant, such a confuséd sound
From many-headed bodies doth rebound.
Having attain'd to our calm Hav'n of light,
With swifter course then *Boreas'* nimble flight,
All fly at Man, all at intestine strife,
Who most may torture his detested life.

First, The description of Famine with her traine.

Here first comes DEARTH, the lively form of Death,
Still yawning wide, with loathsom stinking breath,
With hollow eys, with meager cheeks and chin,
With sharp lean bones piercing her sable skin:
Her empty bowels may be plainly spy'd
Clean through the wrinkles of her withered hide:

She hath no belly, but the bellie's seat,
Her knees and knuckles swelling hugely great:
Insatiate Orque, that even at one repast,
Almost all creatures in the World would waste;
Whose greedy gorge, dish after dish doth draw,
Seeks meat in meat: For, still her monstrous maw
Voyds in devouring, and somtimes she eates
Her own dear Babes for lack of other meats:
Nay more, somtimes (O strangest gluttony!)
She eats her selfe, her selfe to satisfie;
Lessening her selfe, her self so to inlarge:
And, cruell, thus she doth our Grand-sire charge,
And brings besides from *Limbo* to assist-her,
Rage, *Feeblnesse*, and *Thirst*, her ruth-less sister.

Secondly, of Warre and her traine.

Next marcheth WAR, the mistris of enormity,
Mother of mischiefe, monster of deformity:
Laws, manners, arts, she breaks, she mars, she chaces:
Bloud, tears, bowrs, towrs; she spils, swils, burns, and razes:
Her brazen feet shake all the Earth asunder,
Her mouth 's a fire-brand, and her voice a thunder,
Her looks are lightnings, every glance a flash:
Her fingers guns, that all to powder pash.
Feare and *Despaire*, *Flight* and *Disorder*, coast
With hasty march, before her murderous hoast:
As, *Burning*, *Waste*, *Rape*, *Wrong*, *Impietie*,
Rage, *Ruine*, *Discord*, *Horror*, *Cruelty*,
Sack, *Sacriledge*, *Impunitie*, and *Pride*,
Are still stern consorts by her barbarous side:
And *Povertie*, *Sorrow*, and *Desolation*,
Follow her Armies' bloudy transmigration.

Thirdly, Sickness exactly described with all her partakers and dependers.

Heer 's th' other FURIE (or my judgement fails)
Which furiously man's wofull life assails
With thousand Canons, sooner felt then seen,
Where weakest strongest; fraught with deadly teen:
Blinde, crooked, cripple, maymed, deaf, and mad,
Cold-burning, blistered, melancholike, sad,
Many-nam'd poyson, minister of Death,
Which from us creeps, but to us gallopeth:
Foule, trouble-rest, fantastick, greedy-gut,
Bloud-sweating, heart's-theef, wretched, filthy Slut,
The Childe of Surfeit, and Ayr's-temper vicious,
Perillous know'n, but unknowne most pernicious.

Innumerable kindes of diseases.

Th' inammeld meads, in Summer cannot showe
More Grashoppers above, nor Frogs belowe,
Then hellish murmurs heer about doe ring:
Nor never did the pretty little King
Of *Hony-people*, in a Sun-shine day
Lead to the field, in orderly array,
More busie buzzers, when he casteth (witty)
The first foundations of his waxen Citie;
Then this fierce Monster musters in her train
Fell Souldiers, charging poor mankind amain.

The first Regiment sent to assaile the Head, Man's chiefest Fortresse.

Loe, first a rough and furious Regiment
T' assault the Fort of *Adam's* head is sent,
Reason's best Bulwark, and the holy Cell
Wherein the soule's most sacred powers dwell.

Simile.

A King that ayms his neighbour's Crown to win,
Before the bruite of open wars begin,
Corrupts his Councell with rich recompences;
For, in good Councell *stands the strength of Princes:*
So this fell *Fury*, for fore-runners, sends
Manie and *Phrensie* to suborne her friends:
Whereof, th' one drying, th' other over-warming
The feeble brain (the edge of judgement harming)
Within the Soule fantastickly they fain
A confus'd hoast of strange *Chimera's* vain:
The *Karos'*, th' *Apoplexe*, and *Lethargie*,
As forlorn hope, assault the enemy
On the same side; but yet with weapons others:
For, they freez-up the brain and all his brothers;
Making a live-man like a live-less carcasse,
Save that again he scapeth from the *Parcas*.
And now the *Palsie*, and the *Cramp* dispose
Their angry darts; this binds, and that doth lose
Man's feeble sinews, shutting up the way
Whereby before the vitall spirits did play.

A similitude of the effects and endeavours of sicknesse.

Then as a man, that fronts in single Fight
His suddain foe, his ground doth traverse light,
Thrusts, wards, avoids, and best advantage spies,
At last (to daze his Rival's sparkling eyes)
He casts his Cloak, and then with coward knife,
In crimsin streams he makes him strain his life:
So SICKNES, *Adam* to subdue the better
(Whom thousand Gyves al-ready fastly fetter)
Brings to the field the faith-less *Ophthalmy*,
With scalding bloud to blinde her enemy,
Darting a thousand thrusts; then she is back't
By th' *Amafrose* and cloudy *Cataract*,
That (gathering-up gross humors inwardly
In th' *Optike* sinnew) clean puts out the eye;
This other caseth in an envious caul
The Crystall humour shining in the ball.
This past: in-steps that insolent insulter,
The cruell *Quincy*, leaping like a Vulture
At *Adam's* throat; his hollow weasand swelling
Among the muscles, through thick blouds congealing;
Leaving him onely this Essay, for signe
Of 's might and malice to his future-line;
Like *Hercules*, that in his infant-browes
Bore glorious marks of his undaunted prow's,
When wth his hands (like steely tongs) he strangled
His spightfull stepdam's Dragon spotty-spangled;
A proof, presaging the triumphant spoyls
That he atchiev'd by his *Twelve* famous *Toyls*.

The second Regiment assaulting the vitall Parts.

The second Regiment with deadly darts
Assaulteth fiercely *Adam's* vitall parts:
Al-ready th' *Asthma*, panting, breathing tough,
With humors gross the lifting Lungs doth stuff:
The pining *Phthisik* fils them all with pushes,
Whence a slowe spowt of cor'sie matter gushes:
A wasting flame the *Peripneumony*
Within those spunges kindles cruelly;
The spawling *Empiem*, ruth-less as the rest,
With foule impostumes fils his hollow chest:
The *Pleurisie* stabs him with desperate foyl
Beneath the ribs, where scalding bloud doth boyl:

Then th' *Incubus* (by some suppos'd a spright)
With a thick phlegm doth stop his breath by night.
Deer *Muse*, my guide; clear truth that nought dissembles,
The Ague with her train, her kinds, and cruell effects.
Name me that Champion that wᵗʰ fury trembles,
Who arm'd wᵗʰ blazing fire-brands, fiercely flings
At th' Armies' heart, not at our feeble wings:
Having for Aids, *Cough*, *Head-ache*, *Horror*, *Heat*, *Pulse-beating*, *Burning*, *Cold-distilling-Sweat*, *Thirst*, *Yawning*, *Yolking*, *Casting*, *Shivering*, *Shaking*,
Fantastick *Raving*, and continuall *Aking*,
With many moe: O! is not this the *Fury*
We call the *Fever?* whose inconstant fury
Transforms her oftner then *Vertumnus* can,
To *Tertian*, *Quartan*, and *Quotidian*:
And *Second* too; now posting, somtimes pawsing,
Even as the matter, all these changes causing,
Is rommidgéd with motions slowe or quick
In feeble bodies of the *Ague-sick*.
Our Poet, having been himselfe for many years grievously afflicted with the Fever, complaineth bitterly of her rude violence.
Ah trecherous beast! needs must I know thee best:
For foure whole years thou wert my poor heart's guest,
And to this day in body and in minde
I bear the marks of thy dispight unkinde:
For yet (besides my veins and bones bereft
Of bloud and marrow) through thy secret theft
I feel the vertue of my spirit decayd,
Th' *Enthousiasmos* of my *Muse* allaid:
My memory (which hath been meetly good)
Is now (alas!) much like the fleeting floud;
Whereon no sooner have we drawn a line
But it is canceld, leaving there no signe:
For, the deere fruit of all my care and cost,
My former study (almost all) is lost,
And oft in secret have I blushéd at
Mine ignorance: like *Corvine*, who forgat
His proper name; or like *George Trapezunce*
(Learnéd in youth, and in his age a Dunce).
And thence it growes, that maugre my endeavour
My numbers still by habite have the Fever;
One-while with heate of heavenly fire ensoul'd;
Shivering anon, through faint un-learned cold.
The third Regiment warring on the naturall Powers.
Now, the third Regiment with stormy stours
Sets-on the Squadron of our *Nat'rall Powers*
Which happily maintain us (duly) both
With needfull food, and with sufficient growth.
One-while the *Boulime*, then the *Anorexie*,
Then the *Dog-hunger*, or the *Bradypepsie*,
And childe-great *Pica* (of prodigious dyet)
In straightest stomacks rage with monstrous ryot;
Then on the Liver doth the *Jaundize* fall,
Stopping the passage of the cholerick Gall;
Which then for good bloud, scatters all about
Her fiery poyson, yellowing all without;
But the sad *Dropsie* freezeth it extreme,
Till all the bloud be turned into fleam.
But see (alas!) by far more cruell foes
The slippery bowels thrill'd with thousand throes;
Wᵗʰ prisoned winds the wringling *Colick* pains them,
The *Iliack* passion with more rigour strains-them;
Streightens their Conduits, and (detested) makes
Man's mouth (alas!) even like a lothsome Jakes.
Then, the *Dysentery* with fretting pains
Extorteth pure bloud from the flayéd veins.
On th' other side, the *Stone* and *Strangury*,
Tort'ring the Reins with deadly tyranny,
With heat-concreted sand-heaps strangely stop
The burning urine, strainéd drop by drop:
As opposite, the *Diabete* by melting
Our bodie's substance in our Urine swelting,
Distils us still, as long as any matter
Unto the spout can send supply of water.
Unto those parts, whereby we leave behind-us
Types of our selves in after-times to mind-us,
There fiercely flies defective *Venery*,
And the foule, feeble, fruit-lesse *Gonorrhé*
(An impotence for Generation's-deed,
And lust-lesse Issue of th' uncocted seed)
Remorse-lesse tyrants, that to spoyle aspire
Babes unconceiv'd, in hatred of their Sire.
The fell fourth Regiment, is outward Tumours,
Begot of vicious indigested humours:
As *Phlegmons*, *Oedems*, *Schyrrhes*, *Erisipiles*, *King's-evils*, *Cankers*, cruell *Gouts*, and *Byles*, *Wens*, *Ring-worms*, *Tetters*: these from every part
With thousand pangs brave the besiegéd heart:
And their blinde fury, wanting force and courage
To hurt the Fort, the champain Country forrage.
The fourth Regiment forrageth, and defaceth the body outwardly.
O tyrants! sheath your feeble swords again;
For, Death al-ready thousand-times hath slain
Your Enemy; and yet your envious rigour
Doth mar his feature and his limbs disfigure.
And with a dull and raggéd instrument
His joynts and skin are saw'd, and torn, and rent.
Me thinks most rightly to a coward Crew
Of *Wolves* and *Foxes* I resemble you,
Who in a Forrest (finding on the sand
The Lyon dead, that did alive command
The Land about, whose awfull Countenance
Melted, far off, their yce-like arrogance)
Mangle the members of their live-lesse Prince,
With feeble signes of dastard insolence.
Comparison.
But, with the Griefs that charge our outward places,
Shall I account the loathsome *Phthiriasis?*
O shamefull Plague! O foule infirmitie!
Which makes proud Kings, fouler then Beggers be
(That wrapt in rags, and wrung with vermin sore,
Their itching backs sit shrugging evermore)
To swarm with *Lice*, that rubbing cannot rid,
Nor often shift of shirts, and sheets, and bed;
For, as in springs, stream stream pursueth fresh
Swarm follows swarm, and their too fruitfull flesh
Breeds her own eaters, and (till Death's arrest)
Makes of itselfe an execrable feast.
The lowzie Disease.
Nor may we think, that *Chance* confusedly
Conducts the Camp of our *Third Enemy*:
Diseases proper to certain Climats and Nations.

For, of her Souldiers, some (as led by reason)
Can make their choyce of *Country*, *Age*, and *Season*.
So *Portugal* hath *Phthisiks* most of all,
Eber, *King's-evils*; *Arné*, the *Suddain-fall*:
Savoy, the *Mumps*; *West-India Pox*; and *Nile*,
The *Leprosie*; *Plague*, the *Sardinian-Ile*,
After the influence of the Heav'ns all ruling,
To some ages of man. Or *Countries'* manners. So, soft *Child-hood* puling,
Is wrung with Worms, begot of crudity,
Are apt to Laske through much humidity:
Through their salt phlegms, their heads are hid with *shalls*;
Their Limbs with *Red-gums* and with bloudy bals
Of *Menstruall* humour, which (like Must) within
Their bodies boyling button'th all their Skin.
To *bloudy-Flixes*, *Youth* is apt inclining,
Continuall-Fevers, *Phrensies*, *Phthisik-pining*.
And feeble *Age* is seldom-times without
Her tedious guests, the *Palsie* and the *Gout*,
Coughes and *Catarrhs*. And so the *Pestilence*,
The *quartan-Ague* with her accidents,
The *Flix*, the *Hip-gout*, and the *Watry-Tumour*,
To the Seasons of the yeare. Are bred with us of an *Autumnall* humour:
The *Itch*, the *Murrein*, and *Alcides-griefe*
In *Ver's* hot-moysture doe molest us chiefe:
The *Diarrhœa* and the *Burning-Fever*,
In *Summer-season* doe their fell endeavour:
And *Pleurisies*, the rotten-*Coughes*, and *Rheums*,
Wear curléd flakes of white celestiall plumes:
Like sluggish Souldiers, keeping Garrison
In th' ycie Bulwarks of the Year's gelt Son.
Some diseases contagious. Some, seeming most in multitudes delighting,
Bane one by other, not the first acquiting:
As *Measels*, *Mange*, and filthy *Leprosie*,
The *Plague*, the *Pox*, and *Phthisik-maladie*.
Some hereditarie. And some (alas!) we leave as in succession,
Unto our Children, for a sad possession:
Such are *King's-evils*, *Dropsie*, *Gout*, and *Stone*,
Bloud-boyling *Lepry*, and *Consumption*,
The swelling *Throat-ache*, th' *Epilepsie* sad,
And cruell *Rupture*, paining too-too bad:
For, their hid poysons after-comming harm
Is fast combin'd unto the Parents' sperm.
Some not known by their Cause, but by their Effects only. But O! what arms, what shield shall we oppose,
What stratagems against those treacherous foes,
Those treacherous griefs, that our frail Art detects
Not by their cause, but by their sole effects?
Such are the fruitfull *Matrix-suffocation*,
The *Falling-sickness*, and pale *Swouning-passion*;
The which, I wot not what strange windes long pause,
I wot not where, I wot not how doth cause.
Some by sundry Causes increasing and waxing worse. Or who (alas!) can 'scape the cruell wile
Of those fell Pangs that *Physick's* pains beguile?
Which being banisht from a body, yet
(Under new names) returne again to it;
Or rather, taught the strange *Metempsychosis*
Of the wise *Samian*, one itselfe transposes
Into some worse *Grief*; either through the kindred
Of th' humour vicious, or the member hindred:
Or through their ignorance or avarice
That doe professe *Apollo's* exercise.
So *Melancholy* turnéd into *Madnesse*;
Into the *Palsie* deep-affrighted *Sadnesse*:
Th' *Il-habitude* into the *Dropsie* chill;
And *Megrim* growes to the *Comitial-Ill*.
In briefe, poor *Adam* in this piteous case,
Is like a Stag, that long pursu'd in chase, Comparison.
Flying for succour to some neighbour wood,
Sinks on the suddain in the yeelding mud;
And sticking fast amid the rotten grounds,
Is over-taken by the eager Hounds;
One bites his back, his neck another nips,
One puls his brest, at 's throat another skips,
One tugs his flank, his haunch another tears,
Another lugs him by the bleeding ears;
And last of all, the *Wood-man* with his knife
Cuts off his head, and so concludes his life.
Or like a lusty Bull, whose hornéd Crest
Awakes fell Hornets from their drowsie nest; Another comparison.
Who buzzing forth, assaile him on each side,
And pitch their valiant Bands about his Hide;
With fisking train, with forkéd head, and foot,
Himselfe, th' Ayre, th' Earth, he beateth (to no boot)
Flying (through woods, hils, dales, and roaring rivers)
His place of grief, but not his painfull grievers:
And in the end stitcht full of stings he dies,
Or on the ground as dead (at least) he lies.
An amplification of Man's miseries, compared with other Creatures seldomer sick, and sooner healed: and that by naturall Remedies of their own: having also taught Men many practices of Physick. For, Man is loaden with ten thousand langours;
All other Creatures onely feele the angors
Of few *Diseases*: as, the gleaning Quail
Onely the *Falling-sicknesse* doth assail:
The *Turn-about* and *Murrain* trouble Cattell,
Madnesse and *Quincie* bid the Masty battell.
Yet each of them can naturally find
What Simples cure the sicknesse of their kind;
Feeling no sooner their disease begin,
But they as soon have ready medicine.
The Ram for Physick takes strong-senting *Rue*,
The Tortois slow, cold *Hemlock* doth renue:
The Partridge, Black-bird, and rich painted Jay
Have th' oylie liquor of the sacred *Bay*.
The sickly Beare, the *Mandrake* cures again;
And *Mountain-Siler* helpeth Goats to yean:
But we know nothing, till by poaring still
On Books, we get us a Sophistick skill;
A doubtfull Art, a Knowledge still unknowne;
Which enters but the hoary heads (alone)
Of those, that (broken with unthankfull toyl)
Seek others' Health, and lose their own the-while:
Or rather those (such are the greatest part)
That waxing rich at others' cost and smart,
Grow famous *Doctors*, purchasing promotions,
While the church-yards swel with their hurtful potions;
Who (hang-man like) fear-less, and shame-less too,
Are prayd and payd for murders that they doe.
I speak not of the good, the wise, and learned,
Within whose hearts God's fear is well discerned;

Who to our bodies can againe unite
Our parting soules, ready to take their flight.
For, these I honour as Heav'n's gifts excelling,
Pillars of Health, Death and Disease repelling:
Th' Almightie's Agents, Nature's Counsellers,
And flowring Youth's wise faithfull Governours.
Yet if their Art can ease some kinde of dolors,
They learn'd it first of Nature's silent Schollers;
For, from the *Sea-Horse* came *Phlebotomies*,
From the wilde *Goat* the healing of the eyes;
From *Stork* and *Hearn*, our *Glysters* laxative,
From *Beares*, and *Lions*, *Diets* we derive.
'Gainst th' onely Body, all these Champions stout
Strive; some, within: and other some, without.
Or, if that any th' all-fair Soule have striken,
'Tis not directly; but, in that they weaken
Her Officers, and spoyl the Instruments
Wherewith she works such wondrous presidents.

Of foure Diseases of the Soule, under them comprehending all the rest.

But, lo! foure *Captains* far more fierce and eager,
That on all sides the Spirit it selfe beleaguer,
Whose Constancy they shake, and soon by treason
Draw the blinde Judgement from the rule of Reason:
Opinions issue; which (though selfe unseen)
Make through the Body their fell motions seen.

First, Sorrow described, with her company.

Sorrow's first Leader of this furious Crowd,
Muffled all-over in a sable cloud;
Old before Age, afflicted night and day,
Her face with wrinkles warpéd every-way;
Creeping in corners, where she sits and vies
Sighs from her heart, tears from her blubbered eyes;
Accompani'd with selfe-consuming *Care*,
With weeping *Pity*, *Thought*, and mad *Despaire*
That bears, about her, burning Coales and Cords,
Asps, Poysons, Pistols, Halters, Knives, and Swords:
Foule-squinting *Envie*, that selfe-eating Elfe,
Through others' leanenesse fatting up her selfe,
Joying in mischiefe, feeding but with langour
And bitter tears her Toad-like-swelling anger:
And *Jelousie* that never sleeps, for fear
(Suspicious Flea still nibbling in her eare)
That leaves repast and rest, neer pin'd and blinde
With seeking what she would be loth to finde.

Secondly, Joy with her Traine.

The second Captain is excessive Joy;
Who leaps and tickles, finding th' *Apian-way*
Too-streight for her: whose senses all possesse
All wishéd pleasures in all plenteousnesse.
She hath in Conduct false vain-glorious *Vaunting*,
Bold, soothing, shameless, loud, injurious, taunting:
The wingéd Gyant lofty-staring *Pride*,
That in the clouds her braving Crest doth hide:
And many other, like the empty bubbles
That rise when rain the liquid Crystall troubles.

Thirdly, Fear and her Followers.

The third, is bloud-less, heart-less, witless *Feare*,
That like an Asp-tree trembles every-where:
She leads black *Terror*, and base clownish *Shame*,
And drowsie *Sloath*, that counterfeiteth lame,
With Snail-like motion measuring the ground,
Having her arms in willing fetters bound,
Foule, sluggish Drone, barren (but, sin to breed)
Diseased, beggar, starv'd with wilfull need.

Fourthly, Desire, a most violent Passion, accompanied with others like: as Ambition, Avarice, Anger, and foolish Love.

And thou *Desire*, whom nor the Firmament,
Nor Aire, nor Earth, nor Ocean can content:
Whose-lookes are hooks, whose belly 's bottomlesse,
Whose hands are gripes to scrape with greedinesse,
Thou art the Fourth; and under thy Command,
Thou bring'st to field a rough unruly Band:
First, secret-burning, mighty swoln *Ambition*
Pent in no limits, pleas'd with no Condition;
Whom *Epicurus* many Worlds suffice not,
Whose furious thirst of proud aspiring dyes not
Whose hands (transported with fantastick passion)
Bear painted Scepters in imagination:
Then *Avarice* all-arm'd in hooking Tenters
And clad in Bird-lime; without bridge she venters
Through fell *Charybdis*, and false *Sertes* Nesse;
The more her wealth the more her wretchednesse;
Cruell, respect-lesse, friend-lesse, faith-lesse, Elf,
That hurts her neighbour, but much more her self:
Whose foule base fingers in each dunghill poar
(Like *Tantalus*) starv'd in the midst of store:
Not what she hath, but what she wants she counts:
A wel-wing'd Bird that never lofty mounts.
Then, boyling *Wrath*, stern, cruell, swift, and rash,
That like a Boar her teeth doth grinde and gnash:
Whose hair doth stare, like bristled Porcupine;
Who som-times rowles her ghastly-glowing eyn,
And som-time fixtly on the ground doth glaunce,
Now bleak, then bloudy in her Countenance;
Raving and rayling with a hideous sound,
Clapping her hands, stamping against the ground;
Bearing *Bocconi*, fire and sword to slay,
And murder all that for her pitty pray;
Baning her self, to bane her Enemy;
Disdaining Death, provided others dye:
Like falling Towers o'rturnéd by the winde,
That break themselves on that they under-grinde.
And then that Tyrant, all-controuling *Love*:
(*Whom here to paint doth little me behove,*
After so many rare Appelleses
As in this Age our Albion nourishes)
And to be short, thou doest to battail bring
As many Souldiers 'gainst the Creatures King,
(Yet not his owne) as in this life, Mankinde
True very *Goods*, or seeming-*Goods* doth finde.
Now, if (but like the Lightning in the sky)
These sudden *Passions* past but swiftly by,
The fear were lesse: but, O! too-oft they leave
Keen stings behinde in Soules that they deceive.
From this foule Fountain, all these poysons rise,
Rapes, *Treasons*, *Murders*, *Incests*, *Sodomies*,
Blaspheming, *Bibbing*, *Theeving*, *False-contracting*,
Church-chaffering, *Cheating*, *Bribing*, *and Exacting*.

The horrible effects of the Passions of the soule far more dangerous than the diseases of the body.

Alas! how these (far-worse then death) *Diseases*
Exceed each *Sicknesse* that our body seises;
Which makes us open war, and by his spight
Gives to the Patient many a wholsome light;

Now by the colour, or the Pulse's beating,
Or by some Fit, some sharper dolor threat'ing;
Whereby, the Leach, neer-ghessing at our grief,
Not seldome findes sure means for our relief.
But for the *Ills* raign in our Intellect
(Which, onely, them both can and ought detect)
They rest unknown, or rather self-conceal'd;
And soule-sick *Patients* care not to be heal'd.
Besides, we plainly call the *Fever*, *Fever:*
The *Dropsie*, *dropsie:* over-gliding never,
With guile-full flourish of a fainéd phraze,
The cruell Langours that our bodies craze:
Whereas, our fond self-soothing Soule, thus sick
Rubs her owne sore; with glozing Rhetorick
Cloaking her vice: and makes the blinded Blain
Not fear the touch of *Reason's* Cautere vain.

The miserable corruption of our Times, worse then all former Ages.

And sure, if ever filthy *Vice* did jet
In sacred *Vertue's* spot-lesse mantle neat;
'Tis in our dayes, more hatefull and unhallow'd,
Then when the World the Waters wholly swallow'd.
Ile spare to speak of foulest Sins, that spot
Th' infamous beds of men of mighty lot;
Lest I the Saint's chaste tender ears offend,
And seem them more to teach, then reprehend.

All riotous Prodigality disguised with the name of Liberality.

Who bear upon their *French-sick* backs about,
Farms, Castles, Fees, in golden shreads cut-out;
Whose lavish hand, at one *Primero-rest*,
One Mask, one Turney, or one pampering feast,
Spend treasures, scrap't by th' *Usury* and *Care*
Of miser-Parents; *Liberall* counted are.

Effeminate Curiosity and luxurious Pride, miscalled Cleanliness.

Who, with a Maiden voyce and mincing pase,
Quaint looks, curl'd locks, perfumes, and painted face;
Base coward-heart, and wanton soft array,
Their man-hood onely by their Beard bewray;
Are *Cleanly* call'd. Who like Lust-greedy Goates,
Brothell from bed to bed; whose *Syren*-notes
Inchaunt chaste *Susans*, and, like hungry Kite,
Fly at all game, they *Lovers* are behight.

Insatiate Lust and Beast-like Loosenesse, surnamed Love.

Who, by false bargains, and unlawfull measures,
Robbing the World, have heapéd kingly treasures:
Who cheat the simple; lend for fifty fifty,
Hundred for hundred, are esteeméd *Thrifty*.

Extreme Extortion counted Thrift.

Who alwayes murder and revenge affect,
Who feed on bloud, who never do respect
State, *Sex*, or *Age:* but in all humane lives
In cold bloud, bath their parricidiall knives;
Are stiléd *Valiant*. Grant, good Lord, our Land
May want such valour whose self-cruell hand
Fights for our Foes, our proper life-bloud spils.
Our Cities sacks, and our owne Kindred kils.

Blasphemous Quarrels, bravest Courage.

Inhumane Murder, highest Manhood.

Lord, let the *Lance*, the *Gun*, the *Sword*, and *Shield*,
Be turn'd to tools to furrow up the field;
And let us see the Spiders busie task
Wov'n in the belly of the pluméd Cask.
But if (brave *Lands-men*) your war-thirst be such,
If in your brests sad *Enyon* boyl so much,
What holds you here? alas! what hope of crowns?
Our fields are flock-lesse, treasure-lesse our Towns.
Goe then, nay run, renownéd *Martialists*,
Re-found *French-Greece*, in now-*Natolian* lists;
Hy, hy to *Flanders;* free with conquering stroak
Your *Belgian* brethren from th' *Iberian's* yoak:
To *Portugall;* people *Galician-Spain*,
And grave your names on *Lysbon's* gates again.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 19, '*trimmed*' = adorned.
,, 35, '*Hyrens*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 40, (side-note) '*veileth*' = vaileth, *i.e.* uncovereth, payeth homage.
,, 42, '*straights*' = straits.
,, 44, '*Zeal-land*' = Middleburgh, where Sylvester resided, with an equivoque.
,, 51, '*togh*' = tug, draw-after.
,, 53, '*Fiend*'—unfortunately misprinted in the original, 'Friend.'
,, 65, '*mastick*' = cement or gum.
,, 67, '*Hydrargire*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 69, '*Sharpling*'—*ibid.*
,, 70, '*Sargons*'—fish gilt-head: '*Sperage*' = asparagus.
,, 81, '*antick*' = ancient, antique.
,, 82, '*Paramour*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for full note on this now deteriorated word.
,, 94, '*Puttock's*' = kite's.
,, 98, '*Cole*'—see Glossarial Index, as before, *s.v.*, for all the animals, plants, &c., and related Folk-lore of this division, 'The Furies.'
,, 122, '*yerst*' = erst.
,, 134, '*sea-gate*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 153, '*Pumy-stone*' = pumice-stone.
,, 165, '*burn-grain*' = destructive: *ibid.*, '*vaporie*' = wet? Line 208, '*fond*' = foolish.
,, 210, '*drad*' = dread. Line 227, '*affright*' = afraid.
,, 228, '*Masty*' = mastiff. See also l. 611.
,, 250, '*snake-trest* = serpent-tressed.
Line 253, '*parbreak*' = eructate.
,, 264, '*astuns*' = astounds.
,, 278, '*black Sant*' = a confused noise as in the singing a black sanctus. Cf. Guilpin's Skialetheia (1598), p. 55, l. 14 (our Occasional Issues, 1878).
,, 292, '*Orque*' = oro—the mythical monster-bird.
,, 311, '*pask*' = strike violently.
,, 323, '*teen*' = hatred, spite.
,, 336, '*Hony-people*' = bees.
,, 347, '*bruite*' = report.
,, 351, '*Manie*' = mania—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for all the many odd-named diseases of 'The Furies.'
,, 399, '*cor'sie*' = corrosive.
,, 421, '*rommidged*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 439-40, '*Corvine*' . . . '*Trapezunce*'—*ibid.*
,, 446, '*stours*'—*ibid.*
,, 462, '*wringling*' = wringing, racking.
,, 529, '*Laske*' = lessen, end.
,, 533, '*button'th*—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 549, '*gelt*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 600, '*fisking*' = frisking.
,, 613, '*Simples cure*'—see under ll. 98, 351.
,, 710, '*Nesse*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 726, '*Bocconi*'—*ibid.* Line 746, '*Bibbing*'—*ibid.*
,, 747, '*Church-chaffering*' = brawling and disputes.
,, 754, '*Leach*' = physician.
,, 788, '*Susans*' = Susannah (of the Apocrypha).
,, 805, '*Cask*' = helmet. G.

THE FOURTH PART OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE II. WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The praise of Peace, *the miserable states*
Of Eden's *Exiles: their vn-curious* Cates:
Their simple habit, *silly* habitation:
They finde out Fire: *their formost* Propagation:
Their Children's trades, *their* offerings; *envious* Cain
His (*better*) *Brother doth vnkindly brain:*
With inward horror hurried up and down,
He breaks a Horse, *he builds a homely* Town:
Iron 's *invented, and sweet* Instruments:
Adam *foretels of After-Worlds* events.

The Poet here welcomes peace, which (after long absence) seems about this time to have returned into France. The benefits shee brings with her.

HEav'n's sacred Imp, fair Goddesse that renew'st
Th' old golden age, & brightly now re-blew'st
Our cloudy sky, making our fields to smile:
Hope of the vertuous, horror of the vile:
Virgin, unseen in *France* this many a year,
O blessed *Peace!* we bid thee welcome here.
Lo, at thy presence, how who late were prest
To spur their Steeds and couch their staves in rest
For fierce incounter; cast away their spears,
And rapt with joy, them enter-bathe with tears.
Lo, how our Merchant-vessels to and fro
Freely about our tradefull waters go:
How the grave *Senate*, with just-gentle rigour,
Resumes his Robe; the Laws their ancient vigour.
Lo, how *Oblivion's* Seas our strifes do drown:
How wals are built that war had thundred down.
Lo, how the Shops with busie Crafts-men swarm;
How Sheep and Cattell cover every Farm:
Behold the bon-fires waving to the skies:
Hark, hark the cheerfull and re-chanting cries
Of old and young; singing this joyfull Ditty,
Ió, rejoyce, rejoyce through Town and City,
Let all our Aire, re-eccho with the praises
Of th' everlasting glorious God, who raises
Our ruin'd State: who giveth us a good
We sought not for (or rather, we with-stood):
So that to hear and see these consequences
Of Wonders strange, we scarce beleeve our senses.
O! let the *King*, let *Mounsieur* and the *Sover'n*
That doth *Navarras Spaine* wrongd Scepter govern,
Be all, by all, their Countries' Fathers cleapt:
O! let the honour of their names be kept,
And on the brasse leaves ingrav'n eternally
In the bright Temple of fair *Memory*,
For having quencht, so soon, so many Fires,
Disarm'd our arms, appeas'd the Heav'nly ires;
Calm'd the pale horror of intestine hates,
And dammed-up the bifront Fathers' gates.
Much more, let us (*deer, World-divided land*)
Extoll the mercies of Heav'n's mighty hand,
That (*while the World, War's bloudy rage hath rent*)
To us so long, so happy Peace *hath lent*
(*Maugre the malice of th'* Italian Priest,
And Indian Pluto (*prop of Antichrist*)

Thanks-giving to God for peace.

Gratefull remembrance of the meanes thereof.

Whose Hoast like Pharaoh's *threatning* Israel,
Our gaping Seas have swallowed quick to hell)
Making our Ile a holy safe retrait
For Saints exil'd in persecution's heat,
Much more let us with true-heart-tunéd breath,
Record the praises of ELIZABETH
(*Of martiall* Pallas *and our milde* Astræa,
Of grace and wisedome the divine Idea)
Whose prudent Rule, with rich religious rest,
Well-neer nine Lustres hath this kingdome blest.
O! pray we him that from home-plotted dangers,
And bloudy threats of proud ambitious strangers,
So many years hath so securely kept her,
In just possession of this flowring Scepter;
That (*to his glory, and his deer Son's honour*)
All happy length of life may wait upon her:
That we her Subjects, whom he blesseth by her,
Psalming his praise, may sound the same the higher.
But waiting (*Lord*) *in some more learnéd layes,*
To sing thy glory, and my Soveraign's praise;
I sing the young World's Cradle, as a Proëm
Vnto so rare and so divine a Poem.

An imitation thereof, by the Translator, in honour of our late gracious Soveraigne *Elizabeth*, in whose happy reign God hath given this kingdome so long peace and rich prosperity.

An Elegant comparison representing the lamentable condition of Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise.

WHO, FULL OF wealth and honour's blandishment,
Among great Lords his younger years hath spent;
And quaffing deeply of the Court-delights,
Us'd nought but Tilts, Turneis, and Masks, & Sights;
If in his age, his Prince's angry doom
With deep disgrace drive him to live at home
In homely Cottage; where continually
The bitter smoak exhales abundantly
From his before-un-sorrow-drainéd-brain
The brackish vapours of a silver rain:
Where Usher-lesse, both day and night, the *North*,
South, *East* and *West* windes, enter and goe forth:
Where round-about, the low-roofst broken wals
(In stead of Arras) hang with Spiders' cauls:
Where all at once he reacheth, as he stands,
With brows the roof, both wals with both his hands:
He weeps and sighs, and (shunning comforts ay)
Wisheth pale Death a thousand times a day,
And, yet at length falling to work, is glad
To bite a brown crust that the Mouse hath had,
And in a dish (for want of Plate or Glasse)
Sups Oaten drink in stead of *Hippocras*.
So (or much like) our rebell Elders driv'n
For ay from *Eden* (earthly Type of Heav'n)
Lye languishing neer *Tygris'* grassie side,
With nummèd limbs, and spirits stupefied.

The first manner of life.

But powrfull NEED (Art's ancient Dame & Keeper,
The early watch-clock of the sloathfull sleeper)
Among the Mountains makes them seek their living,
And foaming rivers through the Champain driving:
For yet the Trees with thousand fruits yfraught
In formall Checkers were not fairly brought:
The Pear and Apple livéd Dwarf-like there,
With Oakes and Ashes shadowed every-where:
And yet (alas!) their meanest simple cheer
Our wretched Parents bought full hard and deer.
To get a Plum, somtimes poor *Adam* rushes
With thousand wounds among a thousand bushes.
If they desire a Medler for their food,
They must goe seek it through a fearfull wood;
Or a brown Mulbery, then the raggéd Bramble
With thousand scratches doth their skin bescramble.
Wherefore (as yet) more led by th' appetite
Of th' hungry belly then the taste's delight;
Living from hand to mouth, soon satisfi'd,
To earn their supper th' afternoon they ply'd,
Unstor'd of dinner till the morrow-day;
Pleas'd with an Apple, or some lesser prey.
Then, taught by *Ver* (richer in flowrs then fruit)
And hoary Winter, of both destitute;
Nuts, Filberds, Almonds, wisely up they hoord,
The best provisions that the Woods affoord.

Great simplicity in their kinde of life.

Touching their garments: for the shining wooll
Whence the robe-spinning precious Worms are ful;
For gold and silver wov'n in drapery,
For Cloth dipt double in the scarlet Dy;
For Gems bright lustre, with excessive cost
On rich embroidries by rare Art embost;
Somtimes they do the far-spread Gourd unleave,
Sometimes the Fig-tree of his branch bereave:
Somtimes the Plane, somtimes the Vine they shear,
Choosing their fairest tresses here and there:
And with their sundry locks, thorn'd each to other,
Their tender limbs they hide from *Cynthia's* brother.

Their Cloathing.

Somtimes the *Ivie's* climing stems they strip,
Which lovingly his lively prop doth clip:
And with green lace in artificiall order,
The wrinkled bark of th' Acorn-tree doth border,
And with his arms th' Oak's slender twigs entwining,
A many branches in one tissue joyning;
Frames a loose Jacquet, whose light nimble quaking
Wagg'd by the winds, is like the wanton shaking
Of golden spangles, that in stately pride
Dance on the tresses of a Noble Bride.
But, while that *Adam* (waxen diligent)
Wearies his limbs for mutuall nourishment:
While craggy Mountains, Rocks, and thorny Plains,
And bristly Woods be witnesse of his pains:
Eve, walking forth about the Forrests, gathers
Speights', *Parrots'*, *Peacocks'*, *Estrich'* scatt'red feathers,
And then with wax the smaller plumes she sears,
And sows the greater with long white-Horse hairs,
(For they as yet did serve her in the stead
Of Hemp, and Towe, and Flax, and Silk and Threed)
And thereof makes a medly coat so rare
That it resembles *Nature's* Mantle faire;
When in the Sun, in Pomp all glistering,
She seems with smiles to woo the gawdy Spring.
When (by stolen moments) this she had contriv'd,
Leaping for joy, her cheerfull looks reviv'd,
Sh' admires her cunning; and incontinent
Sayes on her selfe her manly ornament;
And then through path-lesse paths she runs apace,
To meet her Husband comming from the Chase.

Sweet-heart, quoth she (and then she kisseth him)
My Love, my Life, my Blisse, my Joy, my Gem,
My soule's dear Soule, take in good part (I pre-thee)
This pretty Present that I gladly-give thee.
Thanks my dear All (quoth *Adam* then) for this,
And with three kisses he requites her kisse.
Then on he puts his painted garment new,
And Peacock-like himselfe doth often view,
Eve's industry in making a garment for her husband.
Looks on his shadow, and in proud amaze
Admires the hand that had the Art to cause
So many severall parts to meet in one,
To fashion thus the quaint Mandilion.
But, when the Winter's keener breath began
To crystallize the *Baltike* Ocean,
To glaze the Lakes, and bridle-up the Flouds,
And perriwig with wool the balde-pate Woods;
Our Grand-sire, shrinking, 'gan to shake and shiver,
His teeth to chatter, and his beard to quiver.
Spying therefore a flock of Muttons cõming
(Whose freez-clad bodies feele not Winter's numming)
He takes the fairest, and he knocks it down:
Then by good hap, finding upon the Down
A sharpe great fish-bone (which long time before
The roaring Floud had cast upon the shore)
Their winter sutes.
He cuts the throat, flayes it, and spreads the fell,
Then dries it, pares it, and he scrapes it well;
Then cloathes his wife therewith; & of such Hides
Slops, Hats, and Doublets for himselfe provides.
Their lodging and first building.
A vaulted Rock, a hollow Tree, a Cave,
Were the first buildings that them shelter gave;
But, finding th' one to be too-moist a hold,
Th' other too-narrow, th' other over-cold;
Like Carpenters, within a Wood they choose
Sixteen fair Trees that never leaves doe loose,
Whose equall front in *quadran* form prospected,
As if of purpose Nature them erected;
Their shady boughs first bow they tenderly,
Then enterbraid, and 'binde them curiously;
That one would think that had this Arbor seen,
'T had been true seeling painted-over green.
After this triall, better yet to fence
Their tender flesh from th' ayrie violence,
A building somewhat more exact.
Upon the top of their fit-forkéd stems,
They lay a-crosse bare Oaken boughs for beams
(Such as disperséd in the Woods they finde,
Torn-off in tempests by the stormy winde)
Then these again with leavie boughs they load,
So covering close their sorry cold abode;
And then they ply from th' eaves unto the ground,
With mud-mixt Reed to wall their mansion round,
All save a hole to th' Eastward situate,
Where straight they clap a hurdle for a gate;
(Instead of hinges hangéd on a With)
Which with a sleight both shuts and openeth.
The invention of fire.
Yet fire they lackt: but lo, the winds, that whistle
Amid the Groves, so oft the *Laurell* justle
Against the *Mulbery*, that their angry claps
Do kindle fire, that burnes the neighbour Cops.

When *Adam* saw a ruddy vapour rise
In glowing streame; astund with feare he flyes,
It follows him, untill a naked Plain
The greedy fury of the flame restraine:
Then back he turns, and comming somwhat nigher
The kindled shrubs, perceiving that the fire
Dries his dank Cloathes, his colour doth refresh,
And un-benums his sinnews and his flesh;
By th' unburnt end, a good big brand he takes,
And hying home a fire he quickly makes,
And still maintaines it, till the starry *Twins'*
Celestiall breath another fire begins.
But Winter being comn again, it griev'd him,
T' have lost so fondly what so much reliev'd him;
Trying a thousand wayes, sith now no more
The justling Trees his damage would restore.
How the first man invented fire for the use of himselfe and his posterity.
While (else-where musing) one day he sate down
Upon a steep Rock's craggy-forkéd crown,
A foaming beast come toward him he spies,
Within whose head stood burning coals for eyes;
Then suddenly with boysterous armes he throwes
A knobby flint, that hummeth as he goes;
Hence flies the beast, th' ill-aimed flint-shaft grounding
Against the rock, and on it oft rebounding,
Shivers to cinders, whence there issuéd
Small sparks of fire no sooner born then dead.
This happy chance made *Adam* leap for glee;
And quickly calling his cold company,
In his left hand a shining flint he locks,
Which with another in his right he knocks
So up and down, that from the coldest stone
At every stroke small fiery sparkles shone.
Then with the dry leaves of a withered Bay
The which together handsomly they lay,
They take the faling fire which like a Sun
Shines cleer and smoak-lesse in the leaf begun.
Eve, kneeling down, with hand her head sustaining,
And on the low ground with her elbow leaning,
Blows with her mouth: & with her gentle blowing
Stirs up the heat, that from the dry leaves glowing
Kindles the Reed, and then that hollow kix
First fires the small, and they the greater sticks.
And now, Man-kind with fruitfull Race began
Beginning of Families.
A little corner of the World to Man;
First *Cain* is born, to tillage all addicted,
The severall occupations of *Abel* and *Cain*.
Then *Abel*, most to keeping flocks affected.
Abel, desirous still at hand to keep
His Milk and Cheese, unwildes the gentle Sheep
To make a flock; that when it tame became
For guard and guide should have a Dog and Ram.
Cain, more ambitious, gives but little ease
To 's boystrous limbs: and seeing that the Pease,
And other Pulse, Beans, Lentils, Lupins, Rice,
Burnt in the Copses as not held in price;
Some grains he gathers: and with busie toyl,
A-part he sows them in a better soyl;
Which first he rids of stones, and thorns, and weeds,
Then buries there his dying-living seeds.

By the next Harvest, finding that his pain
On this small plot was not ingrately vain ;
To break more ground, that bigger Crop may bring
Without so often weary labouring,
He tames a Heyfer, and on either side,
On either horn a three-fold twist he ty'd
Of Ofiar twigs, and for a Plough he got
The horn or tooth of some Rhinocerot.

Their Sacrifice.

Now, th' one in Cattle, th' other rich in grain,
On two steep Mountains build they Altars twain ;
Where (humbly-sacred) th' one with zealous cr
Cleaves bright *Olympus'* starry Canopy :
With fained lips, the other loud-resounded
Heart-wanting Hymns, on self-deserving founded :
Each on his Altar offereth to the Lord
The best that either flocks, or fields afford.

God regardeth *Abel* and his sacrifice, and rejecteth *Cain* and his : whereat *Cain* envieth, and finally kils his brother ; whose bloud God revengeth.

Rein-searching God, thought-sounding Judge, that tries
The will and heart more then the work and guise,
Accepts good *Abel's* gift : but hates the other
Profane oblation of his furious brother ;
Who feeling, deep th' effects of God's displeasure,
Raves, frets, and fumes, & murmurs out of measure.
What boots it, *Cain*, O wretch ! what boots it thee
T' have opened first the fruitfull womb (quoth he)
Of the first mother ; and first born the rather
T' have honour'd *Adam* first with name of Father ?
Unfortunate, what boots thee to be wealthy,
Wise, active, valiant, strongly-limb'd, and healthy,
If this weak Girl-boy, in man's shape disguis'd,
To Heav'n and Earth be dear, and thou despis'd ?
What boots it thee, for others night and day
In painfull toyl to wear thyselfe away :
And (more for others then thine own reliefe)
To have deviséd of all Arts the chiefe ;
If this dull Infant, of thy labour nurst,
Shall reap the glory of thy deeds (accurst) ?
Nay, rather quickly rid thee of the fool,
Down with his climbing hill, and timely cool
This kindling flame : and that none over-crow thee,
Re-seise the right that Birth and Vertue owe-thee.
Ay in his minde this counsail he revolves,
And hundred times to act it he resolves,
And yet as oft relents ; stopt worthily
By the pain's horror, and sin's tyranny.
But, one day drawing with dissembléd love
His harm-lesse brother far into a Grove
Upon the verdue of whose Virgin-boughs
Bird had not percht, nor never Beast did brouz ;
With both his hands he takes a stone so huge,
That in our Age three men could hardly bouge,
And just upon his tender brother's crown,
With all his might he cruell casts it down.
The murdered face lies printed in the mud,
And loud for vengeance cryes the martyr'd bloud :
The batt'red brains fly in the murd'rer's face.
The Sun, to shun this tragick sight a pace,
Turns back his Teem : the amazéd fratricide
Doth all the *Furies'* scourging whips abide :
Externall terrors, and th' internall Worm
A thousand kinds of living deaths doe form :
All day he hides him, wanders all the night,
Flies his own friends, of his own shade affright :
Scarr'd with a leaf, and starting at a Sparrow,
And all the World seems for his fear too-narrow.

By reason of the multiplying of Mankinde, the children of Adam begin to build houses for their commodity and retreat.

But for his Children, born by three and three,
Produce him Nephews that still multiply
With new increase ; who yer their age be rife
Becom great-Grand-sires in their Grand-sires' life ;
Staying at length, he chose him out a dwelling,
For woods, and floods, and ayr, and soyl excelling.
One fels down Firs, another of the same
With crosséd Poles a little lodge doth frame :
Another mounds it with dry wals about
(And leaves a breach for passage in and out)
With Turf and Furse : some others yet more gross
Their homely Sties in stead of wals inclose :
Some (like the Swallow) mud and hay do mix,
And that about their silly Cotes they fix :
Som make their roofs with fearn, or reeds, or rushes
And some with hides, with oase, with boughs, and bushes.

Cain thinking to find some quiet for the tempests of his conscience begins to fortifie and build a Towne.

He that still fearfull, seeketh still defence,
Shortly this Hamlet to a Town augments.
For, with keen Coulter having bounded (witty)
The foure-fac't Rampire of his simple City ;
With stones soon gathered on the neighbour strand
And clayie mortar ready there at hand,
Well trod and tempered, he immures his Fort,
A stately Tower erecting on the Port ;
Which awes his owne, and threats his enemies ;
Securing som-what his pale tyrranies.
O Tigre ! think'st thou (hellish fratricide)
Because with stone-heaps thou art fortifi'd,
Prince of some Peasants trainéd in thy tillage,
And silly Kingling of a simple Village ;
Think'st thou to scape the storm of vẽgeance dread,
That hangs already o'r thy hatefull head ?
No : wert thou (wretch) incampéd at thy will
On strongest top of any steepest Hill :
Wert thou immur'd in triple brazen Wall,
Having for ayd all Creatures in this All :
If skin and heart, of steel and yron were,
Thy pain thou couldst not, less avoid thy fear
Which chils thy bones, and runs through all thy veins,
Racking thy soule with twenty thousand pains.

Supposeth to secure himselfe by the strength and swiftnesse of a horse which he begins to tame.

Cain (as they say) by this deep fear disturbed ;
The first of all th' untamed Courser curbed ;
That while about on other's feet he run
With dusty speed he might his Death's-man shun.
Among a hundred brave, light, lusty Horses
(With curious eye marking their comly forces)
He chooseth one for his industrious proof,
With round, high, hollow, smooth, brown, jetty hoof.

Description of a gallant horse.

With Pasterns short, upright (but yet in mean)
Dry sinnewy shanks ; strong, flesh-less knees, & lean :
With Hart-like legs, broad brest, & large behinde,
With body large, smooth flanks, and double-chin'd :

A crested neck bow'd like a halfe bent Bow,
Whereon a long, thin, curléd mane doth flow ;
A firm full tail, touching the lowly ground,
With dock between two fair fat buttocks drownd ;
A prickéd ear, that rests as little space,
As his light foot ; a lean, bare bonny face ;
Thin joule, and head but of a middle size ;
Full, lively-flaming, quickly-rowling eyes ;
Great foaming mouth, hot-fuming nostrill wide ;
Of Chest-nut hair, his fore-head starrifi'd ;
Three milky feet, a feather on his brest ;
Whom seven-years-old at the next grass he ghest.

The manner how to back to break, and to make a good horse.

This goodly Jennet gently first he wins,
And then to back him actively begins ;
Steady and streight he sits, turning his sight
Still to the fore-part of his Palfrey light.
The chaféd Horse, such thrall ill-suffering,
Begins to snuff and snort, and leap, and fling ;
And flying swift, his fearfull Rider makes
Like some unskilfull Lad that undertakes

Simile.

To hold some ship's helm, while the head-long tyde
Carries away the Vessell and her Guide ;
Who neer devouréd in the jaws of Death,
Pale, fearfull, shivering, faint and out of breath,
A thousand times (with Heav'n-erected eyes)
Repents him of so bold an interprise.
But, sitting fast, lesse hurt then fearéd ; *Cain*
Boldens himself and his brave Beast again :
Brings him to pase, from pasing to the trot,
From trot to gallop : after runs him hot
In full career : and at his courage smiles ;
And sitting still to run so many miles.

The ready speed of a swift horse presented to the Reader in a pleasant & lively description.

His pase is fair and free ; his trot as light
As Tigre's course ; as Swallow's nimble flight :
And his brave gallop seems as swift to goe
As *Biscan* Darts, or Shafts from *Russian* bowe :
But, roaring Canon, from his smoaking throat,
Never so speedy spews the thundring shot
(That in an Army mowes whole squadrons down,
And batters Bulwarks of a sommon'd Town)
As this light Horse scuds, if he do not feel
His bridle slack, and in his side the heel :
Shunning himself, his sinnewy strength he stretches ;
Flying the earth, the flying ayre he catches,
Born whirl-winde-like : hee makes the trampled ground
Shrink under him, and shake with doubling sound :
And when the sight no more pursue him may,
In fieldy clouds he vanisheth it away.

Good horsemanship.

The wise-wext Rider, not esteeming best
To take too much now of his lusty Beast,
Restraines his fury : then with learnéd wand
The triple Corvet makes him understand :
With skilfull voyce he gently cheers his pride,
And on his neck his flattering palm doth slide :
He stops him steady, still new breath to take,
And in the same path brings him softly back.
But th' angry Steed, rising and reaning proudly,
Striking the stones, stamping and neighing loudly,
Cals for the Combat ; plunges, leaps and prounces,
Befoams the path, with sparkling eyes he glaunces ;
Champs on his burnisht bit, and gloriously
His nimble fetlocks lifteth belly-high ;
All side-long jaunts, on eyther side he justles,
And's waving Crest courageously he bristles,
Making the gazers glad on every side
To give more room unto his portly Pride.

The countenance, pride & port of a courageous horse, when he is chafed.

Cain gently stroaks him, and now sure in seat,
Ambitiously seeks still some fresher feat
To be more famous ; one while trots the Ring,
Another while he doth him backward bring,
Then of all foure he makes him lightly bound ;
And to each hand to manage rightly round ;
To stoop, to stop, to caper, and to swim,
To dance, to leap, to hold-up any lim :
And all, so done, with time-grace-ordered skill,
As both had but one body and one will.

The dexterity of a skilfull Rider.

Th' one for his Art no little glory gains :
Th' other through practice by degrees attains
Grace in his gallop, in his pase agility,
Lightnesse of head, and in his stop facility ;
Strength in his leap, and stedfast managings,
Aptnes in all, and in his course new wings.
The Use of horses thus discoveréd,
Each to his worke more cheerly setteléd,
Each plies his trade, and travels for his age,
Following the paths of painfull *Tubal* sage.

The invention of yron.

While through a Forrest *Tubal* (with his *Yron*
And ready quiver) did a Boar pursue ;
A burning Mountain from his fiery vain
An yron River rowls along the Plain :
The witty Huntsman, musing, thither hies,
And of the wonder deeply 'gan devise,
And first perceiving, that this scalding mettle,
Becomming cold, in any shape would settle,
And grow so hard, that with his sharpned side
The firmest substance it would soon divide ;
He casts a hundred plots, and yer he parts
He moulds the ground-work of a hundred Arts :

Comparison.

Like as a hound, that (following loose, behinde
His pensive Master) a quick Hare doth finde ;
Leaves whom he loves, upon the sent doth ply,
Figs to and fro, and fals in cheerfull cry ;
And with up-lifted head, and nostrill wide
Winding his game, snuffs-up the winde, his guide :
A hundred wayes he measures Vale and Hill :
Ears, eyes, nor nose, nor foot, nor tail are still,
Till in her hot Form he have found the prey
That he so long hath sought for every way.

Casting of the first instruments of yron.

For, now the way to thousand works reveal'd,
Which long shall live maugre the rage of Eld :
In two square creases of unequall sises
To turn to yron streamlings he devises ;
Cold, takes them thence : then off the dross he rakes,
And this a Hammer, that an Anvill makes :
And, adding tongs to these two instruments,
He stores his house with yron implements :

As forks, rakes, hatchets, plough-shares, coultars, staples,
Bolts, hinges, hooks, nails, whittls, spaoks, & grappls;
And grown more cunning, hollow things he formeth,
He hatcheth files, & winding vices wormeth;
He shapeth sheers, and then a Saw indents,
Then beats a Blade, and then a Lock invents.

The excellent uses & commodities of yron.

Happy device! we might as well want all
The Elements, as this hard minerall.
This, to the Plough-man for great uses serves:
This, for the Builder, Wood and Marble carves:
This arms our bodies against adverse force:
This cloathes our backs: this rules th' unruly horse:
This makes us dry-shod dance in *Neptune's* Hall:
This brightens gold; this conquers self and all;
Fift Element, of Instruments the haft;
The Tool of Tools, & Hand of Handy-Craft.

While (compast round with smoaking *Cyclops* rude,
Half-naked *Bronts*, and *Sterops* swarthy-hewd,
All well-neer weary) sweating *Tubal* stands,
Hastning the hot work in their sounding hands;

Invention of Musick.

No time lost *Jubal:* th' un-full Harmony
Of uneven Hammers, beating diversly,
Wakens the tunes that his sweet numbery soule
Yer birth (some think) learn'd of the warbling *Pole*.
Thereon he harps, and ponders in his minde,
And glad and fain some Instrument would finde
That in accord those discords might renew,
And th' yron Anvil's rattling sound ensew
And iterate the beating Hammer's noyse
In milder notes, and with a sweeter voyce.

Invention of the Lute and other Instruments.

It chanc't, that passing by a Pond, he found
An open *Tortoise* lying on the ground,
Within the which there nothing else remained
Save three dry sinnews on the shell stiff-strained:
This empty house *Jubal* doth gladly bear,
Strikes on those strings, and lends attentive ear;
And by this mould frames the melodious Lute,
That makes wood hearken, & the winds be mute,
The Hils to dance, the Heav'ns to re-trograde,
Lions be tame, and tempests quickly vade.
His Art, still wexing, sweetly marrieth
His quavering fingers to his warbling breath:
More little tongues to's charm-care Lute he brings,
More Instruments he makes: no Eccho rings
'Mid rocky concaves of the babbling vales,
And bubbling Rivers rowl'd with gentle gales,
But wiery *Cymbals*, *Rebecks* sinnews twin'd,
Sweet *Virginals*, and *Cornets* curled winde.

While *Cain* and his children are busie for the world, *Adam* & his other sons exercise themselves in piety and justice, and in searching the godly secrets of Nature.

But *Adam* guides through paths but seldom gone,
His other Sons to *Vertue's* sacred Throne:
And chiefly *Seth* (set in good *Abel's* place)
Staff of his age, and glory of his race:
Him he instructeth in the wayes of *Veritie*,
To worship God in spirit and sinceritie:
To honor Parents with a reverent aw,
To train his children in religious law:
To love his friends, his Country to defend,
And helpfull hands to all mankinde to lend:
To know Heav'n's course, and how their constant swaies
Divide the year in months, the months in dayes:
What Star brings Winter, what is Summer's guide;
What signe foul Weather, what doth fair betide;
What Creature's kinde, and what is curst to us;
What Plant is wholesome, and what venemous.
No sooner he his lessons can commence,
But *Seth* hath hit the White of his intents;
Draws rule from rule, and of his short collations
In a short time a perfect Art he fashions.
The more he knows, the more he craves; fuell
Kils not a fire, but kindles it more cruell.

Seth questions his father concerning the state of the world from the Beginning to the End.

While on a day by a cleer Brook they travell,
Whose gurgling streams frizado'd on the gravell,
He thus bespake: If that I did not see
The zeal (dear Father) that you bear to mee,
How still you watch me with your carefull ein,
How still your voyce with prudent discipline
My Prentice ear doth oft reverberate;
I should misdoubt to seem importunate;
And should content me to have learnéd, how
The Lord the Heav'ns about this *All* did bow;
What things have hot, and what have cold effect;
And how my life and manners to direct.
But your milde Love my studious heart advances
To ask you further of the various chances
Of future times: what off-spring spreading wide
Shall fill this World: What shall the World betide;
How long to last: What Magistrates, what Kings
With *Justice'* Mace shall govern mortall things?

Adam's answer.

Son (quoth the Sire) our thought's eternall eye
Things past and present may by means descry;
But not the future, if by speciall grace
It read it not in th' *One-Trine's* glorious face.
Thou then, that (only) things to come dost know,
Not by Heav'n's course, nor ghesse of things below,
Nor coupled points, nor flight of fatall Birds,
Nor trembling tripes of sacrificéd Heards;
But by a clear and certaine prescience,
As *Seer* and *Agent* of all accidents:
With whom at once the three-fold times do fly,
And but a moment lasts Eternity;
O God behold me, that I may behold
Thy Crystall face: O *Sun*, reflect thy gold
On my pale *Moon;* that now my veiléd eyes,
Earth-ward eclipst, may shine unto the skies:
Ravish me, Lord, O (my soule's life) revive
My spirit a-space, that I may see (alive)
Heav'n yer I dy: and make me now (good Lord)
The eccho of thy all-celestiall Word.

The power of God's spirit in his Prophets: and the difference between such, and the distracted frantike ministers of Satan.

With sacred fury suddenly he glowes,
Not like the Bedlam *Bacchanalian* froes,
Who, dancing, foaming, rowling furious-wise
Under their twinkling lids their torch-like eyes
With ghastly voyce, with visage grizly grim,
Tost by the Fiend that fiercely tortures them,
Bleaking and blushing, panting, shreeking, swouning,
With wrathlesse wounds their senselesse members wounding:

But as th' Imperial airy people's Prince,
With stately pinions soaring-hy from hence,
Cleaves through the clouds, & bravely-bold doth think
With his firm eye to make the Sun's eye wink:
So *Adam*, mounting on the burning wings
Of a *Seraphick* love, leaves earthly things,
Feeds on sweet Æther, cleaves the starry Sphears,
And on God's face his eyes he fixtly bears:
His brows seem brandisht with a Sun-like fire,
And his purg'd body seems a cubit higher.

Adam declares to his sonne in how many dayes the world was created.

Then thus began he: Th' ever-trembling field
Of scaly folk, the Arches starry siel'd,
Where th' All-Creator hath disposed well
The Sun and Moon by turns for Sentinell;
The clear cloud-bounding Air (the Camp assign'd
Where angry *Auster*, and the rough North-winde
Meeting in battell, throwe down to the soil
The woods that middling stand to part the broil);
The Diapry Mansions, where man-kind doth trade,
Were built in *Six Dayes:* & the Seav'nth was made
The sacred *Sabbath*. So, Sea, Earth, and Air,
And azure-gilded Heav'n's Pavilions fair,
Shall stand *Six dayes;* but longer diversly
Then the dayes bounded by the World's bright eye.

How many Ages it shall endure.
1. *Adam.*
2. *Noah.*
3. *Abraham.*

The *First* begins with me: the *Second's* morn
Is the first Ship-wright, who doth first adorn
The Hils with Vines: that Shepheard is the *Third*,
That after God through strange lands leads his Heard,
And, past man's reason, crediting God's word,
His onely Son slayes with a willing sword:

4. *David.*

The *Fourth's* another valiant Shephearding,
That for a Canon takes his silly sling,
And to a Scepter turns his Shepheard's staff,
Great Prince, great Prophet, Poet, Psalmograph:

5. *Zedechias.*

The *Fift* begins from that sad Prince's night
That sees his children murdred in his sight,
And on the banks of fruitfull *Euphrates*,
Poor *Juda* led in Captive heavinesse:

6. *Messias.*

Hopéd *Messias* shineth in the *Sixt;*
Who, mockt, beat, banisht, buried, cruci-fixt,
For our foule sins (still-selfly innocent)
Hath fully born the hatefull punishment:

7. *The eternall Sabbath.*

The *Last* shall be the very *Resting-day*,
Th' Air shall be mute, the Water's works shall stay;
The Earth her store, the Stars shall leave their measures,
The Sun his shine: and in eternall pleasures
We plung'd, in Heav'n shall ay solemnize, all,
Th' eternall *Sabbath's* end-lesse *Festivall.*

Considerations of *Adam* upon that which should befall his posterity, unto the end of the first World destroyed by the Flood: according to the relation of *Moses* in Genesis, in the 4, 5, 6, and 7 chapters.

Alas: what may I of that race presume
Next th' ireful Flame that shall this Frame consume,
Whose gut their god, whose lust their law shall be,
Who shall not hear of God, nor yet of me?
Sith those outrageous, that began their birth
On th' holy grounsill of sweet *Eden's* earth,
And (yet) the sound of Heav'n's drad Sentence hear,
And as ey-witnesse of mine Exile were,
Seem to despight God. Did it not suffize
(O lustfull Soule!) first to *polygamize?*
Suffiz'd it not (O *Lamech*) to distain
Thy Nuptiall bed? but that thou must ingrain
In thy *great-Grand-sire's Grand-sires* reeking gore
Thy cruell blade? respecting nought (before)
The prohibition and the threatning vow
Of him to whom infernall Powrs do bow:
Neither his Pasports sealéd Character
Set in the fore-head of the Murderer.
Courage, good *Enos:* re-advance the Standard
Of holy *Faith*, by humane reason slander'd,
And troden-down: Invoke th' immortall Powr;
Upon his Altar warm bloud-offrings pour:
His sacred nose perfume with pleasing vapour,
And teend again *Truth's* neer-extinguisht Taper.
Thy pupil *Henoch*, selfly dying wholly,
(Earth's ornament) to God he liveth solely.
Lo, how he labours to endure the light
Which in th' *Arch-essence* shineth glorious-bright:
How rapt from sense, and free from fleshly lets,
Somtimes he climbs the sacred Cabinets
Of the divine *Ideas* everlasting,
Having for wings, *Faith*, fervent *Prayer* & *Fasting:*
How at somtimes, though clad in earthly clod,
He (sacred) sees, feels, all enjoyes in God:
How at somtimes mounting from form to form,
In form of God he happy doth transform.
Lo, how th' All-fair, as burning all in love
With his rare beauties, not content above
T' have half, but all, and ever; sets the stairs
That lead from hence to Heav'n his chosen heirs:
Lo, how he climbeth the Supernall stories.
Adieu, dear *Henoch:* in eternall glories
Dwel there with God: thy body chang'd in quality
Of Spirit or Angel, puts-on immortality:
Thine eyes already (now no longer eyes:
But new bright stars) do brandish in the skyes:
Thou drinkest deep of the celestiall wine:
Thy *Sabbath's* end-lesse: without vail (in fine)
Thou seest God face to face; and neer unite
To th' ONE-TRINE *God*, thou liv'st in th' Infinite.
But here the while (new Angel) thou dost leave
Fell wicked folk, whose hands are apt to reave,
Whose Scorpion tongues delight in sowing strife,
Whose guts are gulfs, incestious all their life.
O strange to be beleev'd! the blesséd Race,
The sacred Flock, whom God by speciall grace
Adopts for his, ev'n they (alas!) most shame-lesse
Do follow sin, most beastly-brute and tame-lesse,
With lustfull eyes choosing for wanton Spouses
Men's wicked daughters; mingling so the houses
Of *Seth* and *Cain:* preferring foolishly
Frail beautie's blaze to vertuous modesty.
From these profane, foul, cursséd kisses sprung
A cruell brood, feeding on bloud and wrong;
Fell Gyants strange, of haughty hand and minde,
Plagues of the World, and scourges of Mankinde.
Then, righteous God (tho ever prone to pardon)
Seeing his mildnesse but their malice harden,

List pleade no longer, but resolves the Fall
Of man forth-with, and (for Man's sake) of all:
Of all (at least) the living creatures gliding
Along the Aire, or on the Earth abiding.
  Heav'n's chrystall windows with one hand he opes,
Whence on the World a thousand Seas he drops:
With th' other hand he gripes and wringeth forth
The spungy Globe of th' execrable Earth,
So straightly prest, that it doth straight restore
All liquid floods that it had drunk before:
In every Rock new Rivers doe begin,
And to his ayd the snowes come tumbling in:
The Pines and Cedars have but boughs to show,
The shores do shrink, the swelling waters grow.
Alas! so many Nephews lose I here
Amid these deeps, that, but for Mountains neer,
Upon the rising of whose ridges lofty,
They lusty climb on every side for safety,
I should be seed-lesse: but (alas!) the Water
Swallows those Hils, and all this wide Theater
Is all one Pond. O Children, whither fly-you?
Alas! Heav'n's wrath pursues you to destroy-you:
The stormy Waters strangely rage and roar,
Rivers and Seas have all one common shore;
(To wit) a sable, water-loaden Sky,
Ready to rain new Oceans instantly.
  O Son-lesse Father! O too fruitfull hanches!
O wretched root! O hurtfull, hatefull branches!
O gulfs unknown! O dungeons deep and black!
O World's decay! O Universall wrack!
O Heav'ns! O Seas! O Earth (now Earth no more)
O Flesh! O Bloud! Here, sorrow stopt the door
Of his sad voyce; and, almost dead for wo,
The prophetizing spirit forsook him so.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

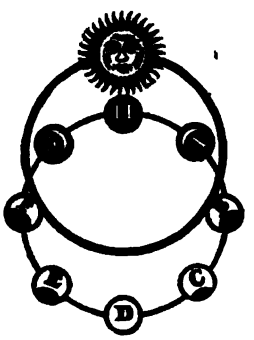
Line 3, '*Cates*' = food, viands.
,, 4, '*silly*' = simple. So in lines 365 and 667.
,, 12, '*Imp*'—see Glossarial Index for full illustration of this.
,, 13, '*re-blewest*' = re-blue-est—noticeable coinage.
,, 49, '*bi-front*' = Janus-faced—or double.
,, 54, '*Italian Priest*' = Pope—so Shakespeare 'no Italian priest shall tithe or toll.' (King John III. 1.)
,, 81, '*Turneis*' = tourneys, tournaments.
,, 109, '*Checkers*' = variegated cross lines.
,, 141, '*Cynthia's brother*' = the sun.
,, 143, '*Clip*' = clasp, embrace.
,, 157, '*Speights*' = the black wood-pecker.
,, 158, '*sears*' = scorches.
,, 169, '*Sayes*' = assays, tries on.
,, 183, '*Mandilion*' = a kind of long jacket—from Italian mandiglione.
,, 186-7—this is the couplet by which Dryden wickedly travestied Sylvester. See our Memorial-Introduction on it.
,, 190, '*Muttons*' = sheep. This word has been transferred now to Australian sheep-runs and the Southern Republics of S. America.
,, 196, '*fell*' = skin.
,, 199, '*Slops*' = trousers (wide).
,, 206, '*quadran*' = arranged in squares.
,, 224, '*With*' = willow twig—see Glossarial Index for anecdote of Sir Walter Scott.
,, 231, '*astund*' = astounded.
Line 243, '*fondly*' = foolishly.
,, 270, '*Kix*' = kex.
,, 277, '*unwildes*' = tames.
,, 334, '*verdue*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 337, '*bouge*' = budge.
,, 353, '*Nephews*'—see Glossarial Index for full note.
,, 367, '*oase*' = oose.
,, 374, '*immures*' = walls. So in line 386.
,, 375, '*Port*' = gate.
,, 505, '*Figs*'—see Glossarial Index for full note.
,, 521, '*spaoks*' = spokes.
,, 537, '*Bronts*,' ib. '*Sterops*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* for parallel from Ben Jonson.
,, 542, '*numbery*' = musical, harmonious.
,, 559, '*vade*' = vanish.
,, 560, '*wexing*' = growing, increasing.
,, 585, '*White*' = target-centre.
,, 591, '*frizado'd*' = crisped, curled.
,, 614, '*coupled points*'—see Glossarial Index.
,, 629, '*froes*' = frows, drunken furies.
,, 634, '*Bleaking*' = growing pale or blanched. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 643, '*fixtly*' = fixedly, stedfastly.
,, 654, '*Diapry*' = flowery or figured.
,, 667, '*Canon*' = cannon.
,, 669, '*Psalmograph*'—noticeable coinage.
,, 689, '*grounsill*' = threshold.
,, 707, '*teend*' = kindled.
,, 712, '*lets*' = hindrances.
,, 778, '*hanches*' = haunches, *i.e.* thighs.—G.

NOAH.

THE
SECOND DAY
OF THE
SECOND WEEKE.

Containing,

I. The Ark,
II. Babylon,
III. The Colonies,
IV. The Columnes.



Acceptam refero.

The Ark.

THE FIRST PART

OF THE

SECOND DAY OF

THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Noah *prepares the* Ark : *and thither brings*
(*With him*) *a Seed-pair of all living things :*
His exercise a-ship-board : Atheist Cham
His holy Father's humble Zeal doth blame ;
And diversly impugns God's Providence :
Noah *refels his faith-lesse arguments :*
The Flood *surceast : The* Ark *landed :* Blood *forbid :*
The Rain-bow *bent ; what is prefigurèd :*
Wine drowneth Wit : Cham *scoffs the Nakednesse*
Of's sleeping Sire : the Map of Drunkennesse.

A Preamble, wherein by a modest complaint the Poet stirs up the Reader's attention, and makes himselfe way to the invocation of the Name of God.

IF now no more my sacred rimes distill
With Art-lesse ease from my dis-custom'd quill :
If now the *Laurell*, that but lately shaded
My beating Temples, be dis-leav'd and vaded :
And if now banisht from the learnéd Fount,
And cast down head-long from the lofty Mount
Where sweet *Urania* sitteth to endite,
Mine humbled *Muse* flag in a lowly flight ;
Blame these sad Times' ingratefull cruelty,
My houshold cares, my health's infirmity,
My drooping sorrows for (late) grievous losses,
My busie suits, and other bitter crosses.
Lo, they 're the clogs that weigh down heavily
My best endeavours, whilom soaring high :
My harvest's hail : the pricking thorns and weeds
That in my soule choak those diviner seeds.
O gracious God ! remove my great incumbers,
Kindle again my faith's ne'er-dying embers :
Asswage thine anger (for thine own Son's merit)
And from me (Lord) take not thy Holy Spirit :
Comb, gild, and polish, more then ever yet,
This latter issue of my labouring wit :
And let not me be like the winde that proudly
Begins at first to roar and murmur loudly
Against the next hils, over-turns the woods,
With furious tempests tumbles-up the floods,
And (fiercely-fell) with stormy puffs constrains
The sparkling flints to roul about the Plains ;
But flying, faints ; and every league it goes,
One nimble feather of his wing doth lose :
But rather like a River poorly-breeding
In barren Rocks, thence drop by drop proceeding :
Which, toward the sea, the more he flees his source,
Wᵗʰ growing streams strengthens his gliding course :
Rowls, roars, & foams, raging with rest-less motion,
And proudly scorns the greatenesse of the Ocean.
THE DOOMS of *Adam* lackt not long effect :
For th' angry Heav'ns (that can without respect
Of persons, plague the stubborn Reprobate)
In Waters buried th' *Universall state :*
And never more the nimble painted Legions
With hardy wings had cleft the ayrie Regions :
We all had perisht, and the Earth in vain
Had brought such store of fruits, and grasse, & grain,
If *Lamech's* Son (by new-found Art directed)
That huge vaste Vessell had not first erected ;
Which (sacred refuge) kept the parent-pairs
Of all things moving in the Earth and Airs.
Now, while the World's-re-colonizing Boat
Doth on the waters over Mountains float,
Noe passeth not, with tales and idle play,
The tedious length of dayes and nights away :

The comming of the Flood and building of the Ark.

Noah's exercises aboord the Ark.

But as the Summer sweet-distilling drops
Upon the medows' thirsty yawning chops,
Re-greens the Greens, & doth the Flowrs re-flowr,
All scorcht and burnt with *Auster's* parching powr:
So, the care-charming hony that distils
From his wise lips, his house with comfort fils,
Flatters despair, dryes tears, calms inward smarts,
And re-advanceth sorrow-daunted hearts.
Cheer ye, my Children: God doth now retire
These murdering Seas, which the revenging ire
Of his strict *Justice'* holy indignation
Hath brought upon this wicked generation;
Arming a season, to destroy Mankinde,
The angry Heav'ns, the Water and the Winde:
As, soon again his gracious *Mercy* will
Clear cloudy Heav'ns, calm Winds and Waters still.
His wrath and mercy follow turn by turn;
That (like the lightning) doth not lightly burn
Long in a place, and this from age to age
Hides with her wings the faithfull heritage.
Our gracious God makes scant weight of displeasure,
And spreads his mercy without weight or measure:
Somtimes he strikes us (to especiall ends)
Upon our selves, our children, or our friends,
In soule or body, goods, or else good names,
But soon he casts his rods in burning flames:
Not with the fist, but finger he doth beat-us;
Nor doth he thrill so oft as he doth threat-us;
And (prudent Steward) gives his faithfull Bees
Wine of his wrath, to rebell Drones the Lees.
And thus the deeds of Heav'n's just-gentle King,
The Second World's good Patriarch did sing.

Cham, full of impiety, is brought in, answering his Father, and diversly impugning the wisedome and irreprehensible providence of God Almighty and all-mercifull: and the humble and religious zeal of *Noah*.

But, brutish *Cham*, that in his brest accurst
The secret roots of sinfull *Atheisme* nurst;
Wishing already to dis-throne th' *Eternall*,
And selfe-usurp the Majesty supernall:
And to himself, by name of *Jupiter*,
On *Africk* sands a sumptuous *Temple* rear:
With bended brows, with stout and stern aspect,
In scornful tearms his Father thus be-checkt:
O! how it grieves me, that these servile terrors
(The scourge of Cowards, and base vulgars errors)
Have ta'en such deep root in your feeble brest!
Why, Father, alwayes selfly thus deprest?
Will you thus alwayes make your self a drudge,
Fearing the fury of a fainéd Judge?
And will you alwayes forge your self a Censor
That weighs your words, and doth your silence censure?
A sly controuler, that doth count your hairs,
That in his hand your heart's keys ever bears,
Records your sighs, and all your thoughts descries,
And all your sins present and past espies?
A barbarous Butcher, that with bloudy knife
Threats night and day your grievous-guilty life?
O! see you not the superstitious heat
Of this blinde zeale doth in your minde beget
A thousand errors? light credulity
Doth drive you still to each extremity,
Faining a God (with thousand storms opprest)
Fainter then Women, fiercer then a Beast.
Who (tender-hearted) weeps at others' weeping,
Wails others' woes, and at the onely peeping
Of others' bloud, in sudden swoun deceases,
In manly brest a woman's heart possesses:
And who (remorse-lesse) lets at any season,
The stormy tide of rage transport his reason,
And thunders threats of horror and mis-hap,
Hides a Bear's heart under a humane shape.
Yet, of your God, you one-while thus pretend;
He melts in tears, if that your finger's end
But ake a-while: anon, he frets, hee frowns,
He burns, he brains, he kils, he dams, he drowns.
The wildest Boar doth but one Wood destroy,
A cruell Tyrant but one Land annoy;
And yet this God's outrageous tyranny
Spoyls all the World, his onely Empery.
O goodly *Justice!* one or two of us
Have sinn'd, perhaps, and mov'd his anger thus;
All bear the pain, yea even the Innocent
Poor Birds and Beasts incurre the punishment.
No, Father no: ('t is folly to infer it)
God is no varying, light, inconstant spirit,
Full of revenge, and wrath, and moody hate:
Nor savage fell, nor sudden passionate,
Nor such as will for some small fault undoo
This goodly World, and his owne nature too.
All wandring clouds, all humid exhalations,
All Seas (which Heav'n through many generations
Hath hoorded up) with self's-weight enter-crusht,
Now all at once upon the earth have rusht:
And th' end-lesse, thin ayre (which by secret quils
Had lost it selfe within the winds-but hils'
Dark hollow Caves, and in that gloomy hold
To ycie Crystall turnéd by the cold)
Now swiftly surging towards Heav'n again,
Hath not alone drown'd all the lowly Plain,
But in few dayes with raging *Floods* o'r-flown
The top-lesse Cedars of Mount *Lebanon*.

Answers of *Noah* to all the blasphemies of *Cham*, and his fellow-Atheists.

Then, with just grief the godly Father gall'd,
A deep, sad sigh from his heart's Centre hal'd,
And thus reply'd: O false, rebellious *Cham;*
Mine age's sorrow, and my house's shame;
Through self-conceipt contemning th' Holy Ghost,
Thy sense is baend, thine understanding lost:
And O I fear (Lord, falsifie my fear)
The heavie hand of the high Thunderer
Shall light on thee; and thou (I doubt) shalt be
His furie's object, and shalt testifie
By thine infamous life's accurséd state,
What now thy shame-lesse lips sophisticate.

Answer 1. God is infinite, immutable, almighty and incomprehensible:

I (God be prais'd) know that the perfect CIRCLE
Whose Center 's every-where, of all his circle
Exceeds the circuit; I conceive aright
Th' Almighty-most to be most infinite:
That th' onely ESSENCE feels not in his minde
The furious tempests of fell passion's winde:

That moveless, all he moves: that with one thought
He can build Heav'n, and, builded, bring to nought:
That his high Throne 's inclos'd in glorious Fire
Past our approach: that our faint soule doth tire,
Our spirit growes spright-lesse, when it seeks by sense
To sound his infinite Omni-potence.
I surely know the Cherubins doe hover
With flaming wings his starry face to cover.
None sees the *Great*, th' *Almighty*, *Holy*-ONE,
But passing by, and by the back alone.
To us, his Essence is in-explicable,
Wondrous his Wayes, his Name un-utterable;
So that concerning his high Majesty
Our feeble tongues speak but improperly.
For, if we call him strong, the praise is small:
If blessèd spirit, so are his Angels all:
If Great of greats, hee 's void of quantity:
If good, faire, holy, he wants quality;
Sith in his *Essence* fully excellent,
All is pure substance, free from accident.
Therefore our voyce, too-faint in such a subject
T' ensue our soule, and our weak soule her object,
Doth alwayes stammer; so that ever when
'T would make God's name redoubted among men
(In humane phraze) it cals him pitifull,
Repentant, jealous, fierce, and angerfull.
Yet is not God by this repentance, thus,
Of ignorance and error taxt, like us:
His jealous hatred doth not make him curious,
His pittie wretched, nor his anger furious;
Th' immortall Spirit is ever calmly-cleer:
And all the best that feeble man doth hear,
With vehemence of some hot passion driv'n;
That, with ripe judgement, doth the King of heav'n.
Shall a Physician comfortably-bold,
Fear-lesse, and tear-lesse, constantly behold
His sickly friend vext with exceeding pain,
And feel his pulse and give him health again?
And shall not th' *Ever-selfe-resembling* God
Look down from Heav'n upon a wretched clod,
Without he weep, and melt for grief and anguish;
Nor cure his creature, but himselfe must languish?
And shall a Judge, self-anger-lesse, prefer
To shamefull death the strange adulterer;
As onely looking fixtly all the time
Not on the sinner, but the sinfull crime?
And shall not then th' Eternall *Justicer*
Condemne the Atheist and the Murderer,
Without self's-fury? O! shall *Justice* then
Be blam'd in God, and magnifi'd in men?
Or shall his sacred Will, and soveraign Might
Be chayn'd so fast to man's frail appetite,
That filthy sin he cannot freely hate,
But wrathfull Rage him selfly cruciate?
God's sacred vengeance, serves not for defence
Of his own *Essence* from our violence
(For in the Heavn's, above all reach of ours
He dwels immur'd in diamantine Towrs);

So that men cannot speak of Him but improperly.

Why we cannot speake of God but after the manner of men.

Answer 2. The Repentance and the change which the Scripture attributeth to God, is far from Error and Defect.

Two comparisons explaining the same.

Answer 3. Justice being a vertue in Man, cannot be a vice in God.

Answer 4. God doth not punish Offenders for defence of his owne Estate: but

But, to direct our lives, and laws maintain,
Guard Innocence, and Injury restrain.
Th' Almighty past not mean, when he subverted
Neer all the world from holy paths departed.
For *Adam's* Trunk (of both-our Worlds the Tree)
In two faire branches forking fruitfully,
Of *Cain* and *Seth*; the first brought forth a sute
Of bitter, wilde, and most detested fruit:
Th' other, first rich in goodnesse, afterward
With those base Scions beeing graft, was marr'd:
And so producéd execrable clusters
Worthy so wicked and incestuous lusters:
And then (alas!) what was there to be found
Pure, just, or good, in all this Earthly Round?
Cain's Line possest sin, as an heritage;
Seth's as a dowry got by mariage:
So that (alas!) among all humane-kinde
Those Mongrell kisses marr'd the purest minde.
And we (even we, that have escapéd here
This cruell wrack) within our conscience bear
A thousand Records of a thousand things
Convincing us before the King of kings;
Whereof not one (for all our self-affection)
We can defend with any just objection.
God playd no Tyrant, choaking with the floods
The earthly bands and all the ayrie broods:
For, sith they liv'd but for man's service sole,
Man, raz'd for sin out of the *Living Roule*,
Those wondrous tools, and organs excellent,
Their Work-man reft, remain'd impertinent.
Man's onely head of all that draweth breath.
Who lacks a member, yet persevereth
To live (we see): but, members cut away
From their owne head, do by and by decay.
Nor was God cruell, when he drown'd the Earth:
For, sithence man had from his very birth
Rebell'd against him; was 't not equity,
That, for his fault, his house should utterly
Be rent and raz'd? that salt should there be sow'n,
That in the ruines (for instruction)
We for a time might read and understand
The righteous vengeance of Heav'n's wrathfull hand,
That wrought this *Deluge*: and no hoorded waves
Of ayrie clouds or under-Earthly caves?
If all blew Curtains mixt of ayre and water,
Round over-spreading this wide All-Theater,
To some one Climate all at once should flie,
One Countrey they might drown undoubtedly:
But our great Galley having gone so far,
So many months, in sight of either *Star*,
From Pole to Pole through sundry Climats whurl'd,
Showes that this *Floud* hath drownéd all the world.
Now *non-plust*, if to re-inforce thy Camp,
Thou fly for succour to thine Ayrie Damp:
Show, in the concave of what Mountains steep
We may imagine Dens sufficient deep
For so much Air as gushing out in Fountains,
Should hide the proud tops of the highest Mountains;

to maintain vertue and confound vice.

Answer 5. The iniquitie of the World deserved extreme punishment.

Answer 6. When all are generally depraved, all merit to be destroyed.

Answer 7. The least imperfect passe condemnation, even then when they are most lively chastised.

Answer 8. God destroying the workman, doth no wrong to the Tools, if he break, and batter them with their Master.

Answer 9. A Traytor deserves to have his house razed to the ground.

Answer 10. The Flood was no naturall accident, but a most just judgement of God.

Answer 11. The waters of the Flood sprung not from a naturall motion onely, but proceeded from other then naturall Causes which cannot produce such effects.

Sith a whole tun of ayre scarce yeelds (in triall)
Water enough to fill one little Viall.
And what should then betide those empty spaces?
What should succeed in the forsaken places
Of th' ayre's thin parts (in swift springs shrinking thence)
Sith there 's no void in th' Al-circúiference?

Answer 12. The consideration of the power of God in subjecting the Creatures to *Noah*: in sustaining and feeding them so long in the *Ark* (which was as a sepulchre) confuteth all the objections of Atheists.

Whence (wilt thou say) then comes this raging Flood,
That over-flows the windy *Ryphean* Wood,
Mount Libanus, and enviously aspires
To quench the light of the celestiall fires?
Whence (shall I say) then, whence-from comes it, *Cham*,
That Wolves, and Panthers wexing meek & tame,
Leaving the horrour of their shady home,
Adjourn'd by Heav'n did in my presence come,
Who holding subject under my command
So many creatures humbled at my hand,
Am now restor'd to th' honour and estate
Whence *Adam* fell through sin and Satan's hate?
Whence doth it come, or by what reason is 't,
That unmann'd Haggards to mine empty fist
Come without call? Whence comes it, that so little
Fresh water, fodder, meal and other victuall,
Should serve so long so many a greedy-gut
As in the dark-holds of this *Ark* is shut?
That here the Partridge doth not dread the Hauk?
Nor fearfull Hare the spotted Tiger baulk?
That all these storms our Vessell have not broak?
That all this while we doe not joyntly choak
With noysom breath, and excrementall stink
Of such a common and continuall sink?
And that our selves, 'mid all these deaths, are sav'd
From these All-Seas, where all the rest are Grav'd?

Answer 13. The *Ark* full of Miracles, which confound the wits, and stop the monthes of profane wranglers.

In all the compasse of our floating Inns,
Are not so many planks, and boords and pins,
As wonders strange, and miracles, that ground
Man's wrangling Reason and his Wits confound:
And God, no lesse his mighty power displayd
When he restor'd, then when the World he made.
O sacred Patron! pacifie thine ire,
Bring home our Hulk: these angry floods retire;
A-live and dead, let us perceive and prove
Thy wrath on others, on our selves thy love.
Thus *Noah* sweetens his Captivity,
Beguiles the time, and charms his misery,

God causeth the Flood to cease.

Hoping in God alone: who, in the Mountains
Now stopping close the veins of all the Fountains,
Shutting Heav'n's sluces, causing th' ayr (controul'd)
Close-up his Channels, and his Seas with-hold,
Cals forth the windes. O Heav'n's fresh fans, quoth he,
Earth's sweeping brooms, O Forrests' enmity,
O you my Heralds and my Harbengers,
My nimble Postes and speedy Messengers,
Mine arms, my sinnews, and mine Eagles swift
That through the ayre my rowling Chariot lift,
When from my mouth in my just-kindled ire
Fly Sulph'ry fumes, and hot consuming fire;
When with my Lightning Scepter's dreadfull wonder
I muster horror, darknesse, clouds and thunder:
Wake, rise, and run, and drink these waters dry,
That hils and dales have hidden from the sky.

The *Ark* resteth on the Mountain *Ararat* in *Armenia*.

Th' *Æolian* Crowd obeys his mighty call,
The surly surges of the Waters fall,
The Sea retreateth: and the sacred *Keel*
Lands on a Hill, at whose proud feet doth kneel
A thousand Hils, his lofty horn adoring
That cleaves the clouds, the starry welkin goaring.

What *Noah* did before he went forth.

Then hope-cheer'd *Noah*, first of all (for scout)
Sends forth the Crow, who flutters neer-about;
And finding yet no landing place at all,
Returns a-boord to his great admirall.
Some few dayes after from the window flies
The harm-lesse Dove for new discoveries:
But seeing yet no shore, she (almost tyr'd)
A-boord the Carrack back again retir'd.
But yer the Sun had seav'n Heav'n-Circuits rode;
To view the World a-fresh she flyes abroad;
And brings aboord (at evening in her bill)
An Olive branch with water pearléd still.
O happy pressage! O deer pledge of love!
O wel-com news! behold the peacefull Dove
Brings in her beak the Peace-branch, boading weal
And truce with God; who by his sacred seal
Kindly confirms his holy Covenant,
That first in fight the Tiger rage shall want,
Lions be cowards, Hares courageous,
Yer he be false in word or deed to us.
O sacred Olive! firstling of the fruits,
Health-boading branch, be it thy tender roots
Have livéd still, while this strange *Deluge* lasted,
I doe rejoyce it hath not all things wasted:
Or be it, since the Ebb, thou newly spring,
Prays'd be the bounty of th' immortall King
That quickens thus these dead, the World induing
With beauty fresh so suddenly renewing.

He expecteth God's commandement to goe forth: Whereby, at the first he was shut up in the *Ark*.

Thus *Noah* spake: And though the World 'gan lift
Most of his Iles above the water's drift:
Though wexen old in his long weary night,
He see a friendly Sun to brandish bright:
Though choak't with ill ayre in his stinking stall,
Hee 'l not a-shore till God be pleas'd with-all;
And till (devout) from Heav'n he understand
Some Oracle to licence him to land.
But warn'd by Heav'n, he commeth from his Cave,
(Or rather from a foule infectious Grave)
With *Sem*, *Cham*, *Japheth*, and their twice-two Brides,
And thousand pairs of living things besides,
Unclean and clean: for th' holy *Patriarch*
Had of all kinds incloséd in the *Ark*.
But, here I hear th' ungodly (that for fear
Late whispered softly in each others' ear,
With silent murmurs muttering secretly)
Now trumpet thus their filthy blasphemie;

New objection of Atheists, concerning the capacitie of the *Ark*.

Who will beleeve (but shallow brainéd Sheep)
That such a Ship scarce thirty Cubits deep,

Thrice fifty long, and but once fifty large,
So many months could bear so great a charge?
Sith the proud Horse, the rough-skinn'd Elephant,
The lusty Bull, the Camell water-want,
And the Rhinocerot, would, with their fodder,
Fill-up a Hulk far deeper, longer, broader?

Answer.

O profane mockers! if I but exclude
Out of this Vessell a vast multitude
Of since-born mongrels, that derive their birth
From monstrous medly of *Venerian* mirth:
Fantastick Mules, and spotted Leopards,
Of incest-heat ingendred afterwards:
So many sorts of Dogs, of Cocks, and Doves,
Since, dayly sprung from strange & mingled loves,
Wherein from time to time in various sort,
Dedalian Nature seems her to disport:
If plainer, yet I prove you space by space,
And foot by foot, that all this ample place,
By subtill judgement made and *Symmetrie*,
Might lodge so many creatures handsomely,
Sith every brace was *Geometricall:*
Nought resteth (*Momes*) for your reply at all;
If, who dispute with God, may be content
To take for current, Reason's argument.

An un-answerable answer to all profane objections.

But here t'admire th' Almightie's powrfull hand
I rather love, and silence to command
To Man's discourse: what he hath said, is done:
For, evermore his word and deed are one.
By his sole arm, the *Gallion's* Masters saw
Themselves safe rescu'd from death's yawning jaw;
And offers up to him in zealous wise,
The Peace-full sent of sweet burnt-sacrifice;
And sends withall above the starry Pole
These wingéd sighes from a religious soule;
World-shaking Father, Winds' King, calming-Seas;
With milde aspect behold us; Lord appease
Thine Anger's tempest, and to safety bring
The planks escapt from this sad Perishing:
And bound for ever in their ancient Caves
These stormy Seas' deep World-devouring waves.

Commandements, prohibitions, & Promises of God to *Noak* and his posterity.

Increase (quoth God) and quickly multiply,
And fill the World with fruitfull Progeny;
Resume your Scepter, and with new beheasts
Bridle again the late-revolted Beasts,
Re-exercise your wonted rule again,
It is your office over them to reign:
Deer Children, use them all: take, kill, and eate:
But yet abstain, and do not take for meat
Their ruddy soule: and leave (O sacred seed!)
To rav'ning Fowls, of strangled flesh to feed.
I, I am holy: be you holy then,
I deeply hate all cruell bloudy men:
Therefore defile not in your brother's bloud
Your guilty hands; refraine from cruell mood:
Fly homicide: doe not in any case,
In man, mine Image brutishly deface:
The cruell man a cruell death shall taste;
And bloud with bloud be vengéd first or last
For evermore upon, the murderer's head
My roaring storms of fury shall be shed.

The Rainbow given for a pledge of the promise, that there shall be no more generall Floud.

From hence-forth, fear no second *Floud* that shall
Cover the whole face of this earthly Ball:
I assure ye no; no, no, I swear to you
(And who hath ever found mine Oath untrue?)
Again, I swear by my thrice-sacred *Name:*
And to confirme it in the Clouds I frame
This coloured Bow. When then some tempest black
Shall threat againe the fearfull World to wrack,
When water loaden-Heav'ns your Hils shall touch,
When th' air w^th^ midnight shal your noon be-pitch,
Your cheerfull looks up to this Rain-bow cast:
For, though the same on moystfull Clouds be plac't,
Though hemm'd w^th^ showrs, & though it seem to sup
(To drown the world) all th' oceans' waters up,
Yet shall it (when you seem in danger sink)
Make you, of me; me, of my promise, think.

Description of the Rain-bow.

Noak looks-up, and in the Aire he views
A semi-Circle of an hundred hews:
Which, bright ascending toward th' ethereall
Hath a line drawn between two *Orisons.*
For just *Diameter:* an even-bent bow
Contriv'd of three; whereof the one doth show
To be all painted of a golden hew,
The second green, the third an orient blew;
Yet so, that in this pure blew-golden-green
Still (*Opal*-like) some changeable is seem.
A bow bright-shining in th' Arch-Archer's hand,
Whose subtill string seems levell with the Land,
Half-parting Heav'n; and over us it bends,
Within two Seas wetting his hornéd ends;
A temporall beauty of the lampfull skies
Where powrfull Nature shews her freshest Dies.

What it signifieth.

And if you onely blew and red perceive,
The same as signes of Sea, and Fire conceive,
Of both the flowing and the flaming *Doom,*
The *Judgement* past, and *Judgement* yet to come.

Noak fals to Husbandry, & tils the Earth, as he had done before the Flood.

Then having call'd on God, our second Father
Suffers not sloth his arms together gather,
But fals to work, and wisely now renew'th
The Trade he learn'd to practise in his youth.
For, the proud issue of that Tyrant rude
That first his hand in brother's bloud imbru'd,
As scorning Ploughs, and hating harmlesse tillage,
And (wantons) prising lesse the homely village,
With fields and woods, then th' idle Cities' shades;
Imbraced Laws, Scepters, and Arts, and Trades.
But *Seth's* Sons, knowing Nature soberly
Content with little, fell to Husbandry,
Thereto reducing, with industrious care,
The Flocks and Droves cover'd with wool & hair;
As praise-full gain, and profit void of strife,
Art nurse of Arts, and very life of life.
So the bright honour of the Heav'nly Tapers
Had scarcely boxed all th' Earth's dropsie vapours,
When he that sav'd the store-seed-World from wrack,
Began to delve his fruitfull Mother's back,

And there soon-after planteth heedfully
The brittle branches of the *Nectar*-tree.
He plants a Vine. For, 'mong the pebbles of a pretty hill
To the warm Sun's eye lying open still,
He sets in furrows or in shallow trenches
The crooked Vine's choyse scyons, shoots, and branches:
In March he delves them, re-re-delves, and dresses:
Cuts, props, and proins; & God his work so blesses,
That in the third *September* for his meed
The plenteous Vintage doth his hopes exceed.
He is overtaken with Wine. Then *Noah*, willing to beguile the rage
Of bitter griefs that vext his feeble age,
To see with mud so many roofs o'er-grown,
And him left almost in the World alone;
One-day a little from his strictnesse shrunk,
And making merry, drinking, over-drunk:
And, silly, thinking in that hony-gall
To drown his woes, he drowns his wits and all.
Description of a drunken-man. His head growes giddy, and his foot indents,
A mighty fume his troubled brain torments,
His idle prattle from the purpose quite,
Is abrupt, stuttering, all-confus'd, and light:
His wine-stuft stomack wrung with wind he feels:
His trembling Tent all topsie turvie wheels:
At last, not able on his legs to stand,
More like a foule Swine then a sober Man,
Oppress with sleep, he wallowes on the ground
His shame-lesse snorting trunk, so deeply drown'd
In self-oblivion, that he did not hide
Those parts that *Cæsar* covered when he died.
Fit Comparisons to set forth the nature and property of Slanderers, and Detracters, imitating *Cham*. Ev'n as the Rav'ns with windy wings o'er-fly
The weeping Woods of *Happy Araby*,
Despise sweet Gardens and delicious Bowrs
Perfuming Heav'n with odoriferous flowres,
And greedy, light upon the loathsome quarters
Of some late *Lopes*, or such *Romish* Martyrs:
Or as a young, unskilfull Painter raw,
Doth carelesly the fairest features draw
In any face, and yet too neerly marks,
Th' unpleasing blemish of deformèd marks;
As lips too great, or hollownesse of eyes,
Or sinking nose, or such indecencies:
Even so th' ungodly Sons of Leasing's Father,
With black Oblivion's sponge ingrately smother
Faire Vertue's draughts, and cast despightfully
On the least sins the venom of the eye,
Frump others' faults, and trumpet in all ages
The lightest trips of greatest Personages:
Like scoffing *Cham* that impudently view'd
His Father's shame, and most profanely-lew'd
With scornfull laughter (grace-lesse) thus began
To infamize the poor old drunken man.

His speech to his Brethren, seeing his Father's nakednesse. Come (brethren) come, come quickly and behold
This pure controuler that so oft contrould
Us without cause: see how his bed he soyls:
See, how the wine (his master) now recoyls
By 's mouth, and eyes, and nose: and brutely so
To all that come his naked shame doth show.
Ah shame-less beast (both brethren him reprov'd,
Both chiding thus, both with just anger mov'd)
Unnaturall villain, monster pestilent,
Unworthy to behold the firmament;
Their discreet behaviour. Where (absent we) thou ought'st have hid before
With thine owne Cloak, but with thy silence more,
Thy Father's shame, whom age, strong wine, and grief,
Have made to fall, but once in all his life;
Thou barkest first, and sporting at the matter
Proclaim'st his fault on Infamie's Theater.
And saying this (turning their sight a-side)
Their hoary Father's nakednesse they hide.
Noah awaked, curseth *Cham* & his posterity: and blesseth *Sem* and *Japheth* and their issue. When wine had wrought, this good old-man awook,
Agniz'd his crime, ashaméd, wonder-strook
At strength of wine, & toucht with true repentance,
W^th^ Prophet-mouth 'gan thus his Son's fore-sentence:
Curst be thou *Cham*, and curst be (for thy scorn)
Thy darling *Canaan*: let the pearly Morn,
The radiant *Noon*, and rheumy *Evening* see
Thy neck still yoakéd with Captivity.
God be with *Sem*: and let his gracious speed
Spread-wide my *Japheth's* fruitfull-swarming seed.
An execration of Drunkennes, described with its shamefull, dangerous, and detestable effects. Error, no error, but a wilfull badnesse:
O foule defect! O short, O dangerous madnesse!
That in thy rage, dost harm-lesse *Clytus* smother
By his dear friend; *Penthæus* by his mother.
Phrenzie, that makes the vaunter insolent;
The talk-full, blab; cruell, the violent:
The fornicator, wex adulterous;
Th' adulterer, become incestuous:
With thy plague's leaven swelling all our crimes;
Blinde, shame-less, sense-less, quenching oftentimes
The soule within it selfe: and oft defames
The holyest men with execrable blames.
And as the Must, beginning to re-boyl,
Makes his new vessel's wooden bands re-coyl,
Lifts-up his lees, and spews with humane vent
From his Tub's ground his scummy excrement:
So ruin'st thou thine hoast, and foolishly
From his heart's bottom driv'st all secrecie.
But, had'st thou never done (O filthy poyson!)
More mischief here, but thus bereft of reason
This Vertue's Module (rather Vertue's best)
We ought thee more then Death it self detest.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 4, '*Cham*'=Ham: l. 7, '*refels*'=confutes: l. 15, '*vaded*'—see Glossarial Index for illustrations of vaded and faded: l. 25, '*whilom*'=formerly: l. 91, '*thrill*'=pierce: l. 105, '*vulgars*'=the multitude—a curious plural: l. 109, '*fained*'=fancied, imaginary: l. 139, '*Empery*'=empire: l. 155, '*winds-but*'—see Glossarial Index for full note: l. 167, '*baend*'=baned: l. 237, '*immur'd*'=walled: *ib.* '*diamantine*'=adamantine: l. 259, '*Convincing*'=convicting: l. 273, '*sithence*'=since, elongated: l. 307, '*wexing*'=waxing, growing. See line 392: l. 315, '*Haggards*'=hawks untrained: l. 369, '*Carrack*'=great ship—from the Spanish: l. 431, '*Momes*'=blockheads, fools: l. 523, '*boxed*'=packed away: l. 527, '*Nectar-tree*'=vine. See ll. 528-531: l. 533, '*proins*'=prunes: l. 555, '*Cæsar covered*'—see Glossarial Index for full note: l. 568, '*Leasing's*'=lies: l. 572, '*Frump*'=insult: l. 597, '*Agniz'd*'=confessed: l. 599, '*fore-sentence*'=prophetically sentenced.—G.

Babylon.

THE SECOND PART OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE II. WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Th' Antithesis *of Blest and cursèd States,*
Subject to Good and Evill Magistrates:
Nimrod *vsurps: His prow's-full Policy,*
To gain himselfe the Goal of Soveraignty:
BABEL *begun: To stop such out-rages,*
There God confounds *the builders'* Languages:
Tongues excellent: the Hebrew, *First and Best:*
Then Greek *and* Latin: *and (above the rest)*
Th' Arabian, Toscan, Spanish, French, *and* Dutch,
And Ours, *are honour'd by our Author much.*

A preface, representing the felicity and happy estate of Common-weals governed by good and prudent Princes: and the misery of those that live in subjection unto Tyrants: which the Poet very fitly proposeth as his introduction to the life and manners of *Nimrod.*

O Happy people, where Good Princes raigne,
Who tender publike more then private gain!
Who (vertu's patrons, and the plagues of vice)
Hate Parasites, and hearken to the wise:
Who (self-commanders) rather sin suppresse
By self-examples, then by rigorousnesse:
Whose inward-humble, outward Majesty
With Subjects' love is guarded loyally:
Who Idol-not their pearly Scepters' glory,
But know themselves set on a lofty story
For all the World to see and censure too:
So not their lust, but what is just they do.
But, 'tis a hell, in hatefull vassallage,
Under a Tyrant to consume one's age':
A self-shav'n *Dennis*, or a *Nero* fell,
Whose cursèd Courts with bloud and incest swell:
An Owle that flies the light of Parliaments
And State-assemblies; jealous of the intents
Of private tongues; who (for a pastime) sets
His Peers at oddes; and on their fury whets:
Who neither faith, honour, nor right respects:
Who every day new Officers erects:
Who brooks no learnéd, wise, nor valiant subjects,
But daily crops such vice-upbraiding objects,
Who (worse then Beasts, or savage monsters been)
Spares neither mother, brother, kiff, nor kin:
Who, though round-fenc't with guard of armèd Knights
A-many moe he fears, then he affrights:
Who taxes strange extorts; and (Caniball)
Gnawes to the bones his wretched Subjects all.
Print (O Heav'n's King!) in our King's heart a zeal,
First, of thy lawes; then of their publick weal:
And if our Countrie's now-*Po*-poysoned phrase,
Or now-contagion of corrupted dayes
Leave any tract of *Nimrodising* there;
O! cancell it, that they may every where,
In stead of *Babel*, build *Jerusalem;*
That loud my *Muse* may eccho under them.
YER *Nimrod* had attain'd to twice six years,
He tyranniz'd among his strippling-peers,
Out-stript his equals, and in happy houre,
Layd the foundations of his after-pow'r;
And, bearing reeds for Scepters, first he raigns
In Prentice-Princedome over Sheep-heard Swains.
Then, knowing well, that whoso ayms (illuster)
At fancied bliss of Empire's awfull lustre;
In valiant acts must passe the Vulgar sort,
Or Mask (at least) in lovely Vertue's Port:
He spends not night on beds of down or feathers,
Nor day in tents, but hardens to all weathers,
His youthfull limbs: and takes ambitiously
A Rock for Pillow, Heav'n for Canapey:

A Prayer fitted to the former discourse, and giving entry to that which followeth.

Nimrod's exercises and essayes to make himselfe Master of the rest.

In stead of softlings jests, and jollities,
He joyes in Jousts, and manly exercise:
His dainty cates, a fat Kid's trembling flesh,
Scarce fully slain, luke-warm and bleeding fresh.

Perseverance in painfull and laborious exercises of *Nimrod* growne gracious with the people.

Then with one breath, he striveth to attain,
A Mountain's top, that over-peers the Plain;
Against the stream to cleave the rowling ridges
Of Nymph-strong floods, that have born down their bridges,
Running unrein'd w^th^ swift-rebounding sallies,
A-crosse the rocks within the narrow vallies;
To overtake the dart himselfe did throwe,
And in plain course to catch the Hinde or Roe.
But when five lustres of his age expir'd,
Feeling his stomach and his strength aspir'd
To worthier wars, perceiv'd he any-where,
Boar, Leopard, Lyon, Tiger, Ounse, or Beare,
Him dread-lesse combats; and in combat foyls,
And rears high Tropheis of his bloudy spoyls.
The people, seeing by his war-like deed
From theeves and robbers every passage freed;
From hideous yels, the Desarts round about;
From fear, their flocks; this monster-master stout,
This *Hercules*, this hammer-ill, they tender,
And call him (all) their Father and Defender.

He abandons his first petty Chase, and hunteth wilier for a more precious Prey.

Then *Nimrod* (snatching Fortune by the tresses)
Strikes the hot steel; sues, sooths, importunes, presses
Now these, then those, and (hastning his good Hap)
Leaves hunting Beasts, and hunteth Men to trap.
For, like as he, in former quests did use
Cals, pit-fals, toyls, sprenges, and baits and glews:
And (in the end) against the wilder game,
Clubs, darts, & shafts, & swords, their rage to tame:
So, some he wins with promise-full intreats,
With presents some, & some with rougher threats:
And boldly (breaking bounds of equity)
Usurps thè Child-World's maiden Monarchy;
Whereas before each kindred had for guide
Their proper Chief, yer that the youthfull pride
Of upstart State, ambitious, boyling fickle,
Did thrust (as now) in others' corn his sickle.

Tyrannicall rule of *Nimrod* & his proud enterprize.

In-throniz'd thus, this Tyrant 'gan devise
To perpetrate a thousand cruelties,
Pel-mel subverting for his appetite
God's, Man's, and Nature's triple sacred Right.
He braves th' Almighty, lifting to his nose
His flowring Scepter: and for fear he lose
The people's aw; who (idle) in the end
Might slip their yoke; he subtle makes them spend,
Drawes dry their wealth, and busies them to build
A lofty Towr, or rather *Atlas* wilde.
W' have liv'd (quoth he) too-long like pilgrim Grooms:
Leave we these rowling tents, & wandring rooms:
Let's raise a Palace, whose proud front and feet
With Heav'n and Hell may in an instant meet;
A sure *Asylum* and a safe retrait,
If th' irefull storm of yet-more Floods should threat:
Let 's found a City, and, united there,
Under a King let 's lead our lives; for fear
Lest sever'd thus, in Princes and in Tents,
We be disperst o'r all the Regiments,
That in his course the daye's bright Champion eyes,
Might-lesse our selves to succour, or advise.
But, if the fire of some intestine war,
Or other mischief should divide us far,
Brethren (at least) let's leave memorials
Of our great names on these cloud-neighbouring wals.

A comparison, shewing lively the efficacy of the attempts of Tyrants, the Rods of God's righteous vengeance upon ungodly people.

Now, as a spark, that Shepheards (unespi'd)
Have faln by chance upon a forrest side,
Among dry leaves; a-while in secret shrowds,
Lifting a-loft small, smoaky-waving clouds,
Till fanned by the fawning windes it blushes,
With angry rage; and rising through the bushes,
Climbs fragrant Hauthorns, thence the Oak, & then
The Pine and Firre, that bridge the Ocean:
It still gets ground, and (running) doth augment
And never leaves till all neer Woods be brent:
So, this sweet speech (first broacht by certain Minions)
Is soon applauded 'mong the light opinions;
And by degrees from hand to hand renu'd,
To all the base confuséd multitude;
Who, longing now to see this Castle rear'd,
Them night and day, in diff'ring crafts bestirr'd.

Lively Description of the people occupied in some great businesse.

Some fall to felling with a thousand stroaks
Adventurous Alders, Ashes, long-liv'd Oaks;
Degrading Forrests, that the Sun might view
Fields that, before, his bright rayes never knew.
Ha' ye seen a Town expos'd to spoyl & slaughter
(At Victors' pleasure) where laments and laughter
Mixtly resound; some carry, some convey,
Some lug, some load; 'gainst Souldiers seeking Prey
No place is sure, and yer a day be done,
Out at her gate the ransack't Town doth run:
So (in a trice) these Carpenters dis-robe
Th' *Assyrian* hils of all their leafie robe,
Strip the steep Mountains of their ghastly shades,
And powle the broad Plains, of their branchy glades:
Carts, Sleds, and Mules, thick justling meet abroad,
And bending axles groan beneath their Load.
Here, for hard Cement, heap they night and day
The gummy slime of chalkie waters gray:
There, busie Kil-men ply their occupations
For brick and tyle: there for their firm foundations,
They dig to Hell; and damnéd Ghosts again
(Past hope) behold the Sun's bright glorious wain:
Their hammers' noyse, through Heav'n's rebounding brim,
Affrights the Fish that in fair *Tygris* swim.
These ruddy wals in height, and compasse grow;
They cast long shadows, and far-off do show;
All swarms with work-men, that (poor sots) surmise
Even the first day to touch the very skies.

God displeased with the audacious enterprise of *Nimrod* and his, resolveth to break their Designes by confounding their Language.

Which, God perceiving, bending wrathfull frowns,
And with a noyse that roaring thunder drowns;
'Mid cloudy fields, hils by the roots he rakes,
And th' unmov'd hinges of the Heav'ns he shakes.

See, see (quoth he) these dust-spawn, feeble dwarfs,
See their huge Castles, Wals, and Counter-scarfs:
O strength-full peece, impregnable! and sure
All my just anger's batt'ries to endure!
I swore to them, the fruitfull Earth, no more
Hence-forth should fear the raging Ocean's roar;
Yet build they Towrs: I will'd that scattered wide
They should go mann the World; and lo they bide
Self-prisoned here: I meant to be their Master,
My self alone, their Law, their Prince, and Pastor;
And they, for Lord a Tyrant fell have ta'en-them;
Who (to their cost) will roughly curb & rein-them;
Who scorns mine arm, & w^th these braving Towrs
Attempts to scale this Crystall Throne of Ours.
Come, come, let 's dash their drift; & sith combin'd
As well in voyce, as bloud, and law, and minde,
In ill they harden, and with language bold,
Incourage-on themselves their worke to hold,
Let's cast a let 'gainst their quick diligence;
Let's strike them straight with spirit of difference;
Let's all confound their speech: let's make the Brother,
The Sire, and Son, not understand each other.

Execution of God's decree.

This said, as soon confusedly did bound
Through all the worke I wot not what strange sound,
A jangling noyse; not much unlike the rumors
Of *Bacchus* Swains amid their drunken humors;
Some speak between the teeth, some in the nose,
Some in the throat their words doe all dispose,
Some howl, some halloo, some do stut and strain;
Each hath his gibb'rish, and all strive in vain
To finde again their know'n belovéd tongue,
That with their milk they suckt in cradle young.

A fit comparison.

Arise betimes, while th' *Opal*-colour'd Morn,
In golden pomp doth *May-daye's* door adorn:
And patient heare th' all-differing voyces sweet
Of painted Singers that in groves do greet
Their Love-*Bon-jours*, each in his phrase & fashion
From trembling Pearch uttering his earnest passion;
And so thou mayst conceit what mingle-mangle
Among this people every where did jangle.
Bring me (quoth one) a trowell, quickly, quick;
One brings him up a hammer: hew this brick
(Another bids) and then they cleave a Tree:
Make fast this rope, and then they let it flee:
One cals for planks, another mortar lacks;
They bear the first, a stone; the last, an ax:
One would have spikes, and him a spade they give:
Another asks a saw, and gets a sieve:
Thus crosly-crost, they prate and point in vaine;
What one hath made, another mars again:
Nigh breathlesse all, with their confuséd yawling,
In boot-lesse labour now begins appawling.

Another elegant comparison shewing that there is no counsell, no endevour, no diligence, no might nor multitude that can resist God.

In brief, as those, that in some channell deep,
Begin to build a Bridge with Arches steep,
Perceiving once (in thousand streams extending)
The course-chang'd River from the hils descending,
With watry Mountains bearing down their Bay,
As if it scorn'd such bondage to obey;
Abandon quickly all their work begun,
And here and there for swifter safety run:
These Masons so, seeing the storm arriv'd
Of God's just Wrath, all weak and heart-depriv'd,
Forsake their purpose, and, like frantick fools,
Scatter their stuffe, and tumble down their tools.

Discommodities proceeding from the confusion of Tongues.

O proud revolt! O traiterous felony!
See in what sort the Lord hath punisht thee
By this Confusion: Ah! that language sweet,
Sure bond of Cities, friendship's mastick meet,
Strong curb of anger yerst united, now
In thousand dry Brooks strays, I wot not how:
That rare-rich gold, that charm-grief fancy-mover,
That calm-rage heart's-thief, quel-pride conjure-lover:
That purest coyn, then current in each coast,
Now mingled, hath sound, weight, and colour lost,
'Tis counterfeit: and over every shore
The confus'd fall of *Babel* yet doth roar.
Then, *Finland*-folk might visit *Africa*,
The Spaniard *Inde*, and ours *America*,
Without a truch-man: now, the banks that bound
Our Towns about, our tongues doe also mound:
For who from home but halfe a furlong goes,
As dumb (alas!) his Reason's tool doth lose:
Or if we talk but with our neer confines,
We borrow mouthes, or else we worke by signes.
Un-toyld, un-tutord, sucking tender food,
We learn'd a language all men understood;
And (seav'n-years old) in glasse-dust did commence
To draw the round Earth's fair circumference;
To cipher well, and climbing Art by Art,
We reacht betimes that Castle's highest part,
Where th' *Encyclopedie* her darling crowns,
In signe of conquest, with etern renowns.
Now (ever-boys) we wex old while we seek
The Hebrew tongue, the Latin, and the Greek;
We can but babble, and for knowledge whole
Of Nature's secrets, and of th' *Essence* sole—
Which Essence gives to all,—we tire our minde
To vary Verbs, and finest words to finde:
Our letters and our syllables to weigh:
At Tutors' lips we hang with heads all gray,
Who teach us yet to read, and give us (raw)
An *A. B. C.* for great *Justinian's* law,
Hippocrates, or that *Diviner lore*
Where God appears to whom him right adore.

The Hebrew Tongue in all Mens mouthes before the confusion of Languages.

What shall I more say? Then, all spake the speech
Of God himself: th' old sacred *Idiom* rich,
Rich perfect language, where 's no point, nor signe,
But hides some rare deep mystery divine;
But since that pride, each people hath a-part
A bastard gibberish, harsh, and over-thwart;
Which dayly chang'd, and loosing light, wel-neer
Nothing retains of that first language cleer.

A conclusion tried whereby appeareth that children are naturally apt to learn to speak

The *Phrygians* once, and that renownéd Nation
Fed with fair *Nilus'* fruitfull inundation,
Longing to know their Language's priority,
Fondly impos'd the censuring authority

not able of themselves to speak without example.

To silly Judges, voyd of judging sense
(Dumb stammerers to treat of Eloquence)
To wit, two Infants nurst by Mothers dumb,
In silent Cels, where never noyse should come
Of charming humane voyce, to eccho there,
Till triple-twelve months full expiréd were.
Then brought before the *Memphians*, and the men
That dwell at *Zant*, the faint-breath'd children,
Cry often *Bek; Bek, Bek* is all the words
That their tongue forms, or their dumb mouth affords.
Then *Phrygians*, knowing, that in *Phrygian*
Bek meaneth bread, much to rejoyce began,
Glad that kinde Nature had now grac't them so,
To grant this Sentence on their side to go.
Fools which perceiv'd not, that the bleating flocks
Wch powl'd the neighbour Mountains' motly locks
Had taught this tearm, and that no tearms of *Rome*,
Greece, Egypt, England, France, Troy, Jewry, come,
Come born with us: but every Countrie's tongue
Is learnt by much use, and frequenting long.
Onely we have peculiar to our race,
Aptnesse to speak; as that same other grace
Which, richly-divers, makes us differ more
From dull, dumb wretches that in desarts roar.

Answer to the objection taken from the confused voyce of Beasts.

Now, that buls bellow (if that any say)
That Lyons roar, and sloathfull Asses bray,
Now low, now loud; and by such languages
Distinctly seem to shew their courages:
Those are not words, but bare expressions
Of violent fits of certain passions:
Confuséd signes of sorrow, or annoy,
Of hunger, thirst, of anger, love, or joy.

To another Objection, of the chirping of Birds.

And so I say of all the wingéd quiers,
Which mornly warble, on green trembling briers,
Ear-tickling tunes: for, though they seem to prattle
A-part by payrs, and three to three to tattle;
To winde their voyce a hundred thousand wayes,
In curious descant of a thousand layes:
T' have taught *Apollo*, in their School, his skill;
Their sounds want sense; their notes are word-lesse still:
Their song, repeated thousand times a-day,
As dumb discourse, flies in the Woods away.

Advantage of Man endued with Reason above the rest of the Creatures.

But onely Man can talke of his Creator,
Of Heav'n and Earth, and Fire, and Ayr, and Water,
Of Justice, Temperance, Wisedome, Fortitude,
In choice sweet tearms, that various sense include.
And not in one sole tongue his thoughts dis-sunder;

Josephus Scaliger, skilfull in thirteene Languages.

But like to *Scaliger*, our age's wonder,
The Learned's Sun: who eloquently can,
Speak Spanish, French, Italian, Nubian,
Dutch, Chaldee, Syriak, English, Arabik,
(Besides) the Persian, Hebrew, Latin, Greek.
O rich quick spirit! O wit's Chameleon!
Which any Author's colour can put on:
Great *Julius'* Son, and *Sylvius'* worthy brother,
Th' immortall grace of *Gascony*, their mother.

Answer to a third objection touching Parot-resembling Eccho, and speaking without speech.

And, as for Jayes, that in their wyerie gail
Can ask for victuals, and unvictual'd rail;
Who, daring us for eloquence's meed,
Can plain pronounce the holy Christian Creed,
Say the Lord's prayer, and oft repeat it all,
And name by name a good great houshold call:
Th' are like that voyce, which (by our voyce begot)
From hollow vale babbles it wots not what:
In vain the ayr they beat, it vainly cleaving,
And dumbly speak, their own speech not conceiving,
Deaf to themselves: for speech is nothing (sure)
But th' unseen soule's resounding portraiture:
And chiefly when 'tis short, sweet, painted-plain,
As it was all, yer that rough hunter's raign.

The Hebrew tongue the principall.

Now when I note, how th' Hebrew brevity,
Even with few words expresseth happily
Deepest conceits; and leads the hearing part
Through all the closets of the mazy heart:

First reason.

Better then Greek with her *Synonima's*
Fit *Epithets*, and fine *Metaphora's*,
Her apt Conjunctions, Tenses, Moods, and Cases,
And many other much esteeméd graces.

Second reason.

When I remember how the *Rabbins* fet
Out of the sacred Hebrew Alphabet
All that our faith beleeves, or eyes behold;
That in the Law the Arts are all inrold:
Whether (with curious pain) we doe transport
Her letters turn'd in many-various sort
(For, as in ciphering, th' onely transportation
Of figures, still varies their valuation:
So th' *Anagram* strengthens or slacks a name,
Giving a secret twist unto the same:)
Or whether we (even as in grosse) bestowing
The numbers, which, from one word's letters flowing,
Unfold a secret; and that word again
Another of like number doth contain:
Whether one letter for a word be put;
Or all a sentence in one word be shut:
As *Egypt's* silence sealéd-up (mysterious)
In one Character a long sentence serious.

Simile.

Third Reason.

When I observe, that from the *Indian* Dawning,
Even to our *Irish Ætna's* fiery yawning;
And from hot *Tambut*, to the Sea *Tartarian*,
Thou seest (O Sun!) no Nation so barbarian:
Nor ignorant in all the Lawes divine,
But yet retains some terms of *Palestine;*
Whose Elements (how-so disguis'd) draw-nigh
The sacred names of th' old Orthography.

Fourth reason.

When I considèr that God's ancient WILL
Was first enrowléd by an *Hebrew* quill:
That never *Vrim, Dream*, or *Vision* sung
Their Oracles, but all in *Isaak's* tongue;
That in the same, the Lord himselfe did draw
Upon two Tables his eternall Law:
And that (long since) in *Sion's* Languages,
His Heav'nly Postes brought down his messages.

Fifth reason.

And (to conclude) when I conceive, how then
They gave not idle, casuall names to men,
But such as (rich in sense) before the event,
Markt in their lives some speciall accident;

And yet, we see that all those words of old
Of Hebrew still the sound and sense do hold.
For *Adam* (meaneth) made of clay: his wife
Eva (translated) signifieth life:
Cain first begot, *Abel*, as vain, and *Seth*
Put in his place; and he that, underneath
The generall Deluge, saw the World distrest,
In true interpretation, soundeth Rest.
To th' Hebrew Tongue (how-ever *Greece* doe grudge)
The sacred right of Eldership I judge.

Praise of the Hebrew tongue, Mother and Queene of all the rest.

All hail, therefore, O sempiternall spring
Of spirituall pictures! speech of Heav'n's high King,
Mother and Mistresse of all Tongues the Prime;
Which (pure) hast past such vast deep gulfs of Time;
Which hast no word but weighs, whose Elements
Flow with hid sense, thy points with Sacraments.
O sacred *Dialect!* in thee the names
Of Men, Towns, Countries register their fames
In brief abridgements: and the names of Birds,
Of Water-guests, and Forrest-haunting Heards,
Are open Books where every man might read
Their nature's story; till th' Heav'n-shaker dread,
In his just wrath the flaming sword had set,
The passage into Paradise to let.

Adam gave Hebrew names to all the Creatures.

For, *Adam* then (in signe of mast'ry) giving
Peculiar names unto all creatures living,
When in a generall muster rangéd right,
They marcht by couples in his awfull sight,
He framed them so fit, that learnéd ears
Bearing the soule the sound, the marvails bears,
Wherewith th' All-forming voyce adornéd fair
Th' inhabitants of Sea, and Earth and Ayre.

He inriched the Language with the composition of Verbs and Clauses.

And, for each body acts, or suffers ought,
Having made Nouns, his Verbs he also wrought:
And then, the more t' inrich his speech, he brings
Small particles, which stand in lieu of strings,
The master members fitly to combine
(As two great boards, a little glew doth joyn)
And serve as plumes, which ever-dancing light
Deck the proud crests of helmets burnisht bright:
Frenges to mantles; ears, and rings to vessels:
To marble statues, bases, feet and tressels.

The Hebrew Tongue continued from *Adam* to the time of *Nimrod*: Since when it rested in the house of *Heber*, of whom it is called Hebrew.

This (*Adam's* language) pure persisted since,
Till th' yron Age of that cloud-climbing Prince;
Resounding onely, through all mortall tents,
The peer-lesse accents of rich eloquence;
But then (as partiall) it itself retir'd
To *Heber's* house: whether, of the conspir'd
Rebels, he were not; but in sober quiet,
Dwelt far from *Shinar*, and their furious ryot:
Or whether, thither by compulsion brought,
With secret sighes he oft his God besought,
So with unwilling hands helping to make
The wals he wisht deep sunk in *Stygian* Lake:

Simile.

As wretched Galley-slaves (beating the Seas
With forcéd oars, fighting against their ease
And liberty) curse in their grievéd spright,
Those, for whose sake they labour day and night;
Or whether else God's liberall hand for ever
(As it were) meeting holy men's indeavour,
For his owne sake, of his free grace and pleasure,
To th' Hebrew race deposited this treasure;
While the proud remnant of those scattered Masons
Had falsed it in hundred thousand fashions,
When every one, where fate him calléd, flew,
Bearing new words into his Countrey new.

A sub-division of the Languages first divided.

But slipp'ry Time, enviously wasting all,
Disfigur'd soon those Tongues authenticall,
Which 'mid the *Babel* builders' thunder, bred
On *Tigris'* banks, o're all the Earth were spread:
And, ay the world the more confus'd to leave,
The east of them in many Tongues did cleave.

Whereof proceed the sundry changes in one selfe same Language.

Each Language alters, either by occasion
Of trade, which (causing mutuall commutation
Of th' Earth's and Ocean wares) with hardy luck
Doth words for words barter, exchange and truck:
Or else, because Fame-thirsting wits, that toyl
In golden tearms to trick their gracious stile,
W^th^ new-found beauties pranck each circumstance
Or (at the least) doe new-coyn'd words inhance
With current freedome: and again restore
Th' old, rusty, mouldy, worm-gnawn words of yore.

Simile.

For, as in Forrests, leaves do fall and spring:
Even so the words, which whilom flourishing,
In sweet Orations shin'd with pleasing lustre
(Like snow-white Lillies in a fresh green pasture)
Passe now no more; but, banisht from the Court,
Dwell with disgrace among the Country sort:
And those, which Eld's strict doom did disallow,
And damn for bullion, go for current now.

The liberty of a witty, learned and judicious Writer.

A happy wit, with gratious judgement joyn'd,
May give a pasport to the words new-coyn'd
In his owne shop: also adopt the strange:
Ingraft the wilde: enriching, with such change
His powerfull stile; and with such sundry ammell
Painting his phrase, his Prose or Verse enammell.
One language hath no law but use: and still
Runs blinde, unbridled, at the Vulgar's will.
Another's course is curiously inclos'd
In lists of Art; of choyce fit words compos'd.
One, in the feeble birth, becomming old,
Is cradle-toomb'd: another warreth bold
With the yeer-spinners. One, unhappy-founded,
Lives in a narrow valley ever bounded:
Another 'mong the learnéd troop doth presse
From *Alexander's* Altars, even to *Fes*.

Excellency of the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin* Tongues above the rest.

And such are now, the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*:
Th' *Hebrew*, because of it we hold the Paten
Of *Thrice-Eternal's* ever sacred Word:
And of his Law, That is the first Record.
The *Greek*, as having cunningly compriz'd
All kinde of knowledge that may be devis'd.
And manly *Roman*, sith the sword undaunted
Through all the world her eloquence hath planted.

A pleasant introduction to his

Writing these later lines, weary wel-neer
Of sacred *Pallas'* pleasing labours deer;

following Discourse, wherein poetically he describeth and bringeth in the principall Languages together with such as have excelled in each of them.

Mine humble chin saluteth oft my brest;
With an *Ambrosial* deaw mine eyes possest
By peece-meal close; all-moving powrs be still;
From my dull-fingers drops my fainting quill;
Down in my sloath-lov'd bed again I shrink,
And in dark *Lethè* all deep cares I sink:
Yea all my cares, except a zeal to len
A gainfull pleasure to my Countrymen.
For, th' holy love's-charm, burning for their sake,
When I am sleeping, keeps my soule awake.

The God of Dreams.

Gold-wingéd *Morpheus*, East-ward issuing
By 's crystall gate (it earlier opening
Then daye's bright door) fantastick leads the way
Down to a vale, where moist-cool night and day
Still calms and storms, keen cold, & sultry smother,
Rain, and fair weather follow not each other;
But *May* still raigns, and rose-crown'd *Zephyrus*,
With wanton sighes, makes the green trees to buss.
Whose whispering boughs, in Ovall form, do fence
This flowrie field's delightfull excellence.

Description of the House, and Image of Eloquence; and of the principall Languages.

Just in the midst of this enammeld vale
Rose a huge Rock, cut like a Pedestall;
And on the Cornich a Colossus stands
Of during brasse, which beareth in his hands
Both fire and water: from his golden tongue
Grow thousand chains, which all the mead a-long
Draw worlds of hearers with alluring Art,
Bound fast by th' ears, but faster by the heart.
Before his feet, Boars, Bears, and Tigers lie
As meek as Lambs, reclaim'd from crueltie.
Neer hils do hop, and neighbour Forrests bound,
Seeming to dance at his sweet voyce's sound.
Of *Carian* pillars rais'd with curious Art
On bases firm, a double row doth girt
The soule-charm Image of sweet Eloquence:
And these fair Piles (with great magnificence)
Bear, foure by four, one of the Tongues which now
Our learnéd Age for fairest doth allow.

The Hebrew supported by 4. Pillars; (viz.)

Now, 'mong the Heav'n-deer spirits supporting here
The *Hebrew* tongue, that Prince whose brows appear
Like daunt-Earth Comet's Heav'n-adorning brand,

Moses.

Who holds a green-dry, withr'd-springing wand.
And in his arms the sacred Register
Of God's eternall ten-fold Law doth bear:
Is *Israel's* guide: first Author, he that first
Unto his heirs his writings offer durst:
Whose hallowed Pages not alone preceed
All *Grecian* Writ, but every *Grecian* Deed.

David.

David's the next, who, with the melody
Of voyce-matcht fingers, drawes sphear's harmony,
To his Heav'n-tuned harp, which shall resound
While the bright day-star rides his glorious Round:
Yea (happily) when both the whirling *Poles*
Shall cease their Galliard, th' ever-blesséd soules
Of *Christ* his chāpions (cheer'd w^th^ his sweet songs)
Shall dance to th' honour of the *Strong* of *strongs*;
And all the Angels glory-wingéd Hostes
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy, God of Hoastes.*

The third, his Son, wit-wondrous *Salomon*, *Salomon.*
Who in his lines hath more wise lessons sow'n,
More golden words, then in his Crown there shin'd
Pearls, Diamonds, and other Gemms of *Inde.*
Then, *Amos'* son, in threatnings vehement, *Esay.*
Grace-followed, grave, holy, and eloquent.
Sweet-numbred *Homer* here the *Greek* supports, Secondly, *The Greeke* by *Homer.*
Whose Schoole hath bred the many-differing sorts
Of ancient sages; and, through every Realm,
Made (like a Sea) his eloquence to stream:
Plato, the all-divine, who like the *Fowl* *Plato.*
(They call) of *Paradise;* doth never foul
His foot on Earth or Sea, but lofty flies
Higher then Heav'n from Hell, above the skies:
Cleer-styl'd *Herodotus*, and *Demosthen*, *Herodotus.*
Gold-mouthéd hearts-king, law of learnéd men. *Demosthenes.*
Th' Arch-Foe to factious *Catiline*, and (since) Thirdly.
To *Anthony*, whose thundring eloquence *The Latine* by
Yeelds thousand streames, whence (rapt in admiration) *Cicero.*
The rarest wits are drunk in every Nation:
Cæsar, who knowes as well to write, as war: *Cæsar.*
The Sinnewie *Salust;* and that Heav'n-fall'n star, *Sallust.*
Which straggling *Ilium* brings to *Tiber's* brink, *Virgil.*
Who never seems in all his Work to wink;
Who never stumbled, ever cleer and grave;
Bashfully-bold, and blushing modest-brave:
Still like himselfe; and else, still like to no-man:
Sustain the stately, grave-sweet ancient *Roman.*
On mirthfull *Boccace* is the *Tuscan* plac't, Fourthly, *The Italian* by
Bold, choice-tearm'd *Petrarch*, in deep passions grac't: *Boccace.*
The fluent fainer of *Orlando's* error, *Petrarch.*
Smooth, pithy, various, quick affection-stirrer: *Ariosto.*
And witty *Tasso*, worthy to indite *Tasso.*
Heroik numbers, full of life and light:
Short, sharp-conceited, rich in language cleer,
Though last in age, in honour formost here.
Th' *Arabian* language hath for pillars sound, Fifthly, *The Arabik* by
Great *Aben-Rois* most subtill, and profound, *Aben-Rois.*
Sharp *Eldebag*, and learnéd *Avicen*, *Eldebag.*
And *Ibnu-farid's* Figure-flowing Pen. *Avicen.* *Ibnu-farid.*
The *Dutch*, hath him who *Germanis'd* the story Sixtly, *The Dutch* by
Of *Sleidan:* next, th' *Isleban* (lasting glory *Peuther.*
Of *Wittemberg*) with *Beucer* gilding bright *Luther.*
His pleasing stile: and *Butric* my delight. *Beucer.*
Guevarra, Boscan, and *Granade*, which sup *Butric.*
With *Garcilace*, in hony *Pytho's* cup
The smiling Nectar, bear th' *Hyberian:* Seventhly, *The Spanish*, by
And, but th' old glory of the *Catalan*, *Guevarra.*
Ravishst *Osyas*, he might well have claymed *Boscan.*
The *Spanish Laurell*, 'mong these lastly named. *Granada.*
Now, for the *French*, that shape-less *Column* rude, *Garcilaco.*
Whence th' idle Mason hath but grosly hew'd Eightly, *The French* by
(As yet) the rough scales from the upper part, *Marot.*
Is *Clement Marot;* who with Art-lesse Art
Busily toyls: and, prickt with praise-full thirst,
Brings *Helicon*, from *Po* to *Quercy* first:
Whom, as a time-torn Monument I honour:
Or as a broken Toomb: or tattered Banner:

Or age-worn Image: not so much for show,
As for the reverence that to *Eld* I owe.
The next I know not well; yet (at the least)
He seems some skilfull Master with the rest:
Yet doubt I still. For now it doth appear
Amyot. Like *Jaques Amyot*, then like *Viginere*.
Ronsard. That is, great *Ronsard*, who his *France* to garnish,
Robs *Rome* and *Greece*, of their Art-various varnish;
And, hardy-witted, handleth happily
All sorts of subject, stile, and Poësie.
Plessis. And this *du Plessis*, beating *Atheïsme*,
Vain *Paganisme*, and stubborn *Judaïsme*,
With their own Armes: and sacred-grave, & short,
His plain-prankt stile he strengthens in such sort,
That his quick reasons, wing'd with Grace and Art,
Pierce like keen arrowes, every gentle heart.
Ninthly, *The English*, by *Sir Thomas Moore*. *Sir Nilas Bacon.* *Sir Philip Sidney*: *Our English* Tongue three famous Knights sustain;
Moore, Bacone, Sidney: of which former, twain
(*High Chancellors of England*) weanéd first
Our infant-phrase (till then but homely nurst)
And childish toys: and rudenesse chasing thence,
To civill knowledge, joyn'd sweet eloquence,
And (world-mourn'd) *Sidney*, warbling to the *Thames*
His swan-like tunes, so courts her coy proud streams,
That (all with-child with Fame) his fame they bear
To *Thetis'* lap; and *Thetis* every-where.
But, what new Sun dazles my tender eyes?
What sudden transe rapts me above the skies?
What Princely Port? O! what imperiall grace?
What sweet-bright-lightning looks? what Angel's face?
Say (learnéd Heav'n-born Sisters) is not this
And the incomparable Queen *Elizabeth.* That prudent *Pallas, Albion's* Misteris,
That *Great Elisa*, making hers disdain,
For any Man, to change their Maiden's raign?
Who while *Erynnys* (weary now of hell)
With Fire and Sword her neighbour States doth quell.

And while black *Horror* threats in stormy rage,
With dreadfull down-fall, th' universall stage;
In happy Peace her Land doth keep and nourish: Her Prudence, Piety, Justice, Religion, Learning and Eloquence.
Where reverend *Justice*, and *Religion* flourish.
Who is not onely in her Mother-voyce
Rich in Oration; but with phrases choyse,
So on the sudden can discourse in *Greek*,
French, Latin, Tuscan, Dutch, and *Spanish* eke,
That *Rome, Rhyne, Rhone, Greece, Spain*, and *Italy*,
Plead all for right in her nativitie.
Bright Northren pearl, *Mars*-daunting Martialist,
To grace the *Muses* and the *Arts* persist:
And (O!) if ever these rude rymes be blest
But with one glaunce of Nature's onely Best;
Or (luckie) light between those Yvory palms,
Which hold thy State's stern in these happy calms;
View them with milde aspect, and gently read,
That for thy praise, thine eloquence we need.
Then thus I spake; O spirits divine and learned,
Whose happy labours have your lauds eterned;
O! sith I am not apt (alas!) nor able
With you to bear the burthen honourable
Of Albion's *Fame, nor with my feeble sight,*
So much as follow your Heav'n-neighbouring flight;
At least permit me, prostrate to embrace
Your reverend knees: permit me to inchase
Your radiant crests with April's *flowry Crown;*
Permit (I pray) that from your high renown,
My feeble tunes eternall fames derive;
While in my songs your glorious names survive.
Granting my suit, each of them bow'd his head. End of the Vision.
The valley vanisht, and the pillars fled:
And there-with-all, my Dream had flow'n (I think)
But that I lim'd his limber wings with ink.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 4, '*prow's-full*' = prowess-full.
,, 16, '*self-commanders.*' Cf. Ben Jonson—

> —'by commanding first thyself, thou mak'st
> Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st.'
> (Underwoods: Epistle to Colby).

,, 26, '*Dennis*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.n.*
,, 63, '*Canapey*' = canopy.
,, 64, '*softlings*' = soft ones, luxurious self-indulgent dawdlers.
,, 71, '*Nymph-strong*'—the nymphs guardians of fountains, etc.
,, 86, '*hammer-ill*' = hammer-of-evil, *i.e.* destroyer.
,, 93, '*Cals*' = bird-snaring term: *ib.* '*sprenges*' = springes, *ibid.*
,, 105, '*perpetrate*'—misprinted in the original 'penetrate.'
,, 113, '*Atlas*' = mountain.
,, 125, '*Might-lesse*'—noticeable word.
,, 152, '*Mixtly*' = mixedly.
,, 159, '*powle*' = poll. See line 309.
,, 164, '*Kil-men*' = kiln-men.
,, 179, '*Counter-scarfs*' = counter-scarfs — military term.
,, 196, '*let*' = hindrance. See line 433.
Line 206, '*stut*' = stutter.
,, 216, '*mingle-mangle*'—imitative term.
,, 245, '*mastick*' = cement.
,, 256, '*truch-man*' = interpreter.
,, 268, '*Encyclopedie*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 269, '*etern*' = eternal.
,, 293, '*censuring*' = judging.
,, 327, '*mornly*'—noticeable word.
,, 350, '*gail*' = gaol or jail, *i.e.* cage.
,, 391, '*Irish Ætna's*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 473, '*falsed*'—noticeable word.
,, 498, '*Eld's*' = Antiquity's: *ib.* '*doom*' = judgment.
,, 509, '*lists*' = boundary lines. So Shakespeare—

> 'The very *list*, the very utmost bound
> Of all our fortunes.' (1 Henry IV. iv. 1.)

,, 511, '*toomb'd*'—misprinted 'toomb' in original.
,, 517, '*Paten*' = patent.
,, 532, '*len*' = lend.
,, 548, '*Cornich*' = cornice.
,, 549, '*during*' = enduring.
,, 579, '*Galliard*' = lively dance so named.
,, 697, '*eterned*' = made eternal.
,, 711, '*lim'd*' = limed—sporting term for catching birds: *ibid.*, '*limber*' = flexible.—G.

The Colonies.

THE THIRD PART OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

To stop Ambition, Strife, and Avarice,
Into Three Parts *the Earth divided is:*
To Sem *the East, to* Cham *the South, the West*
To Japheth *fals; their severall scopes exprest:*
Their fruitfull Spawn did all the World supply:
Antiquitie's uncertain Search, and why:
Assyria *sceptred first; and first imparts,*
To all the rest, Wealth, Honour, Arms, and Arts:
The New-found World: Men's divers humours strange:
The various World a mutuall Counter-change.

Being here to intreat of the Transmigration of so many Nations, issued out of the loyns of *Noah*, our Poet desireth to be addressed by some speciall favour of God.

WHile through the World's unhanted wildernesse
I, th' old, first Pilot's wandring House address:
While (*Famous* DRAKE-*like*) coasting every strand
I do discover many a *New-found-Land:*
And while, from Sea to Sea, with curious pain
I plant great *Noah's* plenteous Vine again:
What bright-brown cloud shall in the day protect me?
What fiery Pillar shall by Night direct me
Toward each People's primer Residence,
Predestin'd in the Court of Providence,
Yer our bi-sexéd Parents, free from sin,
In *Eden* did their double birth begin?
O sacred Lamp that went'st so brightly burning
Before the *Sages*, from the spicie *Morning*,
To shew th' Almighty Infant's humble Birth;
O! chace the thick clouds, drive the darknesse forth
Which blindeth me: that mine adventrous Rime,
Circling the World, may search out every clime.
For, though my Wits, in this long Voyage shift
From side to side; yet is my speciall drift,
My gentle Readers by the hand to bring
To that deer Babe, the *Man-God, Christ*, our King.

The true, and onely drift of all his endeavours.

As WHEN the lowring Heav'ns with loudest raps
Through Forrests thril their roaring thunder-claps,
The shivering Fowls do suddenly forgo
Their nests and perches, fluttering to and fro
Through the dark ayr, and round about there rings
A whistling murmur of their whisking wings;
The grissell Turtles (seldome seen alone)
Dis-payer'd and parted, wander one by one;
And even the feeble downie-feathered Young
Venture to fly, before their quils be strong:
Even so, the Builders of that *Babel-wonder*,
Hearing God's voyce aloud to roar and thunder
In their rude voyces barbarous difference,
Take all at once their fearfull flight from thence
On either hand; and through th' Earth voidly-vast
Each packs a-part, where God would have him plac't.

A comparison expressing the effect of the astonishment, which the confusion of Tongues brought into the Babel-Builders.

For, heav'n's great Monarch (yer the World began)
Having decreed to give the World to man,
Would not the same a nest of theeves should be,
That with the Sword should share his Legacie;
And (brutely mixed) with mongrell stock to store
Our Elements, round, solid, slimy floar;
But rather, fire of Covetise to curb,
Into three Parts he parts this spacious Orb

Why God would not that the seed of *Noah* should reside in the plain of Shynar.

The Earth distributed among the Sons of *Noah*.

'Twixt *Sem*, and *Cham*, and *Japheth*: *Sem* the East,
Cham South, and *Japheth* doth obtain the West.

To *Sem* the East.

That large rich Countrey, from *Perosite* shores
(Where stately *Ob*, the King of Rivers, roars,
In *Scythian* Seas voyding his violent load,
But little lesse then six dayes sayling broad)
To *Malaca*: *Moluques* Iles, that bear
Cloves and Canele: well-tempered *Sumater*
Sub-equinoctiall: and the golden streams
Of *Bisnagar*, and *Zeilan*, bearing gemms:
From th' *Euxin* Sea and surge of *Chaldean* Twins
To th' *Anian* Streight: the sloathfull slimy Fens
Where *Quinsay* stands: *Chiorze*, where Buls as big
As Elephants are clad in silken shag,
Is great *Sem's* portion. For the Destinies
(Or rather Heav'n's immutable Decrees)
Assur t' *Assyria* send, that in short time
Chalt and '*Rhesen* to the clouds might climbe,
And *Nineve* (more famous then the rest)
Above them raise her many-towred Crest:
The sceptred *Elam* chose the *Persian* Hils,
And those fat fields that swift *Araxis* fils;
Lud, *Lydia*: *Aram* all *Armenia* had:
And *Chalde* fell to learnéd *Arphaxad*.

To *Cham* the South.

Cham became Soveraigne over all those Realms
South-bounded round with Sun-burnt *Guinne*
Botangas, *Benin*, *Cephal*, *Guagnametre*,
Hot *Concritan*, too-full of poysonie matter;
North-ward with narrow *Mid-terranean* Sea,
Which from rich *Europe* parts poor *Africa*:
Towards where *Titan's* Evening splendor sank,
With Seas of *Fez*, *Cape-verdé* and *Cape-blanc*:
And tow'rds where *Phoebus* doth each Morning wake,
With *Adel* Ocean and the *Crimsin* Lake.
And further, all that lyes between the steep
Mount *Libanus*, and the *Arabian* Deep,
Between the *Erythrean* Sea, and *Persian Sine*,
He (mighty Prince) to's *Afrik* State doth joyne.
His Darling *Canaan* doth nigh *Jordan* dwell
(One-day ordain'd to harbour *Israel*):
Put peopled *Lybia*: *Misriam Egypt* mann'd
And's first-born *Chus* the *Æthiopian* strand.

To *Japheth* the North and West.

Japheth extends from struggling *Hellespont*,
The *Tane* and *Euxin* Sea, to th' double Mount
Of famous *Gibraltar*, and that deep Main,
Whose tumbling billows bathe the shores of *Spain*:
And from those Seas, where in the steed of Keels
Of winged Ships they roule their Chariot wheels,
To the *Marsilian*, *Morean*, and *Thyrrenian*;
Ligurian Seas, and learned Sea *Athenian*,
Just opposite to *Asia* rich in Spice,
Pride of the World, and second *Paradise*:
And that large Country strecht from *Amana*
To *Tanais* shores, and to the source of *Rha*.
Forth of his *Gomer's* loigns (they say) sprang all
The war-like Nation scattered over *Gaul*,
And *Germains* too (yerst calléd *Gomerits*):
From *Tubal*, *Spaniards*: and from *Magog Scythes*:
From *Madai*, *Medes*: from *Mesech*, *Masacans*:
From *Javan*, *Greeks*: from *Thyras*, *Thracians*.

According to his accustomed modesty and discretion, the Poet chuseth rather Silence then to speak uncertainly of things unknowne.

Here, if I list, or lov'd I rover-shooting,
Or would I follow the uncertaine footing
Of false *Berosus* and such fond Deluders,
(Their zealous Readers insolent Illuders)
I could derive the lineall Descents
Of all our Sires; and name you every Prince
Of every Province, in his time and place
(Successively) throught-out his ancient Race:
Yea, sing the World's so divers populations;
And of least Cities show the first Foundations.
But, never will I so my sayls abandon
To every blast, and rowing so at randon
(Without the bright light of that glorious Star,
Which shines 'bove all the Heav'ns) venture so far
On th' unknown surges of so vast a Sea
So full of Rocks and dangers every way;
Having no Pilot, save some brain-sick Writers
Which coyn King's names, vain fabulous Inditers
Of their own fancies who (affecting glory)
Upon a Flye's foot build a goodly story.

Reasons why the search of such antiquities is so obscure.

Some words' allusion is no certain ground
Whereon a lasting Monument to found:
Sith fairest Rivers, Mountains strangely steep,
And largest Seas, never so vast and deep
(Though self-eternall, resting still the same)
Through sundry chances often change their name:
Sith it befals not alwayes, that his seed
Who builds a Town, doth in the same succeed;
And (to conclude) sith under Heav'n no Race
Perpetually possesseth any place;
But, as all Tenants at the High Lord's will,
We hold a Field, a Forrest, or a Hill;
And (as when winde the angry Ocean moves)
Wave hunteth wave, and billow billow shoves;
So doe all Nations justle each the other,
And so one People doth pursue another;
And scarce the second hath a first un-housed,
Before a third him thence again have roused.

Famous examples to this purpose. Of the ancient *Britains*.

So, th' ancient *Britain*, by the *Saxons* chac't
From's native *Albion*, soon the *Gaules* displac't
From *Armonik*; and then victoriously
(After his name) surnam'd that *Britanie*.

Of the *Lombards*.

So when the *Lombard* had surrendered
Fair, double-named *Isther's* flowry-bed
To scar-fac't *Hunnes*; he hunteth furiously
The rest of *Gaules* from wealthy *Insubrie*;
Which after fell in *French-men's* hands again,
Won by the Sword of *Worthy Charlemain*.

Of the *Alains*, *Goths*, and *Vandals*.

So th' *Alain* and North *Vandall*, beaten both
From *Corduba* and *Sevil* by the *Goth*,
Seiz'd *Carthage* straight; which-afterward they lost
To wise *Justinian's* valiant *Roman* Hoast:
And *Romans* since, joyn'd with the barbarous troop
Of curléd *Moors*, unto the *Arabian* stoop.

The causes of such Transmigrations.

The sacrilegious greedy appetite
Of Gold and Scepters glistering glorious bright,

The thirst of Vengeance, and that puffing breath
Of elvish *Honour* built on blood and death,
On desolation, rapes and robberies,
Flames, ruins, wracks, and brutish butcheries,
Un-bound all Countries, making war-like Nations
Through every Climate seek new habitations.
I speak not here of those *Alarbian* Rovers,
Numidian Shepheards, or *Tartarian* Drovers,
Who shifting pastures for their store of Cattle;
Doe here and there their hairy Tents imbattle:
Like the black swarms of Swallowes swiftly-light,
Which twice a-year cross with their nimble flight
The Pine-plough'd Sea, & (pleas'd with purest ayr)
Seek every Season for a fresh repair:
But other Nations fierce, who far and nigh
With their own blood's-price purchast Victory;
Who, better knowing how to win then wield;
Conquer, then keep; to batter then to build;
And bravely choosing rather War then Peace,
Have over-spread the World by Land and Seas.

The originall removes, voyages, and conquests of the *Lombards*.

Such was the *Lombard*, who in *Schonland* nurst,
On *Rugeland* and *Livonia* seizéd first.
Then having well reveng'd on the *Bulgarian*
The death of *Agilmont*, the bold Barbarian
Surpriseth *Poland*; thence anon he presses
In *Rhine's* fair streams to rinse his Amber tresses;
Thence turning back, he seats him in *Moravia*,
After, at *Buda*; thence he posts to *Pavia*;
There reigns two hundred years: triumphing so,
That royall *Tesin* might compare with *Po*.

Of the *Goths*.

Such was the *Goth*, who whilom issuing forth
From the cold, frozen Ilands of the North,
Incampt by *Vistula*: but th' Air (almost)
Being there as cold as on the *Baltick* Coast,
He with victorious arms *Sclavonia* gains,
The *Transylvanian* and *Vallachian* Plains.
Thence plyes to *Thracia*: and then (leaving *Greeks*)
Greedy of spoyl, foure times he bravely seeks
To snatch from *Rome* (then, *Mars* his Minion)
The Palms which she o'r all the World had won;
Guided by *Rhadaguise*, and *Alaric*,
And *Vidimarius*, and *Theodoric*:
Then comes to *Gaul*: and thence repulst, his Legions
Rest ever since upon the *Spanish* Regions.

Of the ancient *Gaules*.

Such th' antik *Gaul*: who, roving every way,
As far as *Phœbus* darts his golden ray,
Seis'd *Italy*; the World's proud Mistresse sackt,
Which rather *Mars* then *Romulus* compackt:
Then pill'd *Panonia*: then with conquering ploughs
He furrows-up cold *Strymon's* slymie sloughs:
Wastes *Macedonia*: and (inclyn'd to fleece)
Spares not to spoyle the greatest Gods of *Greece*:
Then (cloy'd with *Europe*) th' *Hellespont* he past,
And there Mount *Ida's* neighbour world did waste:
Spoyleth *Pisidia*: *Mysia* doth inthrall:
And midst of *Asia* plants another *Gaul*.
Most famous People's dark Antiquity,
Is as a Wood: where bold Temerity
Stumbles each step; and learnéd Diligence
It selfe intangles; and blind Ignorance
(Groping about in such *Cimmerian* nights)
In pits and ponds, & bogges, and quag-mires lights.

Hee affirmeth finally that the three sons of *Noah* peopled the World, and sheweth how.

It shall suffice me therefore (in this doubt)
But (as it were) to coast the same about:
And rightly tun'd unto the golden string,
Of *Amram's* Son, in gravest verse to sing,
That *Sem*, and *Cham*, and *Japheth*, each re-plants
Th' unpeopled World with new inhabitants:
And that again great *Noah's* wandring Boat
The second time o'r all the World did float.
Not that I send *Sem*, at one flight unceast,
From *Babylon* unto the farthest *East*,
Tartarian Chorat's silver waves t' essay,
And people *China*, *Cambula*, *Cathay*;
Japheth to *Spain*; and that profanest *Cham*,
To thirsty Countries *Meder* and *Bigam*,
To *Cephala*, upon *Mount Zambrica*,
And *Cape* of *Hope*, last coign of *Africa*.

a. Fit comparisons to represent the same

For, as *Hymetus* and Mount *Hybla* were
Not over-spread and covered in one yeare
With busie Bees; but yearly twice or thrice,
Each Hive supplying new-com Colonies
(Heav'n's tender Nurcelings) to those fragrant mountains,
At length their Rocks dissolv'd in Hony Fountains:
Or rather as two fruitfull Elms that spred
Amidst a Cloase with brooks environéd,
Ingender other Elms about their roots;
Those, other still; and still, new-springing shoots
So over-grow the ground, that in few years
The sometimes-mead a great thick Grove appears:
Ev'n so th' ambitious *Babel*-building rout,
Disperst, at first go seat themselves about
Mesopotamia: after (by degrees)
Their happy Spawn, in sundry Colonies,
Crossing from Sea to Sea, from Land to Land,
All the green-mantled neather Globe hath mann'd:
So that, except th' Almighty (glorious Judge
Of quick and dead) this World's ill daies abridge,
There shall no soyl so wilde and savage be,
But shall be shadowed by great *Adam's* Tree.

Why the first monarchy began in *Assyria*.

Therfore, those Countries neerest *Tigris'* Spring,
In those first ages were most flourishing,
Most spoken-of, first Warriors, first that guide,
And give the law to all the Earth beside.
Babylon (living under th' awfull grace
Of Royall greatnesse) sway'd the Imperiall Mace,
Before the *Greeks* had any Town at all,
Or warbling Lute had built the *Dircean* Wall:
Yer *Gauls* had houses, *Latins* Burgages,
Our Britains Tents, or *Germans* Cottages.

The *Hebrews* and their next neighbours were religious & learned before the *Grecians* knew any thing.

The *Hebrews* had with Angels Conversation,
Held th' Idol-Altars in abomination,
Knew the Unknown, with eyes of faith they saw
Th' invisible *Messias*, in the *Law*:

The *Chaldees*, Audit of the Stars had made,
Had measured heav'n, conceiv'd how th' earth's thick shade,
Eclipst the silver brows of *Cynthia* bright,
And her brown shadow quencht her brother's light.
The *Memphian* Priests were deep Philosophers,
And curious gazers on the sacred Stars,
Searchers of Nature, and great Mathematikes;
Yer any Letter knew the ancient'st *Atticks*.
The *Egyptians* & *Tyrians* had their fill of riches, and pomp, and pleasure, before the *Greeks* or *Gaules* knew what the World meant.
Proud *Egypt* glistered all with golden Plate,
Yer the lame *Lemnian* (under *Ætna* grate)
Had hammer'd yron; or the Vultur-rented
Prometheus, 'mong the *Greeks* had fire invented.
Gaules were not yet; or, were they (at the least)
They were but wilde; their habit, plumes; their feast,
But Mast and Acorns, for the which they gap't
Under the Trees when any winde had hapt:
When the bold *Tyrians* (greedy after gain)
Durst row about the salt-blew *Africk* Main;
Traffickt abroad, in Scarlet Robes were drest,
And pomp and pleasure *Euphrates* possest.
For, as a stone, that midst a Pond ye fling,
About his fall first forms a little ring,
Wherein new Circles one in other growing
(Through the smooth water's gentle-gentle flowing)
Still one the other more and more compell
From the Pond's Centre where the stone first fell;
Till at the last the largest of the Rounds
From side to side 'gainst every bank rebounds:
So, from th' Earth's Centre (which I here suppose
About the place where God did Tongues transpose)
Man (day by day his wit repolishing)
Makes all the Arts through all the Earth to spring,
As he doth spread, and shed in divers shoals
His fruitfull Spawn, round under both the *Poles*.
The first Colonies of *Sem* in the East.
Forth from *Assyria*, East-ward then they travell
Towards rich *Hytanis* with the golden gravell:
Then people they the *Persian Orodtis;*
Then cleer *Coaspis*, which doth humbly kiss
The Wals of *Susa;* then the Valleys fat
Neer *Caucasus*, where yerst th' *Arsaces* sat:
Then mann they *Media;* then with humane seed,
Towards the Sea th' *Hyrcanian* Plain they speed.
The second.
The Sons of these (like flowing Waters) spred
O'r all the Country which is borderéd
With *Chiesel* River, 'bove *Thacalistan;*
Gadel, and *Cabul*, *Bedan*, *Balestan*.
The third.
Their off-spring then, with fruitfull stems doth store
Basinagar, *Nayard* and either shore
Of famous *Ganges; Ava Toloman*,
The Kingdome *Mein*, the Musky *Charasan;*
And round about the Desart *Op*, where oft
By strange *Phantasma's*, Passengers are scoft.
The fourth.
Some ages after, linkt in divers knots,
Tipur they take, rich in Rhinocerots;
Caichin, in Aloes; *Mangit*, and the shore
Of *Quins'* and *Anie* lets them spread no more.
First Colonies of *Japheth* in the West.
From that first Centre to the West-ward bending,
Old *Noah's* Nephews far and wide extending,

Seizlesse *Armenia*, then, within *Cilicia*,
Possesse the Ports of *Tharsis* and of *Issa*,
And the delicious strange *Corycian* Cave
(Wch warbling sound of Cymbals seems to have)
Ibnia, *Cappadocia*, *Taurus* horns,
Bythinia, *Troas*, and *Meanders* turns.
The second.
Then passing *Sestos'* Streights; of *Strymon* cold,
Herber and *Nest* they quaff; and pitch their Fold
In vales of *Rhodopé*, and plow the Plains
Where great *Danubius* neer his death complains.
The third divided into many branches.
On th' other side, *Thrace* subtle *Greece* beswarms;
Greece, *Italy* (famous for Art and Arms):
Italy, *France; France*, *Spain*, and *Germany*
(*Rhine's* fruitfull bed) and our *Great Brittany*.
On the other side it spreads about *Moldavia*,
Mare-Maiour, *Podolia*, and *Moravia*,
With *Transilvania*, *Servia*, and *Panonia*,
The *Prussian* Plains, and over all *Polonia:*
The vérge of *Vistula*, and farther forth
Beyond the *Alman*, drawing to the North.
First Colonies of *Cham*, toward the South.
Now turn thee South-ward: see, see how *Chaldea*
Spews on *Arabia*, *Phœnice* and *Judéa*,
Cham's curséd Line, which (over-fertill all)
Between two Seas doth into *Egypt* fall:
Sows all *Cyrenea*, and the famous Coast
Whereon the roaring *Punick* Sea is tost:
Fes, *Dara*, *Argier*, *Galate*, *Gusol*, *Aden*,
Terminan Tombut, *Melle*, *Gago*, *Gogden:*
The sparkling Desarts of sad *Libya*,
Zecuec, *Benin*, *Borno*, *Cano*, *Nubia*,
And scalding quick-sands of those thirsty Plains
Where Jesus' name (yet) in some reverence raigns;
Where *Prester John* (though part he *Judaize*)
Doth in some sort devoutly *Christianize*.
Colonies of the North.
But would'st thou know, how that long Tract that lyes
Under Heav'n's starry Coach, covered with yce,
And round embracéd in the winding arms
Of *Cronian* Seas (which *Sol* but seldome warms)
Came peopled first? Suppose that passing by
The Plains where *Tigris* twice keeps company
With the far-flowing silver *Euphrates*,
They lodg'd at foot of hoary *Nyphates:*
And from *Armenia*, then *Iberia* mann'd,
Albania, *Colchis*, *and Bosphorian* strand:
And then from thence, toward the bright *Levant*,
That vast Extent, where now fell *Tartars'* hant
In wandring troops; and towards th' other side
Which (neer her scource) long *Volga* doth divide,
Moscovy Coast, *Permia*, *Livonia*, *Prussia*,
Biarmia, *Scrifinia*, *White-Lake*, *Lappia*, *Russia*.
How the new-found World (discovered in our time) came peopled. A double question.
But whence (say you) had that *New-World* his Guests,
Wch *Spain* (like *Delos* floating on the Seas)
Late digg'd from darknesse of Oblivion's Grave,
And it undoing, it new Essence gave?
If long agoe; how should it hap that no-man
Knew it till now? no *Persean*, *Greek*, no *Roman;*
Whose glorious Peers, victorious Armies guiding
O'r all the World, of this had never tyding?

If but of late ; how swarm their Cities since
So full of Folk ? how passe their Monuments
The *Egyptian Spires*, *Mausolus'* stately Tomb,
The Wals and Courts of *Babylon* and *Rome* ?

1. Answer.

Why ! think ye (fond) those people fell from Heav'n
All-ready-made ; as in a Summer Ev'n
After a sweltring Day, some sultry showr
Doth in the Marshes heaps of Tadpals pour,
Wch in the ditches (chapt with parching weather)
Lie crusht and croaking in the Mud together ?
Or else, that setting certain slips, that fixt
Their slender roots the tender mould betwixt,
They saw the light of *Phœbus'* live-ning face ;
Having for milk, moyst deaws ; for Cradle grasse ?
Or that they grew out of the fruitfull Earth,
As Toad-stools, Turneps, Leeks, & Beets have birth ?
Or (like the bones that *Cadmus* yerst did sow)
Were bravely born arméd from top to toe ?
That spacious Coast, now call'd *America*,
Was not so soon peopled as *Africa ;*
(Th' ingenious, Towr-full, and Law-loving Soil,
Which, *Jove* did with his Leman's name en-stile)
And that which from cold *Bosphorus* doth spread
To pearl'd *Aurora's* Saffron-colour'd bed.
Because they lye neerer the di'pry verges
Of tear-bridge *Tygris*, Swallow-swifter surges,
Whence our amaz'd first Grand-sires faintly fled,
And, like sprung Partridge, every-where did spred ;
Except that World, where-under *Castile's* King,
Famous *Columbus* Force and Faith did bring.
But the rich buildings' rare magnificence,
T' infinite Treasures, various governments,
Show that long since (although at sundry times)
'T had Colonies (although from sundry Climes) :
Whether the violence of tempestious weather
Some broken Vessels have inforcéd thither ;
Whether some desperate, dire extremity
Of Plague, War, Famine ; or th' Authority
Of some brave *Typhis* (in adventure tost)
Brought weary Carvels on that *Indian* Coast.

Conjectures touching the peopling of the same.

Who maketh doubt but yerst the *Quinsay* fraights
As well might venture through the *Anian Streights*,
And finde as easie and as short a way
From the *East Indies* to the *Tolguage* Bay,
As usually the *Asian* Ships are wont
To passe to *Greece*, a-crosse the *Hellespont :*
Spaniards to *Fez*, a-thwart the Straight *Abilia*,
Through *Messine* stream th' *Italians* to *Sicilia* ?
From *Tolm* and *Quiver's* spacious Plains (wherein
Bunch-backéd Calves, with Horse-like manes are seen,
And Sheep-like Fleece) they fill *Asasia*,
Tova, *Topir*, *Canada*, *Cossia*,
Mecchi, *Avacal*, *Calicuas*, *Bacalos*,
Los Campos de Labor (where floods are froze).

Wonders of the New-found World.

On th' other side, *Xalisco* soyl they mann
(Now new *Galisia*) *Cusule*, *Mechuacan :*
And cunningly in *Mexik* Sea they pile
Another *Venice* (or a City-*Ile*).
Strange things there see they (that amaze them much)
Green Trees to wither with their very touch ;
And in *Nicaragua*, a Mountain top,
That (*Ætna*-like) bright Flashes belches up.
Thench, reach they th' *Isthmos* of rich *Panama*,
And on their right hand build *Oucanama*,
With *Cassamalca*, *Cusco*, *Quito :* and
In famous *Peru's* very golden Strand
Admire the Lake that laveth *Colle* about,
Whose waves be salt within, and fresh without :
And streams of *Cinca*, that, with vertue strange,
To hardest stone soft Mud and Chalk doth change.
Then Seiz they *Chili*, where all Day the Deep
Runs roaring down, and all the Night doth sleep :
Chinea, the *Patagons*, and all the shore
Where th' Azure Seas of *Magellan* do roar.
Left-ward they spred them 'longst the *Darians'* side ;
Where through th' *Vrabian* fields th' *Huo* doth slide,
Neer *Zenu's* stream, wch toward the Ocean drags
Pure grains of Gold, as big as Pullets' eggs :
To new *Granada*, where the Mount embost
With Emeralds doth shine ; *Cumanean* Coast,
Where noysom vapours (like a dusky night)
Be-dimms their eyes, and doth impaire their sight :
Therefore some troops from *Cumana* they carry
To *Caripana*, *Omagu* and *Pari :*
By *Maragnon*, all over fell *Brasile*,
And *Plate's* fat Plains, where flowes another *Nile*.
Ghesse too, that *Grotland* yerst did *Picne* store,
And *Ireland* fraught *Los Campos de Labor ;*
As *Tonbut*, *Melli*, *Gag*, and *Terminan*,
Planted the Plains and shores of *Corican*.

How it was possible that *Noah* and his three Sons should so multiply.

Yet (surely) thou wilt gladly grant me this,
That man's ambition ay so boundlesse is,
That steepest Hils it over-climbs with ease,
And runs (as dry-shod) through the deepest Seas :
And (maugre-meagre Thirst) her Carvels Lands
On *Africk*, *Tolmon*, and *Arabian* sands ;
But hardly credit'st that one Family
Out of foure couples should so multiply,
That *Asia*, *Europe*, *Africa*, and All
Seems for their off-spring now too straight & small.

1. Answer.

It thou set-light by th' everlasting Voyce,
Which now again re-blest the Love-full choyce
Of sacred Wedlock's secret binding band ;
Saying, *Increase*, Flourish, and *Fill the Land :*
And if (profane) thou hold it for a Fiction,
That *Seventy Jewes*, in *Egypt* (in affliction)
Within foure-hundred years and half three-score,
Grew to five-hundred-thousand soules and more :

2.

Consider yet, that being fed that while
With wholesome Fruits of an un-forcéd soyl,
And kindly meats, not marréd by the Book,
And wanton cunning of a sawcie Cook ;

3.

Weigh furthermore, that being not cut-down
With bloudy swords when furious neighbours frown ;
Nor worn with Travell, nor enfeebléd
With hatefull sloath ; Our Grand-sires flourishéd

Hundreds of years in youth; and even in Age
Could render duly *Venus* Escuage:
And that *Polygamy* (in those dayes common)
Most Men usurping more then one sole Woman,
Made then the World so mightily augment
In upright Creatures; and (incontinent)
From fruitfull loyns of one old Father-stock,
So many branches of man-kinde to flock:
Ev'n as an ear of Corn (if all the yield
Be yearly sow'n still in a fertill Field)
Fils Barns at length; and spreads in spacious Plain
Millions of millions of like ears again.
Or as two Fishes, cast into large Meers
With fruitfull Spawn will furnish in few years
A Town with victuall, and serve (furthermore)
Their neighbour Waters with their Fry to store.
Have not our Dayes a certain Father known,
Who with the fruit of his own body grown,
Peopled a Village of a hundred Fires,
And issue-blest (the Crown of Old Desires)
In his own life-time, his own off-spring saw
To wed each other without breach of Law?
So far the branches of his fruitfull Bed
Past all the names of Kinreds-Tree did spred.
'Tis known, that few *Arabian* Families
New planted *Lybia* with their Progenies,
In compasse of three hundred years and lesse;
And *Bugi, Argier, Oran, Thunis, Tez,*
Fez, Melli, Gago, Tombut, Terminan
With hatefull Laws of *Heath'nish Alcoran.*
If this among the *Africans* we see
Whom cor'sive humour of Melancholy
Doth alwayes tickle with a wanton Lust,
Although lesse powrfull in the *Paphian* Joust
For Propagation (for, too-often Deed
Of *Love's-Delight*, enfeebles much their seed:
And inly, still they feel a Wintery Fever;
As outwardly, a scorching summer ever)
Ghesse how much more, those, whose hoar heads approach
And see the turnings of Heav'n's flaming *Coach*,
Doe multiply; because they seldom venter,
And, but in season, *Venus'* lists to enter.
And, the cold, resting (under th' *Artick* Star)
Still Master of the Field in Champian War,
Makes Heat retire into the bodie's Towr:
W^ch^, there united, gives them much more powr.
From thence indeed, *Huns, Herules, Franks, Bulgarians,*
Cyrcassyans, Swevus, Burgognians, Turks, Tartarians,
Dutch, Cimbers, Normans, Alains, Ostrogothes,
Tigurins, Lombards, Vandals, Visigothes,
Have swarm'd (like Locusts) round about this Ball,
And spoyl'd the fairest provinces of all:
While barren South had much a-doe t'assemble
(In all) two hoasts; that made the North to tremble:
Whereof; the one, that one-ey'd Champion led,
Who famous *Carthage* ras'd and ruinéd:
Th' other (by *Tours*) *Charles Martell* martyr'd so,
That never since, could *Africk* Army show.
O! see how full of wonders strange is Nature:
Sith in each *Climat*, not alone in stature,
Strength, hair and colour, that men differ doe,
But in their humours and their maners too.
Whether that, Custome into Nature change:
Whether that, Youth to th' Eld's example range:
Or divers Laws of divers Kingdoms, vary-us:
Or th' influence of Heav'nly bodies, carry-us.
The northern-man is fair, the southern foul;
That's white, this black; that smiles, and this doth scoul:
Th' one's blithe & frolike, th' other dull & froward;
Th' one's full of courage, th' other fearfull coward:
Th' one's hair is harsh, big, curled, the other's slender;
Th' one loveth labour, th' other books doth tender:
Th' one's hot and moist, the other's hot and dry;
Th' one's voyce is hoarse, the other's cleer and high:
Th' one's plain and honest, th' other all deceipt:
Th' one's rough and rude, th' other handsom, neat:
Th' one (giddy-brain'd) is turn'd with every wind:
The other (constant) never changeth mind:
Th' one's loose and wanton, the other continent;
Th' one thrift-lesse lavish, th' other provident:
Th' one milde companion, th' other stern & strange
(Like a wilde Wolfe) loves by himselfe to range:
Th' one's pleas'd w^th^ plainnes, th' other pomp affects:
Th' one's born for Arms, the other Arts respects.
But middling folk, who their abiding make
Between these two, of either guise partake;
And such have stronger limbs, but weaker wit,
Then those that neer *Nile's* fertill sides do sit;
And (opposite) more wit and lesser force,
Then those that haunt *Rhine's* and *Danubius'* shores.
For in the Cirque of th' Universall *City;*
The *Southern*-man, who (quick and curious-witty)
Builds all on dreams, deep Extasies and Trances,
Who measures Heav'n's eternall-moving Dances,
Whose searching soule can hardly be suffis'd
With Vulgar Knowledge; holds the Place of Priest.
The *Northern*-man, whose wit in's Fingers settles,
Who what him list can work in Wood & Mettles,
Who (*Salmon*-like) can thunder counterfait;
With men of Arms, and Artisans is set.
The *Third* (as knowing well to rule a State)
Holds, gravely-wise, the room of Magistrate.
Th' one (to be briefe) loves studious *Theory,*
The other Trades, the third deep *Policy.*
Yet true it is, that since some later lustres,
Minerva, Themis, Hermes and his *Sisters*
Have set, as well, their Schools in th' *Artick* Parts,
As *Mars* his Lists, and *Vulcan* Shops of Arts.
Nay, see we not among our selves, that live
Mingled almost (to whom the Lord doth give
But a small Turf of Earth to dwell-upon)
This wondrous odds in our condition?
We finde the *Alman* in his fight courageous,
But salable; th' *Italian* too-outrageous;

Comparison to that purpose.

An example of our daies.

Another example.

The North hath exceedingly multiplyed in people: the South not so.

Whence our Author takes occasion to enter into an excellent discourse of Gods wondrous work in the divers temperatures, qualities, complexions, and manners of so many Nations in the World.

Notable differences betweene the Nations of *Europe.*

Especially the *French*, *German*, *Italian*, and *Spaniard*.

Sudden the *French*, impatient of delay,
The *Spaniard* slow, but subtle to betray;
Th' *Alman* in Counsell cold, th' *Italian* quick,
The *French* inconstant, *Spaniards* politick;
Fine feeds th' *Italian*, and the *Spaniard* spares,
Prince-like the *French*, Pig-like the *Alman* fares;
Milde speaks the *French*, the *Spaniard* proud and brave,
Rudely the *Alman*, and th' *Italian* grave;
Th' *Italian* proud in 'tire, *French* changing much,
Fit-clad the *Spaniard*, and un-fit the *Dutch*;
The *French*-man braves his Foe, the *Italian* cheers-him,
The *Alman* spoyls, the *Spaniard* never bears-him;
The *French*-man sings, the *Italian* seems to bleat,
The *Spaniard* whines, the *Alman* howleth great;
Spaniards like Jugglers jet, th' *Almans* like Cocks,
The *French* goes quick, th' *Italian* like an Ox;
Dutch Lovers proud, th' *Italian* envious,
Frolick the *French*, the *Spaniard* furious.

Causes why the Lord would have Mankinde so dispersed over all the World.

Yet would the Lord, that *Noah's* fruitfull Race
Should over-spread th' Earth's universall Face;
That, drawing so his Children from the crimes,
Which seem peculiar to their Native Climes,
He might reveal his grace; and that Heav'n's lights
Might well incline (but not constrain) our sprights;
That over all the World, his Saints alwayes
Might offer him sweet Sacrifice of praise;
That from cold *Scythia*, his high Name as far
Might ay resound as Sun-burnt *Zanzibar*;
And that the treasures which strange soils produce,
Might not seem worth-lesse for the want of use;
But that the In-land Lands might truck and barter,
And vent their Wares about to every Querter.

The World compared to a mighty City, wherein dwell people of all conditions, continually trafficking together and exchanging their particular commodities, for benefit of the Publike.

For, as in LONDON (*stuft with every sort*)
Here's the King's Palace, there the Innes of Court:
Here (*to the Thames-ward, all a-long the* STRAND)
The stately houses of the Nobles stand:
Here dwell rich Merchants, there Artificers:
Here Silk-men, Mercers, Gold-smiths, Jewellers,
There's a Church-yard furnisht with choyce of books;
Here stand the Shambles, there the Row of Cooks:
Here wonn Vp-holsters, Haberdashers, Horners;
There Pothecaries, Grocers, Tailors, Turners:
Here Shoo-makers; there Joyners, Copers, Coriers:
Here Brewers, Bakers, Cutlers, Felters, Furriers:
This Street is full of DRAPERS, *that of Dyars;*
This shop with Tapers, that with Women's Tiars:
For costly Toys, silk Stockings, Cambrick, Lawn,
Here's choice-full Plenty in the curious PAWN;
And all's but an Exchange, *where* (*briefly*) *no man*
Keeps ought as private. Trade makes all things common.

So come our Sugars from *Canary* Iles;
From *Candy* Currans, Muskadels and Oyls:
From the *Molugues*, Spices: Balsamum
From *Egypt*: Odours from *Arabia* come:
From *India*, Drugs, rich Gemms and Ivorie:
From *Syria*, Mummy: black-red Ebony,
From burning *Chus*: from *Peru*, Pearl and Gold:
From *Russia*, Furres (to keep the rich from cold):
From *Florence*, Silks: from *Spain*, Fruit, Saffron, Sacks:
From *Denmark*, Amber, Cordage, Firres and Flax:
From *France* and *Flanders*, Linnen, Woad & Wine:
From *Holland* Hops: Horse, from the banks of *Rhine*.
In brief, each Countrey (as pleas'd God distribute)
To the World's Treasure payes a sundry Tribute.

Man, lord of the World: which for the commodity of his life contributes bountifully all manner of necessaries.

And as somtimes that sumptuous *Persian Dame*
(Out of her pride) accustoméd to name
One Province for her Robe, her Rail another;
Her Partlet this, her Pantofles the tother;
This her rich Mantle, that her royall Chain;
This her rare Bracelets, that her stately Train:
Even so may Man. For, what wilde Hill so steep?
What so vaste Desart? what so dangerous Deep?
What Sea so wrackfull? or so barren Shore
In all the World may be suppos'd so poor,
But yeelds him Rent; and free from envious spight,
Contributes frankly to his Life's Delight?

The same more specially dilated in the particulars.

Th' inammell'd Valleys, where the liquid glasse
Of silver Brooks in curled streams doth passe,
Serve us for Gardens; and their flowry Fleece
Affords us Sithe-work yearly twice or thrice;
The Plains for Corn; the swelling Downs for sheep;
Small Hils for Vines; the Mountains strangely steep
(Those heav'n-climb ladders, labyrinths of wonder,
Cellars of Winde, and shops of Sulph'ry Thunder;
Where stormy Tempests have their ugly birth;
Which thou mis-call'st the blemish of the Earth;
Thinking (profane) that God, or Fortune light,
Made them of envy, or of over-sight)
Bound with eternall bounds proud Emperies;
Bear mighty Forrests, full of Timber-Trees
(Whereof thou buildest Ships and Houses fair,
To trade the Seas and fence thee from the Aire)
Spew spacious Rivers full of fruitfull breed,
Which neighbour-Peoples with their plenty feed;
Fatten the Earth with fresh sweet fertill mists;
Drive gainefull Mills; and serve for Forts and Lists
To stop the Fury of War's waste-full hand,
And joyne to th' Sea the middle of the Land.
The Wildes & Desarts, which so much amaze-thee,
Are goodly Pastures, that do dayly graze-thee
Millions of Beasts for Tillage, and (besides)
Store thee with Flesh, with Fleeces, & with Hides.
Yea, the vast Sea (which seems but onely good
To drown the World, and cover with his Flood
So many Countries, where we else might hope
For thrifty pains to reap a thankfull Crop)
Is a large Lardar, that in briny Deeps
To nourish thee, a World of Creatures keeps:
A plenteous Victualler, whose provisions serve
Millions of Cities that else needs must starve
(Like half-dead Dolphins, which the Ebb lets lye
Gasping for thirst upon the sand, a dry):
'T increaseth Trade, Journeyes abbreviates,
The flitting Clouds it cease-lesse exhalates;

Here (as it were) wearied with so long a voyage, from so broad and bottomlesse an Ocean (in imitation of the inimitable Author) the Translator hoping kind intertainment, puts in for the Port of *England*: whose happy praises he prosecutes at large: Concluding with a zealous prayer for preservation of the *King*, and prosperity of his Kingdome.

Which, cooling th' aire, and gushing down in rain,
Make *Ceres'* Sons, (in sight) to mount amain.
But shall I still be Boreas' *Tennis-ball?*
Shall I be still stern Neptune's *tossèd Thrall?*
Shall I no more behold thy native smoak,
Dear Ithaca? *Alas! my Bark is broak,*
And leaks so fast, that I can row no more:
Help, help (*my Mates*) *make haste unto the shore.*
O! we are lost; unlesse some friendly banks
Quickly receive our Tempest-beaten planks.
Ah, courteous ENGLAND, *thy kinde arms I see*
Wide-stretchèd out to save and welcome me.
Thou (*tender Mother*) *wilt not suffer Age*
To snow my locks in Forrein *Pilgrimage;*
That fell Brasile *my breath-lesse Corps should shrowd,*
Or golden Peru *of my praise be proud,*
Or rich Cathay *to glory in my Verse:*
Thou gav'st me Cradle; thou wilt give me Herse.
All hail (*dear* ALBION) Europ's *pearl of price,*
The World's rich Garden, Earth's rare Paradise:
Thrice-happy Mother, which ay bringest forth
Such Chivalry as daunteth all the Earth
(*Planting the Trophies of thy glorious Arms*
By Sea and Land, where ever Titan *warms*):
Such Artizans as doe well neer Eclipse
Fair Nature's praise in peer-lesse Workmanships:
Such happy Wits, as Egypt, Greece, *and* Rome
(*At least*) *have equall'd, if not overcome;*
And shine among their (*Modern*) *learnèd Fellows,*
As Gold doth glister among paler Yellows;
Or as Apollo *th' other* Planets *passes;*
Or as his Flowr excels the Medow-grasses,
Thy Rivers, Seas; thy Cities, Shires do seem;
Civill in manners, as in buildings trim:
Sweet is thine Aire, thy soyl exceeding fat,
Fenc't from the World (*as better worth then That*)
With triple Wall (*of Water, Wood, and Brasse*)
Which never stranger yet had power to passe;
Save when the Heav'ns have, for thy haynous Sin,
By some of thine, with false keyes *let them in.*
About thy borders (*O Heav'n-blessed* ILE)
There never crawls the noisome Crocodile;
Nor bane-breath'd Serpent *basking in thy sand,*
Measures an Acre of thy flowry Land,
The swift-foot Tiger *or fierce* Lionesse
Haunt not thy Mountains, nor thy Wildernesse:
Nor ravening Wolves *worry thy tender Lambs.*
Bleating for help unto their help-lesse Dams;
Nor subtle Sea-Horse *with deceitfull Call,*
Intice thy Children in thy Floods to fall.
What though thy Thames *and* Tweed *have never rowl'd,*
Among their gravell, massy grains of Gold?
What though thy Mountains spew no Silver *streams?*
Though every Hillock yeeld not precious Gemms?
Though in thy Forrests hang no silken *Fleeces?*
Nor sacred Incense, *nor delicious* Spices?
What though the clusters of thy colder Vines
Distill not Clarets, Sacks, *nor* Muscadines?
Yet are thy Wools, *thy* Corn, *thy* Cloth, *thy* Tin,
Mines rich enough to make thee Europ's *Queen,*
Yea Empresse of the World; *Yet not sufficient*
To make thee thankefull to the Cause efficient
Of all thy Blessings: Who besides all this,
Hath (*now nine Lustres*) *lent thee greater blisse;*
His blessèd Word (*the witnesse of his favour*)
To guide thy Sons unto his Son (*their* Saver)
With Peace and Plenty: while, from War and Want,
Thy neighbours' Countries never breathèd scant.
And last, not least (*so far beyond the scope*
Of Christians' *Fear, and* Anti-Christians' *Hope*)
When all, thy Fall *seem'd to Prognosticate,*
Hath higher rais'd the glory of thy State;
In raysing STUARDS *to thy regall Throne,*
To rule (*as* David, *and as* Salomon)
With Prudence, Prowesse, Justice, and Sobriety,
Thy happy People in Religious Piety.
O too too happy! too too fortunate,
Knew'st thou thy Weal: or were thou not ingrate.
But lest (*at last*) *God's righteous wrath consume-us,*
If on his patience still we thus presume-us:
And least (*at last*) *all Blessings had before*
Double in Curses to torment-us more:
Dear Mother ENGLAND, *bend thine agèd knee,*
And to the Heav'ns lift up thy hands with mee;
Off with thy Pomp, *hence with thy* Pleasures *past:*
Thy Mirth be Mourning, *and thy Feast a* FAST:
And let thy Soule, with my sad soule confesse
Our former sins, and foul unthankefulnesse.
Pray we the Father, *through th' adopting* Spirit,
Not measure us according to our merit;
Nor strictly weigh, at his high Justice *beam,*
Our bold Rebellions, *and our* Pride *extreme:*
But, for his Son (*our deer* Redeemer's) *sake*
His Sacrifice, *for our sins'* Ransom, *take;*
And, looking on us with milde Mercie's *Eye,*
Forgive our Past, our Future Sanctifie;
That never more, his Fury we incense
To strike (*as now*) *with raging* Pestilence
(*Much lesse provoke him by our guilt so far,*
To wound us more with Famine *and with* War).
Lord, cease thy wrath: Put up into thy Quiver
This dreadfull shaft: Dear Father, us deliver:
And, under wings of thy Protection, keep
Thy Servant JAMES, *both waking and a-sleep:*
And (*furthermore*) *we* (*with the Psalmist*) *sing,*
Lord give thy judgements to (*our Lord*) the King — Psal. 72.
And to his Son, *and let there ay be one*
Of his Male Seed to sit upon his Throne,
To feed thy Folk in Jacob, *and* (*advance*)
In Israel *thy* (*deer*) *inheritance,*
And (*long-long-lived*) *full of* Faith *and* Zeal,
Reform (*like* Asa) *Church and Common-weal:*
Raysing poore Vertue, *raving proudest* Vice,
Without respect of Person or of Price;
That all bold Atheists, *all* Blasphemers, *then,*
All Popish Traitors *may bee weeded, clean:*
And, Curst be All that say not, here, Amen.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 16, '*pain*' = painstaking.
,, 35, '*thril*' = pierce.
,, 40, '*grissell*' = frightful; but here oddly used as = 'frightened.'
,, 65, '*Canele*'—see Glossarial Index on this and other products of the many quaint-named countries of the 'Colonies.'
,, 222, '*pill'd*' = pillaged.
,, 251, '*coign*' = corner. So in Shakespeare *frequenter*.
,, 259, '*Cloase*' = close as of a cathedral.
,, 282, '*Burgages*' = tenure in socage, applied to cities, &c.—Law term.
,, 411, '*Tadpals*' = tadpoles.
,, 425, '*Leman's*' = mistress.
,, 429, '*tearbridge*' = pull-down Tygris, *i.e.* by its force against the bridges in its course.
,, 443, '*Carvels*' = ships so-named. See line 498.
,, 453, '*Bunch-backed*' = hunch—as of camels, &c.
Line 563, '*Champian War*' = war on the plain.
,, 574, '*one-ey'd Champion*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 618, '*Salmon-like*'—*ibid.*
,, 641, '*tire*' = attire.
,, 648, '*jet*' = strut or prance.
,, 674, '*wonn*' = dwell: *ibid.*, '*Horners*' = spoon-makers from horns, &c.
,, 676, '*Copers*' = coopers: *ibid.*, '*Coriers*' = curriers (tanners) or couriers.
,, 677, '*Felters*' = workers in 'felt.'
,, 679, '*Tapers*' = tapsters.
,, 699, '*Rail*' = neck-dress.
,, 700, '*Partlet*' = ruff or band: *ibid.*, '*Pantofles*' = slippers.
,, 746, '*exhalates*' = exhales.
,, 819, '*Stuards*' = Stuarts.
,, 859, '*Raysing . . . rasing*'—a frequent word-play; earlier and later. G.

The Columnes.

THE FOURTH PART OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE II. WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Seth's *Pillars found:* Heber *instructs his Son*
In th' use thereof, and who them first begun;
Opens the One, and findes on severall Frames,
Foure lively Statues *of foure lovely Dames:*
(*The* Mathematikes) *furnisht each a-part*
With Equipages of their severall Art:
Wonders of Numbers *and* Geometry:
New Observations in Astronomy:
Musick's *rare force:* Canaan (*the Cursed*) *cause*
Of Heber's *stop: and* BARTAS' *witty pause.*

Being about to treat of the Mathematickes, our Poet here imploreth especiall assistance in handling so high and difficult a Subject.

IF ever (Lord) the purest of my Soule
In *sacred Rage* were rapt above the *Pole:*
If ever, by thy Spirit my spirit inspir'd,
Offred thee Layes that learnéd *France* admir'd,
Father of light, Fountain of learnéd Art,
Now, now (or never) purge my purest part:
Now quintessence my Soule, and now advance
My care-free Powrs in some celestiall Transe:
That (purg'd from Passion) thy divine addresse
May guide me through Heav'n's glistering Palaces;
Where (happily) my dear URANIA'S grace,
And her fair Sisters I may all imbrace:
And (the melodious *Sirens* of the Sphears,
Charming my senses in those sweets of theirs)
So ravishéd, I may at rest contemple
The Starry Arches of thy stately Temple:
Unto this end, that as (at first) from thee
Our Grand-sires learn'd Heav'n's Course & Quality;
Thou now maist prompt me some more lofty Song,
As to this lofty Subject doth belong.

The occasion and ground of this discourse.

AFTER THAT Men's strife-hatching, haut ambition,
Had (as by lot) made this low World's partition;
Phalec and *Heber*, as they wandred, fand
A huge high *Pillar*, which upright did stand
(Much like a Rock amid the Ocean set,
Seeming great *Neptune's* surly pride to threat;
Whereon to *Pharos* bears a Lanthorn bright,
To save from Shipwrack those that sayl by night)
And afterward, another nigh as great;
But not so strong, so stately, nor so neat:
For, on the flowry field it lay all flat,
Built but of Brick, of rusty Tiles, and Slat:
Whereas the first was builded fair and strong
Of Jasper smooth, and Marble lasting long.

Phalec's question.

What Miracles! what monstrous heaps! what hils
Heav'd-up my hand! what Types of antike Skils
In form-lesse Forms (quoth *Phalec*)! Father show
(For th' ages past I know full well you know):
Pray teach me, who did both these works erect:
About what time: and then to what effect?

Heber's answer.

Old *Seth* (saith *Heber*) *Adam's* Scholler yerst
(Who was the Scholler of his Maker first)
Having attain'd to know the course and sites,
Th' aspect and greatness of Heav'n's glistering lights;
He taught his Children, whose industrious wit
Through diligence grew excellent in it.
For, while their flocks on flowry shores they kept
Of th' *Eastern* Flouds, while other soundly slept
(Hushing their cares in a Night-shortning nap,
Upon *Oblivion's* dull and sense-lesse Lap)
They, living lusty, thrice the age of Rav'ns,
Observ'd the Twinkling Wonders of the Heav'ns:

And on their Grand-sire's firm and goodly ground
A sumptuous building they in time do found.
But (by Tradition *Cabalistik*) taught,
That God would twice reduce this World to nought,
By *Flood* and *Flame;* they rearéd cunningly
This stately pair of *Pillars* which you see;
Long-time safe-keeping, for their after-Kin,
A hundred learnéd Mysteries therein.

The opening of the pillars.

This having said, old *Heber* drawing nigher,
Opens a Wicket in the Marble Spire,
Where (*Phalec* following) soon perceive they might
A pure Lamp burning with immortall light.

Simile.

As a mean person, who (though oft-disgrac't
By churlish Porters) is convai'd at last
To the King's Closet; rapt in deep amaze,
At th' end-lesse Riches up and down doth gaze:
So *Phalec* fares. O Father (cryes he out)
What shapes are these here placéd round about,
So like each other wrought with equall skill,
That foure rain-drops cannot more like distill?
What Tools are these? what divine secrets lye
Hidden within this learnéd Mysterie?

The liberall Sciences.

These foure (quoth *Heber*) foure bright Virgins are,
Heav'n's Babes, and Sisters, the most faire and rare,
That e'r begot th' eternall Spirit (expir'd
From double Spirit) or humane Soule admir'd.

Arithmetick.

This first, that still her lips and fingers moves,
And up and down so sundry wayes removes
Her nimble Crowns; th' industrious Art it is
Which knowes to cast all Heav'n's bright Images
All Winter's hail, and all the gawdy flowrs
Wherewith gay *Flora* pranks this Globe of ours.
She 's stately deckt in a most rich Attire:
All kind of Coins in glistering heaps lye by-her:
Upon her sacred head Heav'n seems to drop
A richer showr then fell in *Dana's* Lap:
A gold-ground Robe; and for a glasse (to look)
Down by her girdle hangs a Table-book,
Wherein the chief of her rare Rules are writ,
To be safe-guarded from time's greedy bit.

Her Numbers.

1

Mark here what Figure stands for *One*, the right
Root of all Number; and of Infinite:
Love's happinesse, the praise of Harmony,
Nurc'rie of all, and end of *Polymny:*
No number, but more then a Number yet;
Potentially in all, and all in it.

2

Now, note *Two's* Character, *One's* heire apparent,
As his first-born; first Number, and the Parent

3

Of Female pairs. Here now observe the *Three*,
Th' eldest of odds, God's Number properly;
Wherein both Number, and no-number enter:
Heav'n's dearest Number, whose inclosed Center
Doth equally from both extreams extend:
The first that hath beginning, midst, and end.
The (*Cube's* Base) *Foure;* a full and perfect summ,
Whose added parts just unto Ten doe come;
Number of God's great Name, Seasons, Complexions,
Winds, Elements, and Cardinall Perfections.

Th' Hermaphrodite *Five*, never multipli'd
By 't selfe, or Odd, but there is still descri'd
His proper face: for, three times *Five* arrive
Unto Fifteen; *Five Fives* to Twenty-*five*.

5

The perfect *Six*, whose just proportions gather,
To make his Whole, his members altogether:
For *Three's* his halfe, his *Sixt One*, *Two*, his *Third;*
And *One Two Three*, make *Six*, in One conferd.

6

The Criticall and double-sexéd *Seven*,
The Number of th' unfixed Fires of Heav'n;
And of th' eternall sacred *Sabbaoth;*
Which *Three* and *Foure* conteineth joyntly both.

7

Th' *Eight*, double square. The sacred note of *Nine*,
Which comprehends the *Muse's* Tripple-Trine.

8 9

The *Ten*, which doth all Numbers' force combine:
The *Ten*, which makes, as *One* the *Point*, the *Line:*
The *Figure*, th' *Hundred*, *Thousand*, (solid corps)
Which, oft re-doubled, on th' *Atlantick* shores
Can summ the sand, and all the drops distilling
From weeping *Auster*, or the Ocean filling.

10

100. 1000.

Addition.

See: many *Summs*, here written streight & even
Each over other, are in one contriven:

Subtraction.

See here small Numbers drawn from greater count,

Multiplication.

Here *Multipli'd* they infinitely mount:
And lastly, see how (on the other side)
One Summ in many doth it selfe *Divide.*

Division.

Geometry.

That sallow-fac't, sad, stooping *Nymph*, whose eye
Still on the ground is fixéd stedfastly,
Seeming to draw with point of silver wand
Some curious Circles in the sliding sand;
Who wears a Mantle, brancht with flowrie Buds,
Embost with Gold, trayléd with silver Floods,
Bordered with greenest Trees, and fringéd fine
With richest Azure of Seas' stormfull brine:
Whose dusky Buskins (old and tattered out)
Show, she hath travell'd far and near about
By North and South; it is *Geometry*,
The Crafts-man's guide, Mother of *Symmetry*,
The life of Instruments of rare effect,
Law of that Law which did the World erect.

Her Instruments and Figures.

Here 's nothing here, but *Rules*, *Squares*, *Compasses*, *Weights*, *Measures*, *Plummets*, *Figures*, *Balances.*
Lo, where the Workman with a steddy hand
Ingeniously a levell *Line* hath drawn,
War-like *Triangles*, building fit *Quadrangles*,
And hundred kinds of forms of *Many-Angles*
Straight, *Broad*, & *Sharp:* Now see on th' other side
Other, whose *Tracts* never directly slide,
As with the *Snayl*, the crooked *Serpenter*,
And that which most the learnéd do prefer.
The complete *Circle;* from whose every-place
The *Centre* stands an equi-distant space.
See here the *Solids*, *Cubes*, *Cylinders*, *Cones*, *Pyramides*, *Prismas*, *Dodechædrons:*
And there the *Sphear*, which (World's Type) comprehends
In 't-selfe, it selfe; having nor midst nor ends:
Art's excellence, praise of his Peers, a wonder
Wherein consists (in divers sort) a hunder:

Firm *Mobile*, an up-down-bending-Vault,
Sloaping in Circuit, yet directly wrought.
See, how so soon as it to veer begins,
Both up and down, forward and back it wends;
And, rapt by other, not it self alone
Moves, but moves others with its motion
(Witnesse the Heav'ns): yea, it doth seem, beside,
When it stands still, to shake on every side,
Because it hath but one small point, where-on
His equall halves are equi-poiz'd upon;
And yet this goodly *Globe*, where we assemble
(Though hung in th' Air) doth never selfly tremble:
For, it 's the midst of the Con-centrick Orbs
Whom never Angle nor out-nook disturbs.
All *Solids* else (cast in the Aire) reflect
Un-self-like-forms: but in a Globe each tract
Seems still the same, because it every-where
Is uniform, and differs not a hair.
More-over, as the Building's *Ambigon*
May more receive then Mansion's *Oxigon*
(Because th' *acute*, and the *rect-Angles* too,
Stride not so wide as *obtuse Angles* doe)
So doth the *Circle* in his Circuit span
More room then any other *Figure* can.
Th' other are eas'ly broke, because of joynts,
Ends, and beginnings, edges, nooks, and points:
But, th' *Orb* 's not subject unto such distresse,
Because 'tis joynt-lesse, point-lesse, corner-lesse.
Chiefly (my *Phalec*) hither bend thy minde,
And learn Two Secrets which but few shall finde,
Two busie knots, Two labyrinths of doubt,
Where future Schools shall wander long about,
Beating their brains, their best endevors troubling:
The *Circle's* Squareness, and the *Cube's* re-doubling.
The certainty of Geometry. Print ever faster in thy faithfull brain
Then on brasse leaves, these *Problemes* provéd plain,
Not by Sophistick subtle Arguments,
But even by practise and experience:
Un-disputable Art, and fruitfull Skill,
Which with new wonders all the World shall fill.
Her rare inventions. Here-by, the Waters of the lowest Fountains
Mills. Shall play the Millers, as the Winds on Mountains:
And grain, so grown'd within a rowling Frame,
Shall pay his duty to his niggard Dame.
Gunnes. Here-by, a Bullet spewd from Brazen Brest
In fiery fume against a Town distrest,
With roaring powr shall pash the Rocks in sunder,
And w^th^ the noise ev'n drown the voice of thunder.
Here-by, the wings of favourable Windes
Ships. Shall bear from Western to the Eastern *Indes*,
From *Africa* to *Tule*'s farthest Floud,
A House (or rather a whole Town) of Wood;
While sitting still, the Pilot shall at ease
With a short Leaver guide it through the Seas.
Printing. Here-by the PRINTER, in one day shall rid
More Books, then yerst a thousand Writers did.
The Crane. Here-by, a Crane shall steed in building more
Then hundred Porters' busie pains before:

The *Jacob's-staffe*, to measure heights, and Lands, The Staffe.
Shall far excell a thousand nimble hands,
To part the Earth in *Zones* and *Climats* even;
And in twice-twenty-and-foure *Figures*, Heav'n.
A Wand, Sand, Water, small Wheels, turning ay, Dials and Clocks.
In twice-twelve parts shall part the night and day.
Statues of Wood shall speak: and fainéd Spheares Spheares.
Show all the wonders of true Heav'n in theirs.
Men rashly mounting through the empty Sky,
With wanton wings shall cross the Seas well-nigh,
And (doubtlesse) if the *Geometrician* finde
Another World where (to his working minde)
To place at pleasure and convenience
His wondrous Engins and rare Instruments,
Even (like a little God) in time he may
To some new place transport this World away.
Because these Two our passage open set
To bright *Urania's* sacred Cabinet,
Wherein she keeps her sumptuous Furniture,
Pearls, Diamonds, Rubies, and Saphires pure:
Because to climb starry *Parnassus'* top
None can, unlesse these Two do help him up
(For, whoso wants either of these two eyes,
In vain beholds Heav'n's glistering Canapies):
The Carver (here) close by *Geometry*
And *Numbring Art* hath plac't *Astronomy*. Astronomy.
A silver Crescent wears she for a Crown,
A hairy Comet to her heels hangs down;
Brows stately bent in milde Majestick wise,
Beneath the same two Carbuncles for eyes;
An Azure Mantle waving at her back,
With two bright Clasps buckled about her neck;
From her right shoulder sloaping over-thwart her,
A watchet Scarf, or broad imbrodered Garter,
Flourisht with Beasts of sundry shapes, and each
With glistering Stars imbost and poudred rich;
And then, for wings, the golden plumes she wears
Of that proud Bird which starry Rowels bears.
But what faire Globes (quoth *Phalec*) seems she thus Her two Globes.
With spreading arms, to reach and offer us?
My Son (quoth *Heber*) that round Figure there, 1. The Terrestriall.
With crossing Circles, is the Mundane Sphear;
Wherein, the Earth (as the most vile and base
And Lees of all) doth hold the lowest place:
Whom prudent Nature girdeth over-thwart
With Azure Zone; or rather every part
Covers with water winding round about,
Save here and there some Angles peeping out;
For, th' Ocean's liquid and sad sliding Waves
Sinking in deepest of Earth's hollow Caves,
Seek not (within her vast unequall height)
The Centre of the wideness, but the weight.
There should be th' Aire, the Fire, and wandring Seven,
The Firmament, and the first-moving Heav'n
(Besides th' Empyreall Palace of the *Sainctes*)
Each over other, if they could be painted.
But th' Artist, faining in the steed of these,
Ten Circles, like Heav'n's Superficies, His 10 Circles.

To guide us to them by more easie Path,
In hollow Globe the same describéd hath.
1. The Equinoctiall. 'Mid th' amplest *Six*, whose crossing difference
Divides in two the Sphear's circumference,
Stands th' *Equinoctiall*, equi-distant all
From those two *Poles* which do support this Ball.
Therefore each Star that underneath it slides
A rest-lesse, long, and weary Journey rides,
Goes larger Circuit, and more speedy far
Then any other steddy fixéd Star
(Which wexeth slow the more it doth advance
Neer either *Pole* his God-directed Dannce)
And while *Apollo* drives his Load of Light
Under this *Line*, the day and dusky Night
Tread equall steps: for, learnéd Nature's hand
Then measures them a-like in every Land.
2. The Zodiack. The next, which there beneath it sloaply slides,
And his fair Hindges from the World's divides
Twice twelve Degrees; is call'd th' *Zodiack*,
The *Planets'* path, where *Phœbus* plies to make
Th' year's Revolution: through new *Houses* ranging,
To cause the *Seasons'* yearly four-fold changing.
3. The 1 Colure. Th' other, which (crossing th' Universall Props,
And those where *Titan's* Whirling Chariot sloaps)
Rect-angles' forms; and, crooking, cuts in two
Here *Capricorn*; there burning *Cancer* too;
Of the Sun's stops, it *Colure* hath to name,
Because his Teem doth seem to trot more tame
On these cut points: for here he doth not ride
Flatling a-long, but up the Sphear's steep side.
4. The 2 Colure. Th' other, which cuts this equi-distantly
With *Aries*, *Poles*, and *Scale*, is (like-wisely)
5. The Meridian. The second *Colure*: The *Meridian*, This
Which never in one point of Heav'n persists;
6. The Horizon. But still pursues our *Zenith*: as the light
Inconstant *Horizon* our shifting sight.
7 *and* 8. The Tropicks. For the foure small ones: here the *Tropicks* turn,
Both that of *Cancer* and of *Capricorn*.
9 *and* 10. The South and North Circles. And neerer th' Hindges of the golden Sphear,
Here's the *South-Circle*; the *North-Circle* there:
Which *Circles* cross not (as you see) at all
The Center-point of th' universall Ball;
But, parting th' Orb into unequall ells,
'Twixt th' *Equi-nox* and them, rest *Parallels*.
The Celestiall Globes. The other Ball her left hand doth support,
Is Heav'n's bright Globe: for, though that Art come short
Of Nature far, here may ingenious soules
Admire the stages of Star-seeléd *Poles*.
The divers aspects of the Celestiall Bodies. O what delight it is in turning soft
The bright Abbridgement of that upper Loft,
(To seem) to see Heav'n's glorious Hoast to march
In glistering Troops about th' *Æthereall* Arch!
Where, one for arms bears Bow & Shafts: a Sword
A second hath; a trembling Launce a third:
One fals, another in his Chariot rowles
On th' Azure Brasse of th' ever-radiant Bowles:
This serves a-foot, that (as a Horse-man) rides:
This up, that down; this back, that forward slides:
Their order order-lesse, and Peacefull Braul
With-chil'ds the World; fils Sea, and Earth, & All.
Simile. I never see their glances inter-ject
In *Triangle*, *Sextile*, or *Square* aspect,
Now milde, now moody; but me thinks I see
Some frolike Swains amid their dancing glee;
Where Men and Maids together make them merry,
With Jigs and Rounds, till Pipe and all be weary:
Where, on his Love one smiles with wanton eye;
Where-at his Rivall frowns for Jealousie.
Question. But why (quoth *Phalec*) hath th' Al-fair, who frams
Nought here below, but 's full of Beautie's flames,
Ingrav'n on th' Orbs of th' Azure crystalline
(Where Beautie's self, and Love should ever shine)
So many hideous Beasts and Monsters fell;
Fellows, more fit for th' ugly Fiends in Hell?
Answer. Surely (saith *Heber*) God's All-prudent pleasure
Makes nothing Artlesse, nor without just measure:
And this the World's chief praise of Beauty carries,
That in each part it infinitely varies.
The reason of the names given to the 12 Signes of the Zodiack. Our learnéd Elders then, who on this Sphear,
Heav'n's shining *Signes* imagin'd fitly-fair,
Did unto each, such Shape and Name devise,
As with their Natures neerly symbolize.
1. Aries. In form of *Ram* with golden fleece they put
The bi-corn'd *Signe*, which the Year's bounds doth butt;
Because the World (under his temp'rate heat)
In fleece of flowrs is prankéd richly neat.
2. Taurus. Of *Bull* the next: because the Husband-men
With yoaks of slow-pac't smoaking Bullocks then
Tear-up their Fallows, and with hope-full toyl,
Furbush their Coultars in the Corn-fit soyl.
3. Gemini. Of *Twins* the third: because then, of two Sexes
Kinde-cruell *Cupid* one whole body mixes:
Then all things couple, then Fruits double grow,
Then Flowrs do flourish, & corn Fields do show.
4. Cancer. The fourth a *Lobstar's* name and frame they made,
Because then South-ward *Sol* doth retrograde,
Goes (*Crab*-like) backward, and so never stinteth,
But still his wheels in the same track reprinteth.
5. Leo. The fifth a *Lion*: for as Lion's breath
Is burning hot; so likewise, underneath
This fiery *Signe*, th' Earth sparkles, and the streams
Seems sod-away with the Sun's glowing beams.
6. Virgo. The sixth a *Maid*: because with Maid-like honour,
Th' Earth loatheth then the Sun's Love-glances on her
T' inflame her Love: and (reclus'd as it were)
This Virgin Season nought at all doth bear.
7. Libra. *Balance* the seventh; because it equall weighs
Night's loving-silence, and griefe-guiding Dayes;
And Heat and Cold; and in *Must*-Month, the Beam
Stands equi-pois'd in equi-poizing them.
8. Scorpio. *Scorpion* the next: because his piercing sting
Doth the first tydings of cold Winter bring.
9. Sagittarius. The ninth an *Archer* both in Shape and Name,
Who day and night follows his fairest game;
And his keen Arrows every-where bestowes
Headed with Yce, feathered with Sleet & Snowes.

10. Capricornus. The next a *Kid:* because as Kids doe clime
And frisk from Rock to Rock; about this Time
The Prince of Planets (with the locks of Amber)
Begins again up towards us to clamber.
And then, because Heav'n alwayes seems to weep
Under the ensuing *Signes;* on th' Azure steep
11. Aquarius. Our Parents plac't a *Shinker:* and by him,
12. Pisces. Two silver *Fishes* in his flouds to swim.
A deeper and more curious reason of the same. But if (my Son) this superficiall glose
Suffice thee not; then may we thus suppose,
That as before th' All-working Word alone
Made Nothing be All's womb and *Embryon*,
Th' eternall Plot, th' *Idea* fore-conceiv'd,
The wondrous Form of all that Form receiv'd,
Did in the Work-man's spirit divinely lie;
And, yer it was, the World was wondrously;
Th' Eternall *Trine-one*, spreading even the tent
Of th' All-enlightning glorious Firmament,
Fill'd it with figures; and in various Marks
There pourtray'd Tables of his future Works.
In Heaven are patterns of all things that are in Earth. See here the pattern of a silver Brook
Which in and out on th' Azure stage doth crook;
Here th' Eagle plays, there flyes the rav'ning Crow;
Here swims the Dolphin, there the Whale doth row;
Here bounds the Courser, there the Kid doth skip;
Here smoaks the Steer, the Dragon there doth creep:
There 's nothing precious in Sea, Earth, or Aire,
But hath in Heav'n some like resemblance faire.
Yea, even our Crowns, Darts, Lances, Skeyns, and Scales,
Are all but Copies of Heav'n's Principals;
And sacred patterns which to serve all Ages,
Th' Almighty printed on Heav'n's ample stages.
A third witty, pleasant, and elegant reason of the names afore-said. Yea surely, durst I (but why should I doubt
To wipe from Heav'n so many slanders out,
Of profane Rapine and detested Rapes,
Of Murder, Incest, and all monstrous Scapes,
Where-with (hereafter) some bold-fabling *Greeks*
Shall foulely stain Heav'n's Rosie-blushing cheeks?)
Here could I showe, that under every *Signe*
Th' Eternall grav'd some Mystery divine
Of 's *holy Citie;* where (as in a glasse)
To see what shall here-after come-to passe;
As publick and authentick Rowles, fore-quoting
Confusedly th' Events most worthy noting,
In his dear *Church* (his Darling and Delight).
Plaustrum. O! thou fair *Chariot* flaming bravely bright,
Which like a Whirl-winde in thy swift Career
Rapt'st up the *Thesbit;* thou do'st alwaies veer
About the *North-Pole*, now no more be-dabbling
Bootes. Thy nimble spoaks in th' Ocean, neither stabbling
Thy smoaking Coursers under th' Earth, to bait:
The while *Elisha* earnestly doth wait
Burning in zeale (ambitious) to inherit
His Master's Office and his mighty Spirit;
That on the starry Mountain (after him)
He well may manage his celestiall Teem.
Hercules. Lyra. Close by him, *David* in his valiant fist
Holds a fierce *Lyon's* fiery flaming *Crest:*
Here shines his golden *Harp*, and there his *Crown:* Corona *Borealis.*
There th' ugly *Bear* bears (to his high renown)
Seav'n (shining) *Stars.* Lo, here the whistling *Lance*, Vrsa *minor.* Pleiades. Cuspis.
Which frantick *Saul* at him doth fiercely glance.
Pure Honour's Honour, Prayse of Chastity
O fair *Susanna*, I should mourn for thee,
And moan thy tears, and with thy friends lament Andromada.
(With Heav'n-lift-eyes) thy wofull punishment, Cassiopeia.
Save that so timely (through Heav'n's providence) Cepheus.
Young *Daniel* saves thy wrongéd Innocence: Perseus.
And by a dreadfull radiant splendor, spread
From Times-Child Truth (not from *Medusa's* head) Caput *Medusæ.*
Condemns th' old Leachers, and eft-soons upon
Their curséd heads there hayls a storm of stone:
Also, as long as Heav'n's swift Orb shall veer,
A sacred Trophee shall be shining here
In the bright *Dragon*, of that Idol fell, Draco.
Which the same Prophet shall in *Babel* quell.
Where-to more fit may *Pegasus* compare, Pegasus.
Then to those Coursers; flaming in the ayr,
Before the Tyrant of *Iesse-Asia's* fury
Usurps the fair *Metropolis* of *Jurie?*
Where-to the *Coach*-man, but *Ezechiel*,
That so well drives the Coach of *Israel?*
Where-to the *Swan*, but to that *Proto-Martyr*, Cygnus.
The faithfull Deacon which endureth torture,
(Yea death) for his dead Lord; whom sure to meet,
So neer his end sings so exceeding sweet?
Where-to the *Fish* which shineth here so bright, Piscis *Borealis.*
But to that Fish, that cureth *Tobie's* sight?
Where-to the *Dolphin*, but to that meek Man, Delphinus.
Who dry-shod guides through Seas *Erythræan*
Old *Jacob's* Fry: And *Jordan's* liquid glasse
Makes all his Hoast dry (without boat) to passe?
And furthermore, God hath not onely grav'n
On the brasse Tables of swift-turning Heav'n
His sacred *Met;* and in *Triangle* frame, Trigonos.
His *Thrice-One* Nature stampéd on the same:
But also, under that stout *Serpent-slayer*, Ophiucus.
His Satan-taming Son (Heav'n's glorious heir)
Who with the Engin of his *Crosse* abates
Th' eternall hindges of th' infernall Gates:
And, under that fair Sun-fixt-gazing *Fowle*, Aquila.
The God of Gods dear Minion of his Soule,
Which from his hand reaves Thunder often-times,
His Spirit; his Love, which visits earthly Climes
In plumy shape: for, this bright wingéd *Signe*,
In head and neck, and starry back (in fine)
No lesse resembles the milde simple *Dove*,
Then crook-bild *Eagle* that commands above.
What shall I say of that bright *Bandeleer*,
Which twice-six *Signes* so richly garnish here?
Th' Year's Usher, doth the *Paschal* Lamb fore-tell, Aries.
The *Bull*, the Calfe, which erring *Israel* Taurus.
Sets up in *Horeb*. These two fair shining *Twins* Gemini.
Those striving Brethren *Isaack's* tender Sons:
The fourth is *Salomon*, who (*Crab*-like) crawls Cancer.
Backward from Vertue: & (foule Swine-like) fals

In Vice's mire: profanest old (at last)
In soule and body growne a-like un-chaste.
Leo. The fifth, that *Lyon* which the Hair-strong Prince
Tears as a Kid, without War's Instruments,
Virgo. The sixt, that *Virgin* ever-maiden Mother,
Bearing for us, her Father, Spouse, and Brother.
Libra. The next that *Beam*, which in King *Lemuel's* hand,
So justly weighs the *Justice* of his Land.
The next, that Creature which in *Malta* stings
Th' Apostle's hand, and yet no blemish brings;
For 'tis indifferent, whether we the same,
Scorpio. A spotted *Scorpion*, or a *Viper* name.
Sagittarius. Th' *Archer*, is *Hagar's* Son: the *Goat* (I ghess)
Capricornus. Is *Aaron's* Scape-Goat in the wilderness.
The next, the deer Son of dumb *Zacharias*,
Aquarius. God's Harbinger, fore-runner of *Messias:*
Who in clear *Jordan* washeth clean the sin
Of all that rightly do repent with-in.
Pisces. These *Two* bright *Fishes*, those wher-with the Lord
(Through wondrous blessing of his powrfull Word)
Feeds with five loaves (upon *Asphalti's* shoar)
Abundantly five thousand Folk and more.
But, turn we now the twinkling *Globe*, & there
Let 's mark as much the *Southern* Hemi-sphear.
Orion. Ah! know'st thou not this glorious *Champion* heer,
Eridanus. Which shines so brightly by the burning *Steer?*
'Tis *Nun's* great Son, who through deep *Jordan* leads
His Army dry shod; and (triumphant) treads
Canis. On *Caanan Curs*, and on th' *Ammorean Hare*,
Canicula. Foyl'd with the fear of his victorious war.
Lepus. See th' ancient *Ship*, which, over windes, & waves
Triumphing safe, the World's seed-remnant saves.
Hydra. Loe, here the *Brasen Serpent* shines, whose sight
Cures in the Desart, those whom Serpents bite.
Corvus. Here th' happy *Rav'n* that brings *Elias'* cates;
Cratera. Here the rich *Cup* where *Joseph* meditates
Centaurus. His grave Predictions: Here that Heav'nly *Knight*,
Who prest appearing arméd all in white,
To *Maccabeus*, with his flaming *spear*
Lupus. So deep (at last) the *Pagan Wolfe* doth tear,
Ara. That on God's *Altar* (yerst profan'd so long)
Sweet *Incense* fumeth, and the sacred Song
Of *Levites* soundeth in his House again;
Corona *australis*. And that rich Crown th' *Asmonean* Race doth gain,
Piscis *australis*. To rule the *Jewes*. Loe, there the happy *Fish*
Which payes *Christ's* Tribute (who our Ransom is):
Balæna. And here the *Whale*, within whose noysom breast,
The Prophet *Jonas* for three dayes doth rest.
A notable correction of the Poet upon these last Discourses. But while (my spokes-man, or I rather his)
Thus *Heber* comments on Heav'n's *Images*,
Through path-lesse paths his wandring steps doth bring,
And boldly quavers on a Maiden string;
Suppose not (Christians) that I take for grounds
Or points of Faith, all that he here propounds;
Or that old *Zeno's* Portall I sustain,
Or *Stoïck Fate* (th' Almightie's hands to chain):
Or in Heav'n's Volume reading things to-come,
Erroneously a *Chaldee*-Wife become;

No, no such thing; but to refresh again
Your tyred Spirits, I sung this novell strain:
That hither-to having with patience past
Such dreadfull Oceans, and such Desarts vast,
Such gloomy Forests, craggy Rocks and steep,
Wide-yawning Gulfs, & hideous Dungeons deep;
You might (at last) meet with a place of pleasure,
Where-on the Heav'ns lavish their plenteous treasure,
Where *Zephyr* puffs perfumes, & silver Brooks
Embrace the Meads, smiling with wanton Looks.
Yet (curteous Readers) who is it can say
Whether our Nephews yet another-day
(More zealous then our selves in things Divine)
This curious *Art* shall Christianly refine;
And give to all these glistering *Figures* then
Not *Heathen* names, but names of *Holy* men?
But, seek we now for *Heber*, whose Discourse
Informs his *Phalec* in the *Planets'* course:
What *Epicicle* meaneth, and *Con-centrick*,
With *Apapt*, *Perigé*, and *Eccentrick:*
And how fell *Mars* (the Seedster of debate)
Dayes glorious Torch, the wanton (*Vulcan's* mate)
Saturn, & *Jove*, three Sphears in one retain,
Smooth *Hermes* five, faire *Cynthia* two-times-twain.
For, the Divine Wits, whence this Art doth flow,
Finding their Fires to wander to and fro,
Now neer, now far from Nature's Nave: above,
Confusion, voyd; and rupture to remove,
Which would be caused, through their wanderment,
In th' Heau'ns inclos'd within the Firmament;
Have (more then men) presum'd to make within
Th' eternall Wheels where th' erring Taper 's been,
Sundry small Wheels, each within other closed,
Such equi-distance each-where inter-posed,
That (though they kiss) they crush not; but the base
Are under th' high, the high the low imbrace:
Like as the Chest-nut (next the meat) within
Is cover'd (last) with a soft slender skin,
That skin inclos'd in a rough tawny shell,
That shell in-cas't in a thick thistly fell.
He proceeds to discover the secrets of Astronomie.
Simile.
Then takes he th' *Astrolabe*, where-in the Sphear
Is flat reducéd: he discovers there
The *Card* of *Heights*, the *Almycantharats*,
With th' *Azimynths*, and the *Almadarats*
(Pardon me, Muse, if ruder phrase defile
This fairest Table, and deface my stile
With Barbarism: For in this Argument,
To speak *Barbarian*, is most eloquent).
The use of the Astrolabe.
On th' other side, under a veering *sight*,
A Table veers; which, of each wandring Light
Shows the swift course; and certain Rules includes,
Dayes, names of Months, and *scale* of *Altitudes*.
Removing th' *Alhidade*, he spends some leasure,
To shew the manner how a Wall to measure,
A Fountain's depth, the distance of a place
A Countrie's compasse, by Heav'n's ample face:
In what bright starry *Signe*, th' Almighty dread,
Daye's Princely *Planet's* dayly billeted:

In which his *Nadir* is: and how with-all
To finde his *Elevation* and his *Fall*.
How long a time an Entire *Signe* must wear
While it ascendeth on our *Hemi-sphear*:
Poles' Elevation: The *Meridian line*:
And divers hours of Day and Night to finde.
These learnéd wonders witty *Phalec* marks,
And heedfully to every Rule he harks:
Wise Alchymist, he multiplies this Gold,
This Talent turns, increasing many-fold:
And then presents it to his Noble seed,
Who soon their Doctor in his Art exceed.

Simile. But, even as *Mars*, *Hermes*, and *Venus bright*,
Go visit now the naked *Troglodite*,
Then *Jove*, then *Guynney*, and (inclin'd to change)
Oft shifting house, through both the worlds do range
Astronomy, by whom, & how maintained. (Both worlds ev'n-halv'd by th' *Equinoctial Line*):
So the perfection of this Art divine,
First under th' *Hebrews* bred and born, anon
Comes to the *Chaldees* by Adoption:
Scorning anon, th' old *Babylonian* Spires,
It leaves swift *Tigris* and to *Nile* retires;
And, wexen rich, in *Egypt* it erects
A famous School: yet, firm-lesse in affects,
It fals in love with subtill *Grecian* wits
And to their hands a while it selfe commits;
But in renownéd *Ptolomeus'* Raign,
It doth re-visit the dear *Memphian* Plain:
Yet, thence re-fled, it doth th' *Arabains* try;
From thence to *Rome*: from *Rome* to *Germany*.

The praise of learned Astronomers, and the profit of their Doctrine. O true *Endymions*, that imbrace above
Upon mount *Latmos* your Imperiall Love
(Great Queen of Heav'n) about, whose Bed, for Guard,
Millions of Archers with gold Shields do ward.
True *Atlasses*: you Pillars of the *Poles*
Empyreall *Palace*; you fair learnéd soules;
But for your Writings, the Starrs'-Doctrine soon,
Would sink in *Lethé* of Oblivion:
'Tis you that Marshall Months, and years, & dayes:
'Tis you that quote for such as haunt the Seas
Their prosperous daies, & daies whē death ingraven
On th' angry welkin, warns them keep their haven:
'Tis you that teach, the Plough-man when to sow,
When the brave Captain to the Field shall goe;
When to retire to Garrison again,
When to assault a batter'd Peece; and when
To convoy Victuals to his valiant Hoast:
'Tis you that shew what season fitteth most
For every purpose; when to *Purge* is good,
When to be *Bathed*, when to be *Let-bloud*:
And how *Physicians*, skilfully to mix
Their Drugs, on Heav'n their curious eyes must fix.
'Tis you that in the twinkling of an eye
Through all the Heav'nly Provinces doe flye:
'Tis you that (greater then our greatest Kings)
Possesse the whole World in your Governings:
And (to conclude) you demi-gods can make
Between your hands the Heav'ns to turn and shake.

O divine Spirits: for you my smoothest quill
His sweetest hony on this Book should still;
Still should you be my Theam; but that the Beauty
Of the last *Sister* drawes my Love and Duty;
For, now I hear my *Phalec* humbly crave
The fourth Maid's name: his Father, mildely-grave,
Replyes him thus; Observe (my dearest Son)
Those cloud-lesse brows, those cheeks vermilion, The description of Musick.
Those pleasing looks, those eyes so smiling-sweet,
That grace-full posture, and those pretty feet
Which seem still Dancing: all those Harps & Lutes,
Shawms, Sag-buts, Citrons, Viols, Cornets, Flutes,
Plac't round about her; prove in every part
This is the noble, sweet, Voyce-ord'ring *Art*,
Breath's Measurer, the Guide of suppliest fingers
On (living-dumb, dead-speaking) sinnew-singers:
Th' Accord of Discords: sacred *Harmony*,
And Numb'ry Law, which did accompany
Th' Almighty-most, when first his Ordinance
Appointed Earth to rest, and Heav'n to dance.
For (as they say) for supr'Intendent there,
The supreame Voyce placéd in every Sphear
A *Syren* sweet; that from Heav'n's Harmony The Heavens' Harmony.
Inferiour things might learn best Melody,
And their rare Quier with th' Angels Quier accord
To sing aloud the praises of the Lord,
In's Royall Chappel, richly beautifi'd
With glistering Tapers and all sacred Pride.
Where, as (by Art) one selfly blast breath'd out Simile.
From panting bellows, passeth all-about
Winde-Instruments; enters by th' under Clavers
Which with the Keys the Organ-Master quavers,
Fils all the Bulk, and severally the same
Mounts every Pipe of the melodious Frame;
At once reviving lofty *Cymbal's* voyce,
Flute's sweetest ayre, and *Regal's* shrillest noyse:
Even so th' all-quickning Spirit of God above
The Heav'n's harmonious whirling wheels doth move;
So that re-treading their eternall trace,
Th' one bears the Trebble, th' other bears the Base.
But, brimmer far then in the Heavens here A fourefold Consort in the humors, seasons and elements.
All these sweet-charming Counter-Tunes we hear:
For, *Melancholy*, *Winter*, *Earth* below,
Bear aye the *Base*; deep, hollow, sad and slow:
Pale *Phlegm*, moist *Autumn*, *Water* moistly-cold,
The Plummet-like-smooth-sliding *Tenor* hold:
Hot-humid *Bloud*, the *Spring*, transparent *Aire*,
The Maze-like *Mean*, that turns and wends so fair:
Curst *Choler*, *Summer*, and hot thirsty *Fire*,
Th' high-warbling *Treble*, loudest in the Quire.
And that 's the cause (my Son) why stubborn'st things The power of Musick towards all things.
Are stoopt by *Musick*; as reteining springs
Of Number in them: and they feeble live
But by that Spirit which th' Heav'ns' dance doth drive.
Sweet *Musick* makes the sternest men-at-Arms Towards Men.
Let-fall at once their Anger and their Arms:
It cheers sad soules, and charmes the frantick fits
Of Lunaticks that are bereft their wits:

It kils the flame, and curbs the fond desire
Of him that burns in Beautie's blazing Fire
(Whose soule, seducéd by his erring eyes,
Doth some proud Dame devoutly Idolize):
Towards Beasts, Birds, Flies, and Fishes. It cureth Serpents' banefull bit, whose anguish
In deadly torment makes men madly languish:
The Swan is rapt, the Hinde deceiv'd with-all,
And Birds beguil'd with a melodious call:
Th' Harp leads the Dolphin, & the buzzing swarm
Of Busie Bees the tinkling Brasse doth charm.
Towards God himselfe. O! what is it that *Musick* cannot do!
Sith all-inspiring Spirit it conquers too:
And makes the same down from th' Emperiall Pole
Descend to Earth into a Prophet's soule;
With divine accents tuning rarely right
Unto the rapting Spirit the rapted Spright.

Sith, when the Lord (most moved) threatneth most,
With wrathfull tempest arming all his hoast;
When (angry) stretching his strong sinnewy arms,
Wth bended back he throws down thundry storms;
Th' harmonious sighs of his heart-turning Sheep
Supple his sinnews, lull his wrath a-sleep;
While milde-ey'd Mercy stealeth from his hand
Th' sulph'ry Plagues prepar'd for sinfull Man.
But while that *Heber* (eloquently) would
Old *Musick's* use and excellence have told;
Conclusion of the Second Day of the Second Week. Curst *Canaan* (seeking *Jordan's* fatall course
Past by the *Pillars*, and brake his Discourse,
And mine withall; for I must rest me here;
My weary Journy makes me faint weil-neer:
Needs must I crave new ayde from High, and step
A little back, that I may farther leap.

The End of the Second Day of the Second Weeke.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 11, '*witty*' = wise.
,, 18, '*quintessence*'—noticeable verb-form.
,, 26, '*contemple*' = contemplate—by stress of rhyme with 'temple.'
,, 32, '*haut*' = haughty (French, *haut*). Cf. Richard II. iv. 1.: Richard III. ii. 3.
,, 34, '*fand*' = found—again by stress of rhyme, with 'stand.'
,, 43, '*Slat*' = slate.
,, 88, '*expir'd*' = breathed out.
,, 103, '*bit*' = bite. See line 774.
,, 170, '*Serpenter*' = serpent—once more by stress of rhyme, with 'prefer.'
,, 179, '*hunder*' = hundred—misprinted 'hundred.'
,, 198-9, '*Ambligon*' and '*Oxigon*'—on these and other technical words see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 266, '*pask*' = dash, break.
,, 238, '*Jacob's-staffe*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for full note.
,, 271, '*watchet*' = blue.
,, 275, '*proud Bird*' = peacock?
,, 306, '*waxeth*' = waxeth.
,, 355, '*With-child's*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for other examples.
,, 379, '*bi-corn'd*' = two-horned.
,, 385, '*Furbush*' = furbish.
,, 397, '*sod-away*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

Line 440, '*Skeyns*' = skeins.
,, 454, '*Rowles*' = rolls.
,, 459, '*Thesbit*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 506, '*Mot*'—*ibid.*
,, 510, '*abates*' = casts down—an interesting example of the word.
,, 520, '*Bandeleer*' = a broad belt of leather, worn by a musqueteer over the left shoulder.
,, 565, '*prest*' = ready.
,, 597, '*Nephews*' = descendants. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 606, '*Seedster*' = sower of the seed.
,, 625, '*fell*' = skin.
,, 667, '*affects*' = affections.
,, 677, '*ward*' = defend and watch.
,, 703, '*still*' = distill.
,, 719, '*Numb'ry*' = law of numbers.
,, 732, '*Clavers*' = clavier. In music, an assemblage of all the keys of an organ, etc., representing all the sounds used in melody and harmony.
,, 737, '*Regal's*' = musical instrument, like a small portable organ. See Hawkins' History of Music, II. 448.
,, 740, '*trace*' = track, path.
,, 772, '*erring*' = wandering.
,, 777, '*call*' = snare-cry in catching birds.

G.

ABRAHAM.

THE

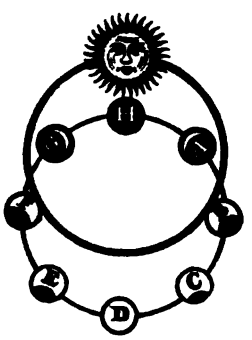
THIRD DAY OF

THE

SECOND WEEKE.

Containing

I. The Vocation,
II. The Fathers,
III. The Law,
IV. The Captains.



Acceptam refero.

The Vocation.

THE FIRST PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

ABRAM *from* Chaldé *is divinely* CALL'D :
How Blest *abroad : His* (*parted*) Nephew *Thrall'd*
In Sodom's *aid*) *to* Chedorlaomer ;
Rescu'd *by Him : Type of that bloudy* War :
Melchisedec *His* Hap *congratulates :*
Ismael *great ; but* GOD confederates
With (*promis'd*) Isaac, *and his* (CHRIST-*kin*) *Seed,*
Which shall in number even the Stars exceed :
Lot *harbors* Angels ; *sav'd from* Sodom's Fire ;
His Wife Transform'd : *His Daughters'* foule Desire.

UNtill *this Day* (deer *Muse*) on every side
Within straight lists thou hast been boundifi'd,
Pend in a path so narrow every-where,
Thou couldst not manage : onely here and there
(Reaching thine arms over the Rails that close
Thy bounded *Race*) thou caught'st some fragrant Rose,
Som July-flowr, or som sweet Sops-in-wine,
To make a Chaplet, thy chaste brows to binde.
But now, behold th' art in the open Plain,
Where thou maist lively, like the Horse of *Spain*
(That having burst his halter and his hold,
Flings through the field, where list him uncontrol'd)
Corvet, & turn, run, prance, advance, & pride-thee,
As *sacred fury* of thy *Zeal* shall guide-thee.
Th' whole world is thine : henceforth thy Syth may mow
The fairest Crop that in *Fame's* fields doth grow ;
And, on the Sea of richest *Histories*
Hulling at large, a hundred Victories,
A hundred Rowts, a hundred Wonders new
Come huddling in, in heaps before thy view :
So that I fear, lest (train'd with various sent)
Thou be at fault in this vast Argument ;
And lest the best choyce in so bound-lesse Store
Pain thee no lesse now, then did Want before.
But wot'st thou what, my *Muse* (my dear delight,
My care, my comfort) we will follow right
The modest hand of a fair Shepheardling,
Who doth not rudely spoyl the flowry Spring
Of all her painted beauties ; nor deface
All in one day a pleasant Garden's grace ;
But mannerly amid the Quarters seeks
Such rarest flowrs as best her fancie likes :
And here a blew one, there a red she puls,
A yellow here, and there a white she culs ;
Then bindes them with her hair, and blessed over
With a chaste kisse, she sends them to her Lover :
We 'l over-run the *Annals* of all Ages ;
And choosing-out the chiefest Personages,
And Prodigies amid the *Hebrew* Story,
We 'l offer them on th' Altar of God's glory.
For he (I hope) who, no lesse good then wise,
First stirr'd us up to this great Enterprise,
And gave us heart to take the same in hand,
For Levell, Compasse, Rule and Squire will stand ;
Will change the Pebbles of our puddly thought
To *Orient* Pearls, most bright and bravely wrought ;
And will not suffer in this precious *Frame*
Ought that a skilfull Builder's eye may blame ;
Or, if he suffer ought, 't shall be some trace
But of that blindnesse common to our Race ;

Simile.

Simile.

T' abate my glory, and to give me proofe,
That (mortall) I, build but with mortall stuff.
Dedication to the King's Majesty.
JAMES, richest Gem of *Scots*, & *Scotland's* Praise,
Who, with the same hand that the Scepter swayes,
On Heav'n-faln paper, in a golden stile,
Dost happily immortall lines compile ;
And (new *Apollo*) under Others' names
Sing'st in thy Childehood thine Own future *Fames :*
To whom but Thee should I these Verses vow ?
Who through the World hast made me famous now,
And with a liberall learnéd hand indu'd
My *Muse* with lustre of a *Royal Sute ;*
Before-so ragged, that she blusht well-neer
That her chaste Sisters should so homely see-her :
The scorn of Art, of *Helicon* the shame,
Usurping (wrong) URANIA'S sacred Name,
Through the shes *Heav'nly*. O wise, worthy Prince,
Maist thou surmount all those in excellence,
Which have (before thee) Rul'd th' hard-ruled *Scots*,
And ruder *Picts* (painted with Martiall spots)
That, first *Fergusius* (glory of his dayes)
Ev'nus and *Donald* may envy thy Praise ;
And even the *Scott'sh* (or rather th' *Hebrew*) *David*
(*Jesse's* great Son so holily behavéd)
Give place to thy renown, and therewithall
Give thee his Zeal and Heart heroicall,
And all his best (which doth thee best belong)
As he hath giv'n thee his sweet Harp and Song.
THOUGH profane service of *Idolatry*
Had drown'd the whole Earth universally :
Though shame-lesse sin (born with the COLONIES
Through all the world) through all did Tyrannise :
Yet in *Chaldea* was their chiefest Seat,
Their strength in *Shinaar ;* and that Citie great,
Built on the slimy strand of *Euphrates*,
Was the proud Palace where they held their Feasts.
So that, even *Sem's* and *Heber's* sacred Line
(Where God his grace yet seeméd to confine)
Sucking the Sin-bane of *Assyrian* ayre,
Did (like the Heathen) every day impaire ;
Forgot the true God ; followed (rashly-rude)
The grosse grand Error of the multitude ;
Degeneriz'd, decaid, and withered quite :
Simile. Like some rare Fruit-Tree over-topt with spight
Of Briers and Bushes which it sore oppresse
With the sowr shadow of their thorny tresse ;
Till choakt withall, it dies as they doe growe,
And beareth nought but mosse and Misseltoe.
The calling of *Abraham*. But God, desirous (more for us then him)
In some one stock to save *Faith's* sacred stem
(Like as before from the All-drowning *Floud*
He sav'd the World's seed in an Ark of wood)
Marks *Abram* for his own : and from false Rites,
To Men, to Beasts, to Stocks, to Stones, to Sprites,
Him graciously to his owne Service draws ;
Not by meer Conduct of exteriour cause,
As by contempling th' Artship richly-rare
Which gilds the Seeling of this Globe so fair ;
Earth's fruitfull powr, producing (goodly-green)
From so small seeds so huge and mighty Treen,
Flowrs fragrant aire, so fresh and divers di'd ;
Sea's foaming Course, whose ever-Tilting Tide
(Ebbing or flowing) is confin'd to Season,
Bounded with lists, guided with reans of Reason :
But, by the motion of his spirit which seals
In our heart's Centre what his word reveals,
And prudently in his fit time and place
(Dispensing frankly his free gifts of *Grace*)
Doth inwardly bear-witnesse, and aver-it
Under our spirits that 'tis God's *Holy spirit*.
The fruits of a true faith, and the effect thereof. The sacred *Faith of Abram* languisht not
In idlenesse, but alwayes wakt and wrought,
And ever lively brought forth Patience,
Humility, Hope, Bounty, Innocence,
Love, fervent Zeal, Repentance, Temperance,
Sincerity, and true perseverance ;
Fruits that (like Load-stones) have a vertue given
(Through *faith*) to draw their father-tree to heav'n,
And guide the soules to God (the spring of life)
Of's kins-man *Lot*, and *Sara* his dear Wife ;
Who with him following the Almighties call,
Wend to the strand where *Jordan's* course doth craul :
Their own dear Country willingly forsake
And (true-religious) lesse account do make
Of goods and lands, and quiet-life's content,
Then of an end-lesse friend-lesse Banishment.
O sacred ground of Vertue's sole perfection !
O shield of Martyrs ! Prophets' sure direction !
Soule's remedy ! O contrite heart's restorer !
Tears-wiping tame-griefe ! Hope's guide, hunting horror !
Path of Salvation ! Pledge of Immortality !
O lively FAITH ! through thy admiréd quality,
How many wonders dost thou work at once,
When from Sin's slumbers thou hast wakt us once,
And made us inly in our spirits conceive
Beauties that never outward eyes perceive !
Naturall considerations to have stopt the Iourney of *Abraham*. Alas ! said *Abram*, must I needs forgoe
These happy fields where *Euphrates* doth flow ?
Here, first I drew this vitall aire, and (pleas'd
With my birth's news) my mother's throes I eas'd :
Here, from her tender brest (as soft as silk)
My tender gums suckt my first drop of milk :
Here, with the pleasure of mine infant-smile
Her Cares and Cumbers I did oft beguile :
Here, my chaste Sisters, Uncles, Aunts, and Kin,
My pretty prattling have delighted in :
Here, many a time I wantonly have clung,
And on my father's wrinkled neck have hung :
Here have I past my Lad-age fair and good :
Here, first the soft Down on my chin did bud :
Here, I have learn'd Heav'n's Motions, & the nature
And various force of Eire, Ayre, Earth, and Water :
Here, I have show'n the noblest tokens forth
Both of my Minde's and of my Bodie's worth :
Here, I have spent the best part of mine age :
Here, I possess a plenteous Heritage :

Here, I have got me many friends, and fame,
And by my Deeds attain'd a glorious Name:
And must I hence, and leave this certain state,
To roam uncertain (like a Runagate)
O're fearfull Hils, and thorough foaming Torrents
That rush down moũtains wth thier roaring currẽts;
In dreadfull Desarts, where Heav'n's hottest beam
Shall burn without; within us, Thirst extream:
And gloomy Forrests full of ghastly fear
Of yelling Monsters that are dwelling there:
To seek a Country (God knowes where, & whither)
Whose unknown name hath yet scarce sounded hither?
With staffe in hand, and wallet at our back,
From Town to Town to beg for all we lack?
To guise our selves (like counterfeiting Ape)
To th' guise of Men that are but Men in shape?
T' have (briefly) nothing properly our own
In all the World; no, not our Grave-place known?
Is't possible, I should endure to see
The sighs and tears my friends will shed for me?
O! can I thus my Native soyl forsake?
O! with what words shall I my Farewell take?
Farewell *Chaldea*: dear delights, adieu:
Friends, Brothers, Sisters, farewell all of you,
Farewell for ever: can I thus (alas!)
Rudely unwinde me from the kinde embrace
Of their dear arms, that will me faster hold
Then trembling Ivie doth the Oak enfold;
Or then the Vine doth with her crawling spray
The boughs of Elm, her limber limbs to stay?
Can I expose (with perill of my life)
The un-vulgar beauties of my vertuous wife,
To the none-sparing lust of that loose Nation
That brutely burns in all abomination?
Besides, what rigour? nay what parricide?
To hale from *Tigris'* shore to *Jordan's* side
A weak old-man? a man so weak and old,
He scarce can creep without our help and hold.
Yet, 't must be so: for so the Lord commands.
A carnall man on carnall reason stands:
But, for all Reasons, *Faith* sufficeth me;
Who lodge with God can never House-less be.
Then cheerly marcht he on, and though the age
And death of *Terah* slow'd his pilgrimage;
The rest of His he doth conduct (in fine)
To *Canaan* (since called *Palestine*):
Where God pours down such flouds of goods upon them,
And bounteously bestowes such blessings on them,
That their abundance shortly seems t' exceed
God's Promises, and their desires indeed.
Their fruitfull Heards, that hill and dale do haunt,
Resemble not the breed of th' Elephant,
Which (slowe in coupling, and in calving more,
Pining her Master so long time before
With lingring hope) brings-forth, with painfull grones,
But once in twelve years, but one Calfe at once.
All's white wth their wooll: all their Cattell proves,
Still, still increasing like to Stares and Doves.

Two Comparisons.

His resolution above all discourse of reason.

The great blessing of God on his Obedience.

Simile.

Their Wealth so growes, that, wantoniz'd withall,
Their envious Shepheards broach a civill Brawl.
But, lest this Mischief, by the Grooms begun,
Between their Masters might unkindly run,
The Grave-milde *Grandsire of the Faithfull* (there)
And *Ammon's* Father, to cut off the fear
Of farther strife, and to establish rather
Their Mindes then Bodies, in a league together;
Divided duly with a deep foresight
Their Flocks and Heards in number infinite.
Then pleas'd and parted; both go live a-part:
The Uncle kept the Mountain for his part;
For, 's Nephew chose the fat and flowry Plain,
And even to *Sodom* stretcht his Tent and Train;
And, dwelling there, became a Citizen
Among those monstrous, Nature-forcing Men.
O *Lot* (alas!) what lot hast thou elect?
Th' eternall verdure, and the trim prospect,
The plenteous Pastures, and the purling Springs,
Whose fibrous silver, thousand Tributes brings
To wealthy *Jordan*, wat'ring so the soil
(Like God's owne Garden) doth thy sense beguile,
Blindeth thy judgment, makes thee (miserable)
To seat thee with a people execrable;
Whose War thrall'd woes, and odious villanies
To springs of tears shall turn thy tender eyes.
Elam's proud King, great *Chedorlaomer*
(Leagued with *Arioch* King of *Ellasar*,
The Soverain of the Nations, *Thadael*,
And with the King of *Shynaar*, *Amraphel*)
Made war against the Kings of *Sodoma*,
Gomorrha, *Zeboïm*, *Zoar*, *Adamah*;
Who, subject to him for twelve years before,
Rebelléd now, and cast the yoke they bore.
Both ¡Camps approach, their bloudy rage doth rise,
And even the face of Cowards terriblize;
New Martiall heat inflames their mindes with ire,
Their bloud is mov'd, their heart is all on fire.
Their cheerfull limbs (seeming to march too slowe)
Longing to meet, the fatall drums out-goe;
And even already in their gesture fight:
Th' iron-footed Coursers, lusty, fresh, and light,
Marrying their Master's cause and courage both,
Snow all the field with a white foaming froth,
And prancing with their load (as proud withall)
With loud-proud neighings for the Combat call.
Now both the Hoasts march forward furiously,
The Plain between soon shrinketh equally:
First in the Ayre begins a fight of dust,
Then on the Earth both Armies bravely joust.
Brave yet it was: for yet one might behold
Bright swords & shields, & plumèd helms of gold
Un-goard with bloud; no Cask had lost his head,
No Horse his load, no scattered Corps lay dead.
But, on our Corn-fields towards harvest-time
(For punishment of some ingratefull crime)
Th' incensed hand of Heav'n's Almighty King
Never more thick doth slippery Ice-pearles fling,

Iarre begun between his Servants, & the Servants of *Lot*.

Abraham & *Lot*, to shun contention, part companie.

Lot dwels at *Sodom*.

The battle of *Siddim* fought by the King of *Elam*, with his confederates, against the Kings of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, with theirs.

Comparison.

Then here the Arrows showr on every side :
An iron Cloud Heav'n's angry face doth hide
From Souldiers' sight ; and flying weapons then
For lack of ground fall upon horse or men :
There 's not a shaft but hath a man for White,
Nor stone but lightly in warm bloud doth light :
Or, if that any faile their foes to hit
In fall ; in flight themselves they enter-split :
The wounds come all from Heav'n : the bravest Hee
Kils and is kild of him he doth not see :
Without an aym the Dart-man darts his spear,
And Chance performs th' effect of Valour there.

Simile.

As two stout Rams, both Jealous-phrenzy-sick,
Afront two flocks, spurd on with anger's prick,
Rush on each other with tempestuous shock,
And, butting boisterous, horns and heads do knock :
So, these two Armies enterchangéd blowes ;
And doubling steps and strokes upon their Foes,
First flesh their Lances, and their Pikes embrew,
Then with their Swords about them keenly heaw,
Then stab with Daggers ; standing bravely to-'t,
Till Foe to Foe they charge them foot to foot ;
So neer, that oft ones Target's pike doth pierce
Another's Shield, and sends him to his Herse.
And gawdy plumes of Foes (be-Cedered brave)
Oft on their Foes' (un-pluméd) crests do wave.
Of all their strokes scarce any stroke is vain ;
Yet stand they firm, and still the fight maintain :
Still fronting Death, they face to face abide,
None turn their backs ; no, neither shrink aside ;
Of their own blood, as of their Foe's, as frank.
But too-too-tiréd, some at last dis-rank :
Then Threats, and Cries, and Plaints redoubled ay,
And so pel-mel rage-blinded *Mars* doth play,
That now no more their Colours they discern ;
But, knowing none, to all are strangely stern.
The *Palestine* fights under *Elam's* Standard,
The *Shinarite* with *Sodom's* Ensignes wander'd :
Even as two swarms of busie Buzzers, mounting

Simile.

Amid the Ayre, and mutually affronting,
Mingle their Troups ; one goes, another comes,
Another turns ; a cloud of Moatlings hums
Above our heads, who with their cipres wings
Decide the Quarrell of their little Kings :
Either of which a hundred times a minute
Doth lose a Souldier, and as oft re-win-it.

A martiall brave of an old Captain against the effeminate softness & delicacie of Carpet Knights.

But may one hope in Champions of the Chamber,
Soft Carpet-Knights, all-senting Musk and Amber,
(Whose chief delight is to be over-come)
Un-daunted hearts that dare not Over-come ?
In Woman-Men a manly Constancie ?
In wanton Arms un-wearied Valiancie ?
No, no (*Gomorrah*) this is not the place
For quav'ring Lutes a warbling Voyce to grace :
No (filthy *Sodom*) 'tis not here the game
To play with Males in spight of Nature's name :
No (*Zeboïm*) here are no Looking-Glasses
For *Para-Nimphs* to gaze their painted faces :
To starch Mustachoes, and to prank in print,
And curle the Lock (with *favours* braided in't) :
No (*Adamah*) we spend not here the day
In Dancing, Courting, Banquetting and Play :
Nor lastly (*Zoar*) is it here the guise
Of silken Mock-*Mars* (for a *Mistress-Prize*)
With Reed-like Lance, and with a Blunted blade,
To Championize under a Tented shade,
As at your Tourneys. Therefore to your Mew :
Lay-down your weapons, here's no Work for you.
'Tis here the Fashion (and the pride of Wars)
To paint the face with sweat, dust, blood & scars :
Our Glass is here a bright and glist'ring shield
Our Satten, steel : the Musick of the Field
Doth rattle like the Thunder's dreadfull roar :
Death tilteth here : the Mistriss we adore,
Is Victory (true Soverain of our hearts)
Who without danger graceth no Deserts :
Dead carcasses perfume our Dainty Nose :
Our Banquets here, be Banquets for the Crowes :
Flee therefore (Cowards) flee and turn your backs,
(As you were wont in your thought-shaming acts)
But with our Swords and Lances (in your haste)
Through-thrilléd (Villains) this shall be your last,
Said *Amraphel :* and charg'd them in such sort,
That 't seems a sudden Whirl-winde doth transport
Their fainting Troups. Some (best adviséd) flie

Defeature of the Sodomites.

To tops of Mountains that do neighbour by ;
Som, through the plain ; but, neither (in the chace)
Dares once look back (no, not with half a face)
Their fear had no restraint, and much less Art :
This throwes away his shield, and that his dart ;
Swords, Morrions, Pouldrons, Vaunt-brace, Pikes & Lances,
Are no defence, but rather hinderances ;
They, with their hearts, have also lost their sight,
And reeking less a glorious end, in Fight,
Then thousand base deaths, desperatly they ran
Into the floods that fats rich *Canaan*.
Then, *Jordan* arms him 'gainst these infidels,
With rapid course, and like a sea he swels ;
Lakes under ground into his chanell range,
And shallowest Foords to ground-less gulfs doe change :
He fumes, he foams ; and, swiftly whirling round,
Seems, in his rage, these bitter words to sound :
Dye (Villians) dye : O more then infamous
Foule Monsters ! drench your damnéd soules in us.
Sa, sa, my Floods : with your cold moisture quench
The lust-full flame of your self-burning stench.
Drown, drown the Hel-hounds, and revenge the wrong
Wch they have don our Mother *Nature* long.
The River, swiftly whirling-in the slaves,
Above with Boaws, beneath with Bodies, paves :
The gaudy Plume, yet floating light and soft,
Keeps for a while the hollow helm aloft ;
But yet (at length) even those that swim the best,
Down to the bottom sink among the rest,
Striving and struggling (topsi-turvie tost)
While fain they would, but cannot, yeeld the ghost ;

Because the flood (unwilling to defile
His purest waves with spirits so foule and vile)
Re-spews them still into themselves, and there
Smoothers, and choaks, and rams them, as it were :
Then both at once (Bodies and Soules) at last
To the main Sea, or his own shore doth cast.

Their owne Ambush serves against themselves.

The Kings of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* then,
Hoping to train the King of *Elam's* men,
Among the Clay-pits which themselves before
(T' intrap the Foe) with boughs had covered o're,
Ran thither-ward : but their confuséd flight,
In their own Ambush made their own to light :
Wherein they lost the flowr of all their rest ;
Sooner of death, then of death's fear possest.

One, as he flies with trembling steps the dart
Which (from behind) nigh pierc't him to the heart,
Tangling his foot with twyning tendrels tho
Of a wilde Vine that neer a pit did grow,
Stumbles, and tumbles in, hung by the heels
Up to the Waste in water : where he feels
A three-fold Fate : for there (O strange !) he found
Three deaths in one ; at once *slain*, *hang'd* & *drown'd*.

Another, weening o'r a Well to skip,
From the wet brim his hap-lesse foot doth slip,
And in he fals : but instantly (past hope)
He catcheth hold upon a dangling rope,
And so at length with shifting hands gets-up
By little and little to the fountain's top.
Which *Thadael* spying, to him streight he hies,
And thus aloud unto the wretch he cries ;
Varlet, is this, is this the means you make,
Your wonted yoke of *Elam* off to shake?
Is this your Skirmish? and are these your blowes,
Where-with t' incounter so courageous Foes?
Sir, leave your ladder ; this shall serve as well,
This sword shall be your ladder down to Hell :
Goe pay to *Pluto* (Prince of *Acheron*)
The Tribute here deny'd unto your own :
Here-with he draws his Fauchin bright and keen,
And at a blow heaws both his arms off clean :
His trickling hands held fast, down fell his Trunk,
His bloud did swim, his body quickly sunk.

Another (roughly pushéd by the Foe)
Fals headlong down into a Bog below :
Where, on his head deep planted in the mud
With his heels upward like a Tree he stood ;
Still to and fro, waving his legs and arms,

Simile.

As Trees are wont to wave in windy storms.

Another here (on hors-back) posting over
A broad deep clay-pit that green boughs do cover,
Sinks instantly ; and in his sudden Fate
Seems the brave Horse doubly unfortunate :
For, his own neck he breaks, and bruzing in
(With the keen scales of his bright Brigandin)
His Master's bowels, serves (alas !) for Tomb
To him that yerst so many times did comb
His crispy Crest, and him so frankly fed
In 's hollow Shield with oats, and beans, and bread :

Even so somtimes, the loving Vine and Elm
(With double domage) joyntly over-whelm ;
She wails the wrack of her dear Husband's glade ;
He moanes his Spouse's feeble arms and shade :
But most it grieves him with his Trunk to crush
The precious Clusters of her pleasing Bush ;
And presse to death unkindly with his weight
Her that for love imbraceth him so straight.

Simile.

Yet *Lot* alone (with a small troup assisted)
The Martiall brunt with manly breast resisted,
And thirsting Fame, stands firmly looking for
The furious hoste of *Chedorlaomer* :
But as a narrow and thin-planted Cops,
Of tender saplings with their slender tops,
Is fell'd almost as soon as under-taken
By Multitudes of Peasants Winter-shaken :
Lot's little Number so environ'd round,
Hemm'd with so many swords, is soon hew'n down.

Lot's valour.

His undaunted resolution.

Then left alone, yet still all one he fares ;
And the more danger, still the more he dares :
Like a strange Mastiff fiercely set upon
By mongrell Curs, in number ten to one :
Who tyr'd with running (grown more cunning) gets
Into some corner ; where upright he sits
Upon his stern, and sternly to his foes
His rage-full, foaming, grinning teeth he shewes,
And snarles, and snaps ; and this and that doth bite,
And stoutly still maintains th' unequall fight
With equall fury, till (disdaining Death)
His Enemies be beaten out of breath.

Simile.

Arioch, admiring, and (even) fearing too
What *Lot* had done, and what he yet might doe ;
Him princely meets, and mildly greets him thus :
Cease (valiant youth) cease, cease t' incounter us.
Wilt thou (alas !) wilt thou (poor soule) expose
And hazard thus thy life and fame to lose,
In such a Quarrell, for the cause of such?
Alas, I pitie thy misfortune much.
For, well I see, thy habit and thy tongue
Thine Arms (but most) thy courage (yet so young)
Shew that in SODOM'S wanton wals accurst
Thou wert not born, nor in *Gomorrha* nurst.
O chief of Chivalry, reserve thy worth
For better wars : yeeld thee ; and think hence-forth
I highly prize thy powers ; and, by my sword,
For thousand kingdoms will not false my word.

Lot taken prisoner.

Past hope of Conquest (as past fear of death)
LOT yeelds him then upon the Prince's Faith :
And from his Camell quick-dismounting hies
His Royall hand to kisse in humble wise :
And th' Army, laden with the richest spoyl,
Triumphantly to th' Eastward march the while.

Abrahams with his family of 300 goes to rescue *Lot*.

No sooner noyse of these sad novels came
Unto the ears of faithfull ABRAHAM,
But instantly he arms to rescue LOT,
And that rich prey the Heathen Kings had got.
Three hundred servants of his house he brings
(But lightly arm'd with staves, & darts, and slings,

Ayded by MAMRE (in whose Plain he wons)
ASCOL and ANER (AMOR'S valiant sons)
So at the heels he hunts the fear-lesse Foe,
Yet waits advantage yer he offer blow)
Favour'd by streightnesse of the wayes they took,
And cover'd close with night's deceitfull cloak.

A lively description of *Sleep*, with his Cell, Servants, Furniture and Company.

In *Groon-land* field is found a dungeon,
A thousand-fold more dark then *Acheron;*
It hath no door, lest as it turns about,
On rusty hooks, it creak too lowdly out,
But *Silence* serves for Port and Porter there:
A gaggéd Usher that doth never wear
Stif-rustling silks, nor ratling chamlet sutes,
Nor gyngling spurs, nor creaking Spanish boots;
But, that he make no noyse (when e're he sturs)
His high-day sutes are of the softest Furs;
At other times (lesse-stately-service-full)
He 's onely clad in cotton, shod in wooll:
His left fore-finger o're his lips he locks;
With th' other beckens to the early Cocks,
The rushing streams, and roaring *Eólus*,
Seeming (though dumb) to whisper softly thus:
Sleep silver *Torrents;* cease, sweet *Chants-cleer*,
To bid *Good-morrow* to the *Morning* here:
Be still, ye Windes, keep in your native nest;
Let not your storms disturb this house of Rest.
In midst of all this Cave so dark and deep,
On a still-rocking couch lies blear-ey'd *Sleep*,
Snorting aloud, and with his panting breath
Blowes a black fume, that all envapoureth:
Oblivion lies hard-by her drowzie brother
Who readily knowes not her selfe nor other:
Then solitary *Morpheus* gently rockt,
And nasty *Sloath* self-pyn'd, and poorly frockt,
Irresolute, unhandsome, comfortlesse,
Rubbing her eyes with Poppy, and doth presse
The yellow *Night-shade*, and blew *Gladiol's* juyce,
Where-with her sleep-swoln heavy lids she glews.
Confusédly about the silent Bed
Fantastick swarms of *Dreams* there hovered,
Green, red, and yellow, tawny, black, and blew:
Some sacred, some profane; some false, some true;
Some short, some long; some div'lish, some divine;
Some sad, some glad; but monstrous all (in fine):
Simile. They make no noyse, but right resemble may
Th' unnumbred Moats which in the Sun do play,
When (at some Cranny) with his piercing eye
He peepeth in some darker place to spy.
Thither th' Almighty (with a just intent
To plague those Tyrants pride) his Angels sent,
No sooner entred, but the radiant shine
Of 's glistring wings, and of his glorious eyn,
As light as Noon makes the darke House of Night.
The gawdy swarm of *Dreams* is put to flight:
And opening wide the sable Canapey
The wingéd Herald summon'd *Sleep* away.
Silence dislodg'd at the first word he spake:
But deaf-dead *Sleep* could not so soon awake.

Hee 's call'd a hundred times, and tugg'd and touz'd,
And by the Angel often rubb'd and rouz'd:
At length he stirs, and stretching lazily
His legs and arms, and opening halfe an eye,
Foure or five times he yawns; and leaning-on
His (Lob-like) elbow, hears This Message done.
Great Spir't's-restorer, Care's charm-Chasing-grief
Night-short'ning Sire, Man's-Rest, & Mind's Relief,
Up, up (said he) dispatch thee hence in poste
And with thy Poppy drench the conquering Hoste
Of those proud Kings, that (richly charg'd with Prey)
On *Canaan* Mountains lodge in dis-aray.
Th' Angel, in th' instant back to Heav'n-ward gon,
Sleep slowly harnest his dull Bears anon;
And, in a noys-lesse Coach all darkly dight,
Takes with him *Silence*, *Drowsinesse*, and *Night:*
Th' air, thickning where he goes, doth nod the head,
The Wolf in Woods lies down, th' Ox in the Mead,
Th' Orque under Water; and on Beds of Down
Men stretch their limbs, and lay them softly down.
The Nightingale, pearcht on the tender spring
Of sweetest Haw-thorn, hangs her drowsie wing,
The Swallow 's silent, and the loudest *Humber*,
Leaning upon the Earth, now seems to slumber:
Th' yeugh moves no more, the asp doth cease to shake
Pines bow their heads, seeming some rest to take.
So soon as *Sleep's* black wings had over-spread
The Pagan Hoast; the Souldiers haste to bed:
For, instantly begin they all to wink,
To hang their heads, and let their weapons sink:
Their words-half-spoke are lost between their lips,
Through all their veins *Sleep's* charming humour slips,
Wch to a deep & death-like *Letharge* brings
Both Heathen Souldiers and their Heathen Kings.

Abram's oration to his little Troup.

Abram perceiving now the Army neer,
By their own Fires; 'gan thus his Troups to cheer:
Souldiers (said he) behold this happy Night
Shall make amends for that dis-astrous Fight
Was fought in *Siddim*, and acquittance cry,
For *Sodom's* shame, and *Lots's* captivity;
Me thinks, already *Victory* adorn'd
With Bowes, and Blades, and Casks, and Crowns return'd
From th' Enemy, on our triumphant spears
Erecteth Tropheis far more rich then theirs;
Me thinks, already on our glistering Crests,
The glorious Garland of the Conquest rests;
Our way to vertue lyes so smooth and plain,
With pain-lesse Honour and unvent'red Gain.
This Hoast you see, is not the valiant Troup
That stript *Gomorrha*, and made *Segor* stoop;
That *Jordan*, *Inde*, and *Euphrates* admire;
But a foule Heard of Swine wall'wing in mire;
Regard them as they are, not as they were;
See but their sloath, doe not their number fear;
He that 's asleep is dead, and he that 's dead
Bites not (they say); What have we then to dread?
Why stay we, Lads? already down they are,
Their throats be naked, and their bosoms bare,

Their lives lie prostrate here at our command ;
And fortune cals but for your helping hand.
Come, follow me ; rather, the *Lord of Hoasts*
(Terror of Tyrants) who through all the Coasts
Of all the Earth confoundeth (with a thought)
All worldly power, & brings men's plots to nought ;
Come (happy Troup) follow with one accord
Th' invincible brave Standard of the Lord.
This said ; eft-soons I wot not what a grace,
What divine beam reflected on his face ;
Simile. For, as in March, the Serpent having cast
His old foule skin crawls from his hole full fast,
Hisses and stings, and stares us in the face,
And (gold-like glistering) glides along the grass ;
So Heav'n inspires fresh vigour in each part,
His bloud renews, his heart doth take new heart,
A martiall fury in his breast there boyls,
His stature seems much taller then yer-whiles ;
Youth paints his cheeks with Rose and Lilly Dies,
A lovely Lightning sparkles in his eyes ;
So that his gallant Port and gracefull voyce
Confirms the faintest, makes the sad rejoyce.
Abraham sets upon the Camp of *Chodorleomer.* Then on the Camp he sets, where round about
Lie mingled Carrs, and Horse, and Men, that rout ;
Rest seizeth all ; and (wanting what it fed)
The fire it self slept in his ashy bed.
Th' *Hebrews* the-while laid-on back, or brest,
Or arm, or side, according as their Rest
To th' ground had bound them ; & those lives bereft
The which Death's Image in a Image reft.
Here, one beheaded on a Trunk of Pine,
Pours-out at once his gore, his ghost, and Wine ;
The full Helm hops, and with a voyce confused,
Murmurs, as if it his fell Fate accused.
Another taken by inchanting sleep,
Mid Pots and Cups, and Flagons quaffing deep,
Doth at a wound, given in his ratling gorge,
The Wine again in his own Cup dis-gorge.
Another, while ingeniously he playes
Upon his Lute some passing-pleasing Layes,
Sleep seals his eyes up with a gloomy cloud ;
And yet his hand still quavers light and loud :
But, at the last it sinks ; and offring fair
To strike the Base, strikes but the empty ayre :
His soule, descending to th' Infernall Coasts,
Goes to conclude his Song unto the Ghosts :
Dolefull it was, not for the Argument
(For 'twas of *Love*) but for the sad event.
Another, wak'ned with those loud alarms,
Starts-up and groapeth round about for arms ;
Which, ah too soon he findeth, for his part :
For a keen poignard stabs him to the heart.
Simile. Like as a Tigresse, having with the gore
Of Buls, and Heifers made her spots the more,
And pav'd a Plain with creatures' mangled limbs,
Views on each side her valiant stratagems,
Treads on the vanquisht, and is proudly sad,
That no more Foes, nor no more Maw she had :

So th' *Hebrew* stalking round about the slain,
Braves (but it boots not) and would very fain
That those dead bodies might their Ghosts re-gather,
Or that those Moūtains would produce him (rather)
Some Foes more wakefull, that more manfully
In bloud-drown'd Valleys might his valour try.
Amor's three sons did no lesse slaughter make ;
Abram for zeale, they but for furies' sake ;
This, nails a Souldier with his Sword to th' ground ;
That, at a blow, th' heads of two Heads dis-crownd.
This, underneath a Chariot kils the driver :
That, lops off legs and arms, and heads doth shiver.
The Tents already all in bloud doe swim,
Gushing from sundry Corps, from severall lim.
In briefe, so many ravening Wolves they seem,
Within whose breast, fierce Famine biteth keen,
Who softly stealing to some fold of Sheep
(While both the Shepheard & his Curr doth sleep)
Furbush their hungry teeth, tear, kill, and prey
Upon the best, to eat and bear away.
Yet, at the length, the vanquishéd awake,
And (re-aray'd) the Victors under-take ;
Putting the three proud *Amorites*, to flight,
Who but for *Abram*, had been routed quite.
Sleep sleep (poor *Pagans*) sith you needs must dy,
Go sleep again, and so dye easily,
Dye yer you think on death, and in your Dreams
Gasp-out your soules ; Let not your dazled beams
Behold the havock and the horror too
Of th' Execution, that our swords shall doe,
Hacking your bodies to heaw-out your breaths,
Yer death, to fright you with a thousand deaths,
Said *Abraham :* and pointing every word
With the keen point of his quick-whirled sword
(As swift in doing, as in saying so)
More fiercely chargeth the insulting Foe,
Then ever storm-full cloud, which fed with water's Comparison.
Thin moist-ful fumes (y^e^ snowy moūtains' daughters)
Showr'd heaps of hail-shot, or pour'd flouds of rain,
On slender stems of the new tender grain :
Through bloud, and blades, through danger, dust and death,
Through mangled Corps and carrs he traverseth ;
And partly in the shock, part with the blows,
He breaketh in through thickest of his Foes,
And by his travell topsi-turneth then
The live and dead, and half-dead horse and men :
His bright-keen Fauchin never threats, but hits ;
Nor hits, but hurts ; nor hurts, but that it splits
Some privie postern, whence to Hell (in Post)
Some groaning Pagan may gasp out his ghost :
He all assayls, and him so brave bestows,
That in his Fight he deals more deaths then blows.
As the North-winde, re-cleering-up the front Simile.
Of cloudy Heav'ns, towards the South doth hunt
The showrs that *Austers* spungie thirst exhales
Out of those Seas that circle *Orus's* wals ;
So where-so-e're our *Hebrew Champion* wield
His war-like weapon and his glistering shield

Elamites overthrown by *Abraham*.

(Whose glorious splendor darts a dreadfull light)
All turn their backs, and all be-take to flight;
Forgetting Fame, Shame, Vertue, Hope, and all,
Their hearts are don, and down their weapons fall:
Or, if that any be so strangely-stout
As not to faint, but bravely yet hold out,
Alas! it boots not, for it cannot stop
The victory, but haste his own mishap.

God giveth victory.

But in what Fence-schoole, of what Master, say,
Brave Pearl of Souldiers, learn'd thy hands to play
So at so sundry weapons, such passados,
Such thrusts, such foyns, stramazos, and stoccados?
Even of that mighty God, whose sacred might
Made Heav'n & Earth (& them so brave bedight)
Of meerly nothing; of that God of Powr
Who swore to be thy Target and thy Tower;
Of that high God who fortifies the weak,
Who teacheth his, even steely bowes to break;
Who doth his Children's zealous hearts inflame,
But daunts the proud, and doth their courage tame.

Abraham follows the execution.

Thy Sword abates th' armed, the strong, the stout;
Thou cleav'st, thou kill'st: The faint dis-armed rout,
The lightning of thine eyes, thy voyces thunder,
And thy stern dreadfull port confounds with wonder;
Death and Despair, Horror and Fury fight
Under thine Ensignes in the dismall Night;
Thou slayest this, and that thou threat'st as much,
This thou pursu'st, that thou disdain'st to touch;
In brief (thou blest Knight brave) thou quelst at once
Valiant and vile, arm'd and unarméd ones.
Here, thine even hand (even in a twinkling trice)
In equall halves a Pagan's head doth slyce:
Down on each shoulder looketh either halfe,
To gaze upon his ghastly *Epitaph*,
In lines of bloud writ round about him fair,
Under the curtain of his parted hair.
Here, through a Jerkin (more then Musket-proofe)
Made twelve-fold double of East-country Buff,
Clean through and through thy deadly shaft doth thrill
A gyant's bulk; the wounded hulk doth reel:
The head behinde appears; before, the feathers;
And th' Ethnick soul flies both wayes out togethers:
Here thou dost cleave, with thy keen fauchin's force,
The Bards and Breast-plate of a furious Horse,
No sooner hurt, but he recoyleth back,
Writing his fortune in a bloudy track:
Thy barbéd dart, here at a *Chaldee* flyes,
And in an instant lardeth both his thighes,
While he (blaspheming his hard stars and state)
Hops (like a Pie) in stead of wonted gate.

Lot rescued revengeth bravely his captivity.

Now Lot (the while) escapt from Elam's hands,
Free from the burden of his yron bands;
With just revenge retorts his taken wrong,
His feet grow swift, his sinnews wexen strong,
His heart revives; and his revivéd heart
Supplies new spirits to all and every part.

Simile.

And as a wilde and wanton Colt, got out
Of some great Stable, staring scuds about,
Shakes his proud head and crest, yerks out his heels,
Butts at the ayre, beats on the humble fields,
His flying shadow now pursues amain,
Anon (amaz'd) flies it as fast again,
Again beholds it with selfe-proud delight,
Looks on his legs, sets his stiff tayl upright,
And neighs so loud to Mares beyond the Mound,
That with the noyse the neighbour hils resound:
So, one while Lot sets on a Troup of Horse,
A band of Sling-men he anon doth force,
Anon he pusheth through a Stand of Pikes,
A wing of Archers off anon he strikes,
Anon he stalks about a steepfull Rock,
Where some, to shun death's (never shunnéd) stroke,
Had clambred-up; at length a path he spies,
Where up he mounts, & doth their Mount surprise:
Whence, stones he heaves, so heavy and so huge,
That in our Age, three men could hardly bouge;
Under whose weight his flying Foes he dashes,
And in their flesh, bones, stones, and steel he pashes:
Somtimes he shoots, somtimes he shakes a Pike,
Which death to many, dread to all doth strike.
Some in the breast he wounds, some in the backs,
Some on the hanch, some on the head he hacks,
He heaws down all! and maketh where he stood
A Mount of bodies in a Moat of bloud.

The Pagans wholly put to flight.

At length the *Pagans* wholly left the place,
Then both sides ran; these chaséd, those to chase:
These onely use their heels; those heels and hands:
Those wish but a fair way; these that the sands
Would quickly gape, and swallow quick to Hell
Thēselves that fled, & thē that chac't to fell:
These render nought but blows; those nought but bloud:
Both sides have broke their ranks: pel-mel they scud;
Choakt-up with dust, dis-ordered, dis-array'd:
Neither Command, Threat, nor Intreat obey'd.
Thou that (late) bragg'st, that thy white *Wormly* brave
Could dry-foot run upon the liquid Wave:
And on the sand leaving no print behinde
Out-swifted Arrows, and out-went the Winde,
With a steel Dart, by Abrah'm stifly sent,
Art 'twixt thy Cuirace and thy Saddle slent:
And thou that thrice, neer *Tigris'* silver source,
Hadst won the Bell, as best in every Course,
Art caught by Lot, and (thrild from side to side)
Losest thy speed-praise, and thy life beside.
It seems no Fight, but (rather as befals)
An execution of sad criminals:
Who-so escapes the sword, escapes not so
His sad destruction; or, if any tho
Escap't at all, they were but few (at least)
To rue the fatall ruine of the rest:
Tor th' Uncle and the Nephew never lin,
Till out of *Canaan* they have chac't them clean:

Simile.

Like to a Cast of Falcons that pursue
A flight of Pigeons through the Welkin blew;
Stooping at this and that, that to their Louver,
(To save their lives) they hardly can recover.

The Kings of *Canaan* received *Abraham* and his company with great joy, and the gratefull offer of their homage unto him.

At his return from Fight, the Kings and Lords
Of *Palestine*, with glad and humble words,
Do welcome *Abram* and refresh his Troup;
To's knees their heads, to's feet their knees they stoop:
O valiant Victor! for thy high Deserts,
Accept the homage of our humble hearts.
Accept our gratefull zeale: or if ought more
(As well thou mayst) thou dost expect therefore,
Accept (said they) our Lands, our goods, our gold,
Our wives, our lives, and what we dearest hold:
Take all we have; for all we have is thine:
No wrong to us to take thy Valour's Fine.

Melchisedeck blesseth *Abraham*.

Melchisedec, God's *sacred Minister*,
And King of *Salem* coms to greet him there,
Blessing his blisse, and thus with zealous cry
Devoutly pierc't Heav'n's starfull Canapey:
Blest be the Lord, that with his hand doth roule
The radiant Orbs that turn about the Pole;
And rules the Actions of all humane-kinde
With full command; and with one blast of winde
Razes the Rocks, and rends the proudest Hils,
Dries-up the Ocean, and the empty fils:
Blest be the great God of great *Abraham*:
From Age to Age extolléd be his Name:
Let every place unto him Altars build,
And every Altar with his praise be fill'd,
And every Praise above the Welkin ring
As loud or louder then the Angels sing:
Blessèd be He, that by an arm-lesse crew
Of Art-lesse Shepheards did so quick subdue
And tame the Tamers of *Great Syria* so;
And to the servants of an exil'd Foe
Hath giv'n the Riches and the royall store
(Both of their Booty and their Own before)
Of such an Hoast of Nations that first see
Sol's early rising from *Aurora's* knee.

Abraham distributes the booty, reserving only a portion for the *Amorites* that were his confederates.

But *Abraham*, to prove that not for prey,
He puts-on arms, divides the Spoyls away;
The *Tythes* the *Priest's*: the Rest of all the things
(Yerst lost in field) he renders to the Kings,
Save but the Portion he participates
To th' *Amorites* his stout Confederates;
Shewing himselfe a Prince as Politick,
Prudent, and just, as stout and souldier-like,
That with his Prowesse Policy can mell,
And Conquering, can use his Conquest well;
Magnanimous in deeds, in words as meek,
That scorning Riches, true renown doth seek.

He is famous far and neere.

So, from the Sea, even to th' *Euphratean-source*,
And even from *Dan* to *Nilus* crystall course,
Rings his renown; Of him is all the speech,
At home, abroad; among the poor and rich,
In war and peace; the Fame of his high deeds
Confirms the Faithfull in their fainting Creeds;
And terrifies the Tyrant Infidels,
Shaking the sides of their proud Citadels,
That with their fronts the seat of JOVE do scorn,
And with their feet at *Pluto's* crown do spurn.

Voyce, Harp, and Timbrel sound his praise together,
Hee's held a Prophet or an Angel rather;
They say that God talks with him face to face,
Hoasts at his House, and to his happy Race
Gives in *Fee-simple* all that goodly Land
Even from the Sea, as far as *Tigris'* Strand.

God appears unto him, and maketh covenant with him.

And it is certain, the *Thrice-sacred One*
The King of kings, by Dream or Vision,
Speaks with him oft; and cals him thus by name;
Faint not my servant, fear not ABRAHAM;
I am no fiend that with a fainéd lip
Seek guilefully thy simpleness to trip,
Nor to entice the (with a baen-full breath)
To bite (like ADAM) a new fruit of death:
'Tis I, that brought thee from thy Native UR,
From night to day, from death to life (thus far)
I brought thee hither, I have blest thee here,
I with thy flocks have covered far and neer
Canaan's fat Hils; I have preserv'd thy Wife
From strangers' lust, and thee from Tyrants' knife,
When thy faint heart, and thy false tongue, affray'd
To tell the truth, her and thy selfe betray'd:
'Tis I, that have so oft from Heathens' powr
Preserv'd thy person; and (as Conqueror)
Now made thee triumph over th' Eastern Kings
(Whereof so far thy famous Valour rings):
I am (in briefe) I am the Lord thy God,
Thy help at home, thy Guide and Guard abroad:
Keep thou my Covenant: and (to signifie,
That to the World thou dy'st, to live to Mee)

Circumcision instituted.

Go *Circumcise* forth-with thy Selfe and Thine,
Lead holy Life walk in my Wayes divine
With upright-foot: so shall my favour hant
Thy House and thee, and thou shalt nothing want:
No, I will make thee Lord of all the Land
Which *Canaan's* Children have with mighty hand
So long possest; a happy Land that flowes
With milk and hony: a rich Land where growes
(Even of it selfe) all kind of Fruit & Corn,
Where smiling Heav'ns pour-down their Plentie's-horn:
Ile heap thee there with Honour, Wealth, & Powr,
I will be thy Reward, thy Shield, and Towr.

Canaan promised to *Abraham*.

O Lord (said ABRAM) though into my lap
In showrs of gold ev'n all the Heav'ns should drop,
What booted all, to me that am alone?
Alas! my Lord, I have enough, for one
That hath no issue after to inherit,
But my good servant ELEAZAR's merit.
Not so, my Son (replies th' Omnipotent)
Mistake not so my bountifull intent;
Ile not disparage to a Servant's Fee
The rich estate, and royall dignity
That in my People shall hereafter shine:
No, no (mine ABRAM) even a stock of thine,
Thine own deer Nephews, even thy proper Seed
Shall be thine Heirs, and in thy state succeed.
Yea thine own Son's immortall-mortall Race
Shall hold in gage the Treasures of my Grace.

The Patriarch, then rapt with sudden joy,
Made answer thus: Lives then my wandring Boy?
Lives ISMAEL? is ISMAEL alive?
O happy news! (Lord let him ever thrive)
And shall his Seed succeed so eminent?
Ah! let me dye then: then I dye content.
ISMAEL indeed doth live (the Lord replies)
And lives, to father mighty Progenies:
For, from the Day when first his Mother (flying
Thy jealous Sara's curst and threatfull crying)
To the dry Desart's sandy horror hy'd,
I have for both been carefull to provide;
Their extreme Thirst due-timely to refresh,
Conducting them unto a Fountain fresh,
In liquid Crystall of whose Maiden spowt
Bird never dipt her bill, nor Beast his snowt.
And if I erre not (but I cannot erre:
For, what is hid from Heart's-Artificer?
What can the Sight of the Sight-maker dim?)
Another Exile yet attendeth him,
Where-in he shall (in season) feel and finde,
How much to him I will be good and kinde.
He shall grow great, yet shall his rest be small;
All shall make war on him, and he on all:
Ismael's mightiness. Through Corslets, Rivers, Jacks, and Shirts of Mail,
His shaft shall thrill the Foes that him assail:
A swift Hart's heart he shall (even running) hit;
A Sparrow's head he shall (even flying) split:
And in the ayre shall make the Swallow cease
His sweet-sweet note, and slicing nimbleness.
Yea (O Saints-Firstling) only for thy sake,
Twelve mighty Princes will I shortly make
Spring from his Loines, whose fruitfull seed shall sway
Even unto *Sur* from golden *Havila*.
Yet 'tis not He, with whom I mean to knit
Mine inward Covenant; th' outward seal of it
ISMAEL may bear, but not the efficace
(Thy Son, but after flesh, not after Grace).
But to declare that under Heaven's Frame,
I hold nought deerer then mine ABRAHAM,
Ile open SARA'S dry and barren womb,
Isaac promised. From whence thine ISAAC (Earth's delight) shall come,
To glad the World; a Son that shall (like thee)
Support thy *Faith*, and prop her Family.
Com from thy Tent, com forth & here contemple
The golden Wonders of my Throne and Temple;
Number the Stars, measure their bignesse bright,
With fixéd eye gaze on their twinkling light,
Exactly mark their ordred Courses driven
In radiant Coaches through the Lists of Heav'n:
Then mayst thou also number thine own Seed,
And comprehend their Faith, and plainly read
Their noble Acts, and of their publike State
Draw an *Idea* in thine own conceit.
In him the Covenant ratified. This, This is Hee, to, and with whom I grant
Th' eternall Charter of my *Covenant;*
Which if he truly keep, upon his Race
Ile pour an Ocean of my plenteous Grace:
Ile not alone give him the Fields here seen
But even from *India* all that flowreth green
To th' utmost Ocean's utmost sand and shelfe;
Ile give him Heav'n, Ile give him even my Selfe.
Hence, hence, the *High & mighty Prince* shal spring
Sin's, Death's, and Hel's eternall-taming King,
The sacred Founder of Man's soverain Bliss,
World's peace, world's ransom, & world's righteousness.
Th' eternall seem'd then towards Heav'n to hie,
Th' old-man to follow him with greedy eye.
The sudden dis-appearing of the Lord,
Seem'd like to powder, firéd on a boord,
When smoakingly it mounts in sudden flash,
With little flame, giving a little clash.
Plenty and Pleasure had o'r-whelm'd the while
Sodom and *Gomor* in all Vices vile:
So that, already the most ruth-less Rape
Of tender Virgins of the rarest shape,
Th' adulterous kiss (which Wedlock's bands unbindes)
Th' incestuous Bed, confounding Kindred's kindes
(Where Father wooes the Daughter, Sister Brother,
Th' Uncle the Niece, and ev'n the Son the Mother)
They did not hate, nor (as they ought) abhor;
But rather scorn'd, as sports they car'd not for.
Forbear (dear Younglings) pray a-while forbear,
Stand farther from me, or else stop your eare,
At th' obscœne sound of th' unbeseeming words
Which to my *Muse* this odious place affords:
Or, if its horror cannot drive you hence,
Hearing their Sin, pray hear their Punishments.
These beastly Men (rather these man-like Beasts)
Could not be fill'd with VENUS' vulgar Feasts;
Fair Nature could not furnish their Desire;
Some monstrous mess these Monsters did require:
An execrable flame inflam'd their hearts,
Prodigiously they play'd the Women's parts:
Male hunted Male; and acted, openly,
Their furious Lusts in fruitless Venery.
Therefore, to purge Ulcers so pestilent,
Two Heav'nly Scowts the Lord to *Sodom* sent;
Whom (deeming Mortals) *Lot* importunates
To take his Lodging, and to taste his Cates.
For, Angels, being meer Intelligences
Have (properly) no Bodies, nor no Senses:
But (sacred Legats of the *Holy-One*)
To treat with us, they put our Nature-on;
And take a body fit to exercise
The Charge they have, which runnes, and feeds, and flies;
Dures during their Commission; and, that past,
Turns t' Elements, whence first it was amasst.
A simple Spirit (the glittering Childe of Light)
Unto a bodie doth not so unite,
As to the Matter Form incorporates:
But, for a season it accomodates,
As to his Tool the quaint Artificer,
(That at his pleasure makes the same to stir)
Yet in such sort that th' instrument (we see)
Holds much of him that moves it actively.

Of his line shall come Christ the Redeemer.

Prosperity plungeth the Sodomites in all manner of abominations.

Their most execrable sinne.

Two Angels sent downe, received and guested by Lot.

Of the nature and essence of Angels.

But alwaies in some place are Angels: though
Not as all-filling (God alone is so,
The Spirit which all good spirits in spirit adore,
In all, on all, with-out all evermore).
Nor as inviron'd (That alone agrees
To bodies bounded with extremities
Of the next substance; and whose superfice
Unto their place proportionable is)
But rather, as sole-selfly limited,
And joyn'd to place, yet not as quantiti'd;
But by the touch of their live efficace
Containing Bodies which they seem t' embrace:
So, visibly those bodies move, and oft
By word of Mouth bring arrands from aloft,
And eat with us; but, not for sustentation,
Nor naturally, but by meer dispensation.
Such were the sacred Guests of this good Prince:
Such, courteous ABRAM feasted in his Tents,
When, seeing three, he did adore but one;
Which, comming down from the celestiall Throne,
Fore-told the sad and sudden Tragedy,
Of these loose Cities, for their Luxurie.

Exhortation to hospitality.

You that your Purse do shut, and doors do bar
Against the cold, faint, hungry Passenger;
You little think that all our life and age
Is but an Exile and a Pilgrimage:
And that in earth whoso hath never given
Harbour to strangers, shall have none in Heav'n,
Where solemn *Nuptials* of the *Lamb* are held,
Where Angels bright and souls that have excell'd,
All clad in white, sing th' *Epithalamy*,
Carowsing *Nectar* of Eternitie.
Sans *Hospitality*, the Pilgrim poor
For Bed-fellow might have a Wolf or Boar:

The lustfull Sodomites inflamed with the beauty of the Angels, mutiny against *Let* for harbouring them.

What e'er is given the Strange and Needy one,
Is not a gift (indeed) but 't is a Loan,
A Loan to God, who payes with interest;
And (even in this life) guerdons even the least.
For, alms (like leaven) make our goods to rise,
And God his own with blessings plentifies.
O Hosts, what know you, whether (charitable)
When you suppose to feast men at your Table,
You guest God's Angels in Men's habit hid,
(Heav'n-Citizens) as this good *Hebrew* did?
Who supped them: & when the time grew meet
To go to bed, he heard amid the street
A wrangling, jangling, and a murmur rude,
Which great, grew greater through night's solitude.
For, those that first these two bright stars surveyed,
Wilde, Stalion-like, after their beauties neigh'd;
But, seeing them by the chaste Stranger sav'd,
Shame-less and sens-less up and down they rav'd,
From House to House knocking at every doore,
And beastly-brute, thus, they rayle and roare;
Brethren, shall we endure this Fugitive,
This stranger LOT, our pleasures to deprive?
O Cowardise! to suffer in our sights
An exile here t' usurp our choyce delights,
T' embrace a brace of Youths so beauteous
(Rather two Gods com-down from Heav'n to us)?
Shall it be said that such an old cold stock
Such rare young minions in his bed should mock,
While wretchéd we, unto our selves make mone?
And (Widow-like) wear out our sheets alone?
Let 's rather break his doors, and make him know,
Such dainty morsels hang not for his Mow.

Simile.

Even as at Bathe, *down from the neighbour hils,*
After a Snowe, the melting Crystall trils
Into the Avon (*when the* Pythian *Knight*
Strips those steep Mountains of their shirts so white)
Through hundred Valleys gushing Brooks & Torrents,
Striving for swiftnesse in their sundry Currents,
Cutting deep Chanels where they chance to run,
And never rest till all do meet in one:
So, at their cry from every corner throng
Unto LOT's house, Men, Children, old and young.
For, common was this execrable sin,
With blear-ey'd Age, as nusled long therein;
With Youth, through rage of lust; with infancie,
Example-led: all through Impunitie.
And thus, they all cry out; Ope, ope the door,
Come, open quickly, and delay no more:
Let forth that lovely pair, that they may proove
With us the pleasures of Male-mingled love.

Let speaks then faire, and intreats them earnestly for the safety of his guests.

LOT lowly then replyes: Brethren and Friends,
By all the names that amity commends,
By Nature's Rules, and Rites of Hospitality,
By sacred Laws, and Lessons of Morality,
By all respects of our com-Burgership
(Which should our minds in mutuall kindnes keep)
I do abjure you all, that you refrain
The honour of my harmlesse guests to stain,
Nor in your hearts to harbour such a thought
Whereby their Vertues may be wrong'd in ought.

Their insolent reply.

Base busie Stranger, com'st thou hither thus
(Controller-like) to prate and preach to Us?
No (*Puritan*) thou shalt not here do so;
Therefore dispatch and let thy darlings goe;
Let-forth that lovely Payr, that they may prove
With us the Pleasures of Male-mingled love.
The horror of this sin, their stubborn rage,
His sacred promise given his Guests for gage,
Th' old *Hebrew's* mind so trouble and dismay,
That well he wots not what to doe nor say.
For, though we ought not (if God's word be true)
Doe any evill that good may ensue:
To shun one ill, another ill he suffers,
He prostitutes his issue; and he offers,

He offers them his own daughters to rescue his guests.

Lambs to the guard of Wolves: and thus he cries,
I have (with that, the tears ran-down his eyes)
I have two Daughters that be Virgins both;
Go, take them to you (yet alas full loth)
Go, crop the first-fruits to their Bride-grooms due
(O! death to think it): But let none of you
Abuse my chaste Guests with such villany
As merits Fire from Heav'n immediately;

A sin so odious that the Name alone
Good men abhor, yea even to think upon.
Their monstrous impudency. Tush: we are glutted with all granted loves,
And common pleasures nought our pleasure moves;
LOT, our delights (ty'd to no law's conformity)
Consist not in the pleasure, but th' inormity,
Which fools abhor: and, saying so they rush,
Some upon LOT, some at his gates do push.
O curséd City! where the agéd Sire,
Un-able thus to doe, doth thus desire;
And younglings, yet scarce weanéd from their nurse
Strive with their Elders whether shall be worse;
Full is the measure of thy monstrous sin:
Thy Canker now o'r all thy bulk hath bin.
Impudence in sinning, doubles the guilt of sin. God hates all sin: but, extreme Impudence
Is even a greater sin then the Offence:
The sweet kinde Kisses of chaste Man and Wife
Although they seem by God and Nature (rife)
Rather commanded then allow'd, and grac't
In their sweet fruits (their issue choicely-chaste)
With law's large priviledge; yet evermore
(As Modesty and Honesty implore)
Ought to be private, and (as things forbidden
Unto the sight) with Night's black curtain hidden.
Yet these foul monsters in the open street
Where altogether all the Town might see't,
Most impudent, dare perpetrate a sin
Which Hell it selfe before had never seen;
A sin so odious, that the fame of it
Will fright the damnéd in the darksom Pit.
Before their fearfull destruction, the Angels bring *Lot* and his family safe out of the City. But now, the Angels, their celestiall kinde
Un-able longer to conceal, strook blinde
Those beastly Letchers, and brought safe away
LOT and his household by the break of Day.
But, O prodigious! never rose the Sun
More beautifull, nor brighter shin'd upon
All other places (for he rose betimes
To see such Execution on such Crimes):
And yet, it lowrs, it lightens, and it thunders
It rores, it rains (O most unwonted wonders!)
Upon this Land; which 'gainst th' Omnipotent
Had warr'd so long with sins so insolent;
And 'gainst the pride of those detested livers,
Heav'n seems to empty all his wrathfull Quivers.
From *Acheron* even all the Furies hie,
And all their Monsters them accompany,
With all their tortures and their dismall terrors,
And all their *Chaos* of confuséd Horrors;
All on the guilty strand of *Jordan* storm,
And with their Fire-brands all to *Sodom* swarm;
Simile. As thick as Crowes in hungry shoals do light
On new-sow'n lands; where stalking bold upright,
As black as Jet they jet about, and feed
On Wheat, or Rye, or other kinde of seed;
Kaaking so loud, that hardly can the Steer
The whistling Goad-man's guiding language hear.
The manner of their punishment by fire and brimstone from heaven, and the reason therof. It rain'd indeed; but, not such fertile raine
As makes the Corn in Summer sprout amain;
And all things freshed with a pleasant ayr,
To thrive, and prove more lively, strong and fair:
But in this sink of Sin, this stinking Hell,
A rain of Salt, of Fire, and Brimstone, fell.
Salt did consume the pleasant fruitfulnesse,
Which serv'd for fuell to their Wantonnesse:
Fire punishéd their beastly Fire within:
And Brimston's stink the stench of their foul Sin.
So, as their Sin was singular (of right)
Their punishment was also exquisite:
Here open Flames, and there yet hidden Fires
Burn all to ashes, sparing neither Spires
Of brick nor stone, nor Columns, gates, nor arches,
Nor bowrs, nor Towrs, nor even their neighbour-marches.
The same most lively represented. In vain the-while ye People weep & cry,
To see their wrack, and know no remedy:
For, now the Flame in richest Roofs begun,
From molten gutters scalding Lead doth run,
The Slats and Tyles about their ears do split,
The burning Rafters Pitch and Rosin spet:
The whirling Fire re-mounteth to the Skie,
About the fields ten thousand sparks do flie;
Half-burnéd houses fall with hideous fray,
And VULCAN makes Mid-night as bright as day:
Heav'n flings down nought but flashing Thundershot,
Th' Ayr's all a-fire, Earth's exhalations hot
Are spewing *ÆTNAS* that to Heav'n aspire:
All th' Elements (in brief) are turn'd to fire.
Here, one perceiving the next Chamber burning,
With suddain leap towards the window turning,
Thinks to cry *Fire:* but instantly the smoke
And flame without, his with-in Voice do choke:
Another sooner feels then sees the Fire.
For, while (O horror!) in the stinking mire
Of his foul Lust he lies, a Lightning flash
Him and his Love at-once to dust doth dash:
Th' abhorréd Bed is burnt; and they, aswell
Coupled in Plague as Sin, are sent to Hell.
Another yet on tops of Houses crawls:
But his foot slips, and down at last he fals.
Another feeling all his clothes a-fire,
Thinking to quench them yer it should com nigher,
Leaps in a Lake: but all the Lake began
To boyl and bubble like a seething Pan,
Simile. Or like a Caldron that top-full of oyl,
Environ'd round with fume and flame doth boyl,
To boyl to death some cunning counterfeit
That with false stamp some Princes Coyn hath beat.
Another, seeing the City all in Cinders,
Himselfe for safety to the field he renders:
But flakes of fire, from Heav'n distilling thick,
There th' horror of a thousand deaths do strike.
Through *Adamah's* and *Gomer's* goodly Plains,
Sodom and *Seboim* not a soul remains:
Horse, Sheep, and Ozen, Cows and Kids partake
In this revenge, for their vile Masters' sake.
Thus hath the hand of the Omnipotent
Inroll'd the *Dead* of their drad Punishment,

With Diamant in Pen, on Plates of Brasse,
With such an Ink as nothing can deface:
The moulten Marble of these cindréd Hils,
Asphaltis Lake, and these poor mock-fruit Fields
Keep the *Record;* and cry through every Age,
How God detesteth such detested Rage.
O chastisement most dradly-wonderfull!
Th' Heav'n-cindred Cities a broad standing Pool
O'r-flowes (yet flows not) whose infectious breath
Corrupts the Ayr, and Earth dis-fertileth:
A Lake, whose back, whose belly, and whose shore,
Nor Bark, nor Fish, nor Fowl hath ever bore.
The pleasant Soyl that did (even) shame yer-while
The plenteous beauties of the banks of *Nile*,
Now scarr'd, and collow'd, with his face and head
Cover'd with ashes is all dry'd and dead;
Voyd of all force, vitall, or vegetive;
Upon whose brest nothing can live or thrive:
For, nought it bears save an abortive suit
Of seeming-fair, false, vain and fainéd fruit:
A fruit that feeds the eye, and fils the hand,
But to the stomack in no stead doth stand;
For, even before it touch the tender lips,
Or Ivorie teeth, in empty smoak it slips,
So vanishing: onely the nose receives
A noysome savour, that (behinde) it leaves.

Exhortation to Travellers that have seene, and to others that shall reade or heare these fearefull monuments of God's severe Iustice, to make right use of this fearefull example.

Here, I adjure you vent'rous Travellours,
That visit th' horror of these curséd shores,
And taste the venom of these stinking streams,
And touch the vain fruit of these witheréd stems:
And also you that doe behold them thus,
In these sad Verses pourtray'd here by us,
To tremble all, and with your pearly tears
To showr another Sea; and that your hairs
Staring upright on your affrighted head
Heave up your Hats; and in your dismall dread,
To thinke, you hear like Sulph'ry Stormes to strike
On our new Monsters for offences like.
For, the Almightie's drad all-danting arme
Not onely strikes such as with *Sodom* swarme
In these foul sins; but such as sigh or pity
Sodom's destruction, or so damn'd a Citie,
And cannot constant with dry eyes observe
God's judgements just on such as such deserve.

Lot's wife Metamorphosed.

LOT hies to SEGOR: but his Wife behinde
Laggéd in body, but much more in minde:
She weeps and wayls (O lamentable terror!
O impious Pietie! O kinde-cruell error!)
The dire destruction of the smoaking Cities,
Her Sons-in-Law (wch should have bin) she pities,
Grieves so to leave her goods, and she laments
To lose her Jewels and habilliments:
And (contrary to th' Angels' Words precise)
Towards the Town she turns her wofull eyes.
But instantly, turn'd to a whitely stone,
Her feet (alas!) fast to the ground be grown.
The more she stirs, she sticks the faster in:

Simile.

As silly Bird caught in a subtill gin,
Set by some shepheard near the Copse's side,
The more it struggles is the faster ty'd.

Simile.

And, as the venom of an eating Canker
From flesh to flesh runs every day the ranker,
And never rests, untill from foot to head
O'r all the body his fell poyson spread:
This Yce creeps-up, and ceaseth not to num,
Till ev'n the marrow hard as bones become,
The brain be like the skull, and bloud convert
To Alablaster over every part;
Her pulse doth cease to beat, and in the ayr
The windes no more can wave her scattered hair:
Her belly is no belly, but a Quar
Of *Cardon* Rocks, and all her bowels are
A precious Salt-mine, supernaturall;
Such, as (but Salt) I wot [not] what to call;
A Salt, which (seeming to be fall'n from Heav'n)
To curious Spirits hath long this Lesson giv'n,
Not to presume in Divine things to pry,
Which sev'n-times seal'd, under nine Locks do ly.
She weeps (alas!) and as she weeps, her tears
Turn into Pearls fro'rn on her thinckling hairs;
Fain would she speak: but (forced to conceal)
In her cold throat, her guilty words congeal;
Her mouth yet open, and her arms a-crosse,
Though dumb, declare both why, & how she was
Thus *Metamorphos'd:* for, Heav'n did not change
Her last sad gestures in her sudden *Change*.
No gorgeous Mausole, grac't with flatt'ring verse,
Eternizeth her Trunk, her House, and Herse;
But, to this Day (strange will it seem to some)
One and the same is both the Corps and Tomb.

Man's proneness to fall without the support of God's gracious favour.

Almighty Father! Gracious God and Just!
O! what hard-heartednesse, what brutish Lust,
Pursueth man, if thou but turn thy face,
And take but from us thy preventing grace;
And, if provokéd for our past offences,
Thou give us up to our Concupisences?
O *Harran's* Neeces, you (LOT's daughters) saw
SODOM consumed in that Sulph'ry flaw:
Their Hils and Forrests calcined (in fine)
Their liberall fields sow'n with a burning brine,
Their stately houses like a Coale-pit smoaking,
The Sun it selfe with their thick vapours choking:
So that within a yard for stinking smother
The Labourers cold hardly know each other;
Their flowring valley to a Fen exchang'd:
And your own Mother to a Salt-stone chang'd:
Yet all (alas!) these famous Monuments
Of the just rigour of God's Punishments
Cannot deterre you: but ev'n *Sodom*-like
Incestiously a holy-man you seeke:

Lot drawne by his daughters in drunkennesse to commit incest with both of them.

Even your own Father, whom with wine you fill;
And then by turns intice him to your will
Conceiving so (O can Heav'n suffer it!)
Even of that seed which did your selves beget:
Within your wombs you bear for nine months' time
Th' upbraiding burden of your shame-lesse Crime;

And troubling Kindred's names and Nature quite,
You both become, even in one very night,
Wives to your Fathers, Sisters to your Sons,
And Mothers to your Brothers all at once;
All under colour that thus living sole,
Sequestred thus in an unhaunted hole,
Heav'n's envie should all ADAM's race have reft,
And LOT alone should in the World be left.
Had 't not been better, never to have bred,
Then t' have conceivéd in so foul a bed?
Had 't not been better never t' have been Mothers,
Then by your Father, to have born your brothers?
Had 't not been better to the death to hate,
Then thus t' have lov'd him that you both begate?
Him, so much yours, that yours he mought not be?
Sith of these Rocks God could immediately
Have rais'd LOT Son-in-lawes; or, striking but
Th' Earth's solid bosom with his brazen foot,
Out of the dust have rearéd sudden swarms
Of People, stay'd in Peace, and stout in Arms?

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 12, '*every*'—misprinted 'overy' in the original. L. 13, '*lists*' = bounds, as of a race-course. L. 18, '*Sops-in-wine*' = pinks as a species of gillyflowers. Nares describes it as a fanciful name; but it was given from its being used to flavour wine and beer. L. 29, '*Hulling*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for a full note. L. 55, '*Squire*' = square—a frequent contemporary spelling without *rhythmi causa*. L. 67, '*compile*' = compose. L. 80, '*hard-ruled*' = hard-to-be-ruled. L. 118, '*contempling*' = contemplating. L. 119, '*Seeling*' = ceiling. L. 121, '*Treen*' = trees, wood. L. 125, '*lists*'—See on l. 13: *ib.*, '*reans*' = reins. L. 170, '*Lad-age*' = age-of-a-lad, youth. L. 181, '*Runagate*' = runaway. L. 207, '*limber*' = pliant, flexible. L. 238, '*Grooms*' = servants. L. 288, '*Cask*' = helm or helmet. L. 298, '*White*' = mark—as for arrows. L. 301, '*enter-split*' = inter-split. L. 333, '*affronting*' = confronting or facing. L. 335, '*Moatlings*'—diminutive of 'motes.' L. 336, '*cipres*' = gauzy. L. 341, '*all-senting*' = all-scenting. L. 360, '*Mew*' = close place, as Spenser:—

'Forth coming from her darksome *mew*.'—F. Q., I. v. 20.

L. 384, '*Morrions*' = morions, *i.e.* a steel cap or helmet: *ib.*, '*Pouldrons*' = armour for neck and shoulders—probably from epaule (Nares, *s.v.*): *ib.*, '*Vauntbrace*' = vant or vam-brace, *i.e.* defensive armour for the arm. So Shakespeare:—

'And in my vant-brace put this wither'd brawn.'
(Troilus & C. i. 3.)

L. 387, '*reeking*' = reckoning. L. 403, '*Boaws*' = boughs. L. 408, '*topsi-turvi*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, and l. 744. L. 417, '*train*' = to mislead by stratagem, as substantively in Macbeth (iii. 4):—

——'Devilish Macbeth
By many of these *trains* hath sought to win me.'

So Spenser, F. Q., I. iii. 24. L. 448, '*Fauchin*' = falchion. See l. 746. L. 469, '*domage*' = damage. L. 520, '*novels*' = news: *nouvelle* (French). This is an apter example than Todd quotes from our Sylvester. L. 526, '*wons*' = dwells. L. 531, '*deceitfull*' = deceiving? L. 532, '*Groon-land*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 536, '*Port*' = gate. L. 538, '*chamlet*' = a parti-coloured stuff. L. 548, '*Chante-cleer*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 562, '*Gladiol's*' = gladiolus. L. 589, '*Lob-like*' = clown-like. L. 602, '*Orque*' = a marine mythical animal. L. 606, '*Humber*' = hummer. L. 615, '*charming*' = using a 'charm.' L. 718, '*Furbusk*' = furbish. L. 748, '*Post*' = in post-haste. L. 768, '*passados*' = fencing term. L. 769, '*foyns*' = to push in fencing: *ib.*, '*stramazos*' = direct descending cut of a sword. L. 796, '*thrill*' = pierce. See l. 860: *ib.*, '*stoccados*' = thrust in fencing. L. 799, '*Ethnick*' = heathen. L. 801, '*Bards*'—usually corrupted into 'barbed'=barde or barred, armed. L. 807, '*Pie*'—bird so named—a graphic if somewhat grotesque metaphor. L. 833, '*bouge*' = budge. L. 835, '*pashes*' = crushes. L. 852, '*Wormly brave*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 857, '*slent*' = slain. L. 868, '*lin*' = cease. L. 870, '*Cast*' = a flight. L. 918, '*mell*' = mingle. L. 935, '*Hoasts*'—noticeable verb-form. L. 986, '*Nephews*' = descendants generally, 'seed.' L. 989, '*gage*' = pledge. So l. 1207. L. 1014, '*Rivers*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*: *ib.*, '*Jacks*' = jackets. L. 1019, '*slicing nimbleness*'—a peculiarly felicitous descriptive word, as all will allow who have watched the swallow on the wing. L. 1034, '*contemple*' =contemplate. L. 1096, '*Dures*' =endures. L. 1119, '*arrands*' = errands. L. 1148, '*guest*.' Cf. on l. 935. L. 1150, '*supped*' = suppered. L. 1167, '*minions*' = associates, in a bad sense. L. 1171, '*Mow*' = mouth, used in the Nursery still: *Scotice* 'moo.' L. 1173, '*trils*' = trickles. L. 1174, '*Pythian Knight*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 1183, '*nusled*' = nuzzled, nursed. L. 1194, '*com-Burgership*' = common citizenship. L. 1298, '*Slats*' = slates. L. 1338, '*Diamant*' = diamond. L. 1352, '*collow'd*' = blackened—a fine example. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for a full note. L. 1354-5. The vulgar notion; but I myself saw a jungle of vegetation on the shore, and storks and cranes and other birds among the reeds, and sea-birds rocking on the crystal-clear water and flocks flying all round. I also gathered some pretty little flowers within a gunshot of the beach. But I looked in vain for any shell-fish. It is now admitted that the doomed cities were on the mountain-sides and plains, not on the site of the Dead Sea. Holy Scripture gives no real warrant for this popular notion. L. 1361, '*in empty smoak it slips*'—I found the so-called 'Dead Sea fruit' abundant in the Sinaitic desert—pale yellow with a touch of pink as on cheek of a peach, and when fully ripe the interior, when you broke through the shell-like rind, was black and ashy. They were not plentiful at the Dead Sea; but a few were met with near Jericho. There is enough of truth in the thing to give ground for the now familiar illustration of the text. L. 1408, '*Quar*' = quarry. L. 1411—I have filled in an omitted 'not.' L. 1417, '*fro'rn*' = froary: *ib.* '*thinckling*' = tinkling. L. 1424, '*Mausole*' = mausoleum. L. 1425, '*Trunk*' = body. L. 1468, '*mought*' = might. L. 1471, '*brasen foot*' = brass-strong foot—the reference is to the old classic myth.—G.

The Fathers.

A PART OF THE SECOND PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The famous FATHER of the Faithfull, here
Limn'd to the life, in strife of Faith *and* Feare :
His Son's *sweet Nature, and his nurture such,*
Endeer his TRIALL *with a neerer Touch :*
REASON'S *best* Reasons *are by* FAITH *refell'd ;*
With GOD, *th'* Affection, *for the* Action *held ;*
So, counter-manding His Command (*atchiev'd*)
The Sire 's *approvéd, and the* Son *repriev'd.*
Here (had *our Author* liv'd to end his Works)
Should have ensu'd the other PATRIARCHS.

O ! 'Tis a Heav'nly and a happy turn,
Of godly Parents to be timely born :
To be brought-up under the watchfull eyn
Of milde-sharp Master's awfull Discipline :
Chiefly, to be (even from the very first)
With the pure milk of true Religion nurst.
Such hap had *Isaac :* but his Inclination
Exceeds his Birth, excels his Education.
His Faith, his Wit, Knowledge, & Judgement sage,
Out-stripping Time, anticipate his age.
For (yet a Childe) he fears th' Eternall Lord,
And wisely waits all on his Father's word ;
Whose steady steps so duly he observes,
That every look, him for a lesson serves ;
And every gesture, every wink and beck,
For a command, a warning, and a check :
So that, his toward Diligence out-went
His father's hopes and holy document.
Now, though that *Abram* were a man discreet,
Sober and wise, well-knowing what is meet ;
Though his dear Son somtimes he seem to chide,
Yet hardly can he his affection hide :
For, evermore his love-betraying eye
On 's darling *Isaac* glanceth tenderly :
Sweet *Isaac's* face seems as his Glass it were,
And *Isaac's* Name is musick in his eare.
But God, perceiving this deep-settled Love,
Thence takes occasion *Abram's* Faith to prove ;
And tempteth him : but not as doth the Divell
His Vassals tempt (or man his Mate) to evill :
Satan still draws us to Death's dismall Path ;
But God directs where Death no entry hath :
Ay Satan aymes our constant Faith to foyl ;
But God doth seal it, never to recoyl :
Satan suggesteth ill ; God moves to grace :
The Divell seeks our Baptisme to deface ;
But God, to make our burning *Zeal* to beam
The brighter ay in his *Jerusalem.*
A Prince, that means effectuall proof to make
Of some Man's faith that he doth newly take,
Examins strictly, and with much a-doe,
His words and deeds, and every gesture too ;
And, as without, within as well to spy-him,
Doth carefully by all means sift and try-him,
But God ne'r seeks by Triall of Temptation
To sound Man's heart and secret cogitation
(For, well he knowes Man, and his eye doth see
All thoughts of Men yer they conceivéd be) :
But this is still his high and holy drift,
When through Temptation he his Saints doth sift,
To leave for pattern to his Churche's seed
Their stedfast Faith, and never-daunted Creed.

Simile.

Yet, out of season God doth never try
His new-converted Children, by and by;
Such novices would quickly faint and shrink,
Such ill-rigg'd ships would even in lanching sink;
Their Faith's light blossoms would with every blast
Be blown away and bear no fruit at last;
Against so boystrous strokes they want a shield;
Under such weight their feeble strength would yield.
But when his Word's dear seed, that he hath sown
Within their hearts, is rooted well and grown:
And when they have a broad thick Breast-plate on,
High peril-proof against affliction;
Such as our *Abram:* Who, now wexen strong
Through exercise of many trials long,
Of Faith, of Love, of Fortitude and right.
Who, by long weary wandrings day and night,
By often Terrors, *Lot's* imprisonment,
His Wife's twice taking, *Ismael's* banishment,
Being made invincible for all assaults
Of Heav'n and Earth, and the infernall Vaults;
Is tempted by the voyce which made all things,
Wch sceptereth Shepheards, and un-crowneth Kings.

Invocation.

Give me a Voyce, now, O Voyce all-divine!
With sacred Fire inflame this breast of mine;
Ah! ravish me, make all this Universe
Admire thine *Abram* pourtray'd in my Verse.
Mine *Abram*, said the Lord, dear *Abraham*,
Thy God, thy King, thy Fee, thy Fence *I am:*
Hie straight to *Salem*, and there quickly kill
Thine owne Son *Isaac;* on that sacred Hill
Heaw him in pieces, and commit the same
In sacrifice unto the ragefull Flame.

Simile.

As he, that slumbring on his carefull Bed,
Seems to descern some Fancie full of dread;
Shrinks down himselfe, and fearfull hides his face,
And scant drawes breath in half an hower's space:
So *Abraham*, at these sharp-sounding words
(Wch wound him deeper then a thousand swords)
Seized at once with wonder, griefe, and fright,
Is well nigh sunk in Death's eternall night;
Death's ash-pale Image in his eyes doth swim,
A chilling Yce shivers through every lim;
Flat on the ground himselfe he groveling throwes,
A hundred times his colour comes and goes;
From all his body a cold deaw doth drop,
His speech doth fail, and every sense doth stop.
But, self-return'd, two sounding sobs he cast,
Then two deep sighs, then these sad words at last;
Cruell command, quoth He, that I should kill
A tender Infant, innocent of ill;
That in cold bloud I (barbarously) should murder
My (fear-less, fault-less) faithful friend; nay (further)
Mine own dear Son: and what dear Son? Alas!
Mine onely *Isaac* (whose sweet Vertues passe
The lovely sweetnesse of his Angel-face)
Isaac, sole pattern of now-Vertue known,
Isaac, in years young, but in wisedome grown;
Isaac, whom good men love, the rest envie;
Isaac, my heart's heart, my life's life, must dye.
That I should stain an execrable Shrine
With *Isaac's* warm bloud, issued out of mine.
O! might mine serve 't were tolerable losse,
'T were little hurt; nay, 't were a welcom crosse.
I bear no longer fruit: the best of Mee
Is like a fruit-lesse, branch-lesse, sap-lesse Tree,
Or hollow Trunk, which onely serves for stayes
To crawling Ivie's weak and winding spraies.
But, losing *Isaac*, I not onely leese
My life withall (which Heav'ns have linkt to his)
But (O!) more millions of Babes yet un-bore,
Then there be sands upon the *Libyan* shore.

Canst thou mine Arm? O! canst thou, cruell arm,
In *Isaac's* breast thy bloudy weapon warm?
Alas! I could not but even dye for griefe,
Should I but yeeld mine Age's sweet reliefe
(My blisse, my comfort, and mine eyes' delight)
Into the hands of hang-men's spare-lesse spight:
But, that mine own selfe (O extremest Rigour!)
What my selfe formed, should, my selfe, disfigure:
That I (alas!) with bloudy hand, and knife,
Should rip his bosome, rend his heart and life:
That (odious Author of a Precedent
So rarely ruth-lesse) I should once present,
Upon a sacred Altar, an Oblation
So barbarous (O brute abomination!)
That I should broil his flesh, and in the flame
Behold his bowels crackling in the same;
'Tis horrible to think and hellish too,
Cruell to wish, impossible to doe.

Doe 't he that lists, and that delights in bloud;
I neither will nor can become so wood,
T' obey in this: God, whom we take to be
Th' eternall Pillar of all verity,
And constant faith; will he be faith-lesse now?
Will he be false, and from his promise bow?
Will he (alas!) undoe what he hath done?
Mar what he makes, and lose what he hath won?
Sail with each winde? and shall his promise, then,
Serve but for snares t' intrap sincerest men?
Somtimes, by his eternall self he swears,
That my Son *Isaac's* number-passing Heirs
Shall fill the Land, and that his fruitfull Race
Shall be the blesséd leaven of his Grace;
Now he commands me his dear life to spill,
And in the Cradle my Health's Hope to kill,
To drown the whole World in the bloud of him;
And at one stroke, upon his fruitfull stem,
To strike off all the heads of all the flock
That should hereafter his drad Name invoke,
His sacred nostrils with sweet smels delight,
His ears with prayses, with good deeds his sight.
Will God impugn himselfe? and will he so
By his command his Cov'nant overthrow?
And shall my faith my faith's confounder be?
Then faith, or doubting, are both one to me.
Alas! what sayst thou, *Abram?* pawse thou must.
He that revives the *Phœnix* from her dust,

And from dead Silk-worms' Tombs (their shining Clews)
A living Bird with painted wings renews;
Will he forget *Isaac* the onely stock
Of his chaste spouse (his Church, and chosen Flock)?
Will he forget *Isaac* the onely Light
Of all the World, for Vertue's lustre bright?
Or, can he not (if 't please him) even in death
Restore him life, and re-inspire him breath?
But mark, the while thou bringest for defence
The All-proof Towr of his Omnipotence,
Thou shak'st his Justice. This is certain (too)
God can do all, save that he will not doe.
He loves none ill: for when the wreakfull Waves
Were all return'd into their wonted Caves;
When all the Meads, and every fruitfull Plain,
Began with joy to see the Sun againe;
So soon as *Noah* (with a gladsome heart)
Forth of his floating Prison did depart,
God did forbid Murder: and nothing more
Then Murder doth his *Majestie* abhor.
But (shallow man) sound not the vaste Abyss
Of God's deep Judgements, where no ground there is:
Be sober-wise: so, bound thy frail desire:
And, what thou canst not comprehend, admire.
God our Law-maker (just and righteous)
Maketh his Laws, not for himselfe, but us.
He frees himselfe; and flees with his Powr's wing,
No where, but where his holy will doth bring:
All that he doth is good: but not therefore
Must he needs doe it 'cause 't was good before:
But good is good, because it doth (indeed)
From him (the Root of perfect good) proceed:
From him, the Fountain of pure righteousnesse:
From him, whose goodnesse nothing can expresse.
Ah profane thoughts! O wretch! & thinkst thou then
That God delights to drink the bloud of men?
That he intends by such a strange impiety
To plant his service? You, you forgéd deity
Of *Molech*, *Milchom*, *Camosh*, *Astaroth*,
Your damnéd shrines with such dire *Orgies* blot:
You Tyrants you delight in sacrifice
Of slaughtred Children: 't is your bloudy guise
(You cruell Idols) with such *Hecatombs*
To glut the rage of your outrageous dooms:
You hold no sent so sweet, no gift so good,
As streaming Rivers of our luke-warm bloud:
Not *Abram's* God (ay gracious, holy, kinde)
Who made the World but onely for Mankinde:
Who hates the bloudy hands; his Creatures loves;
And contrite hearts for sacrifice approves.
You, you, disguis'd (as Angels of the light)
Would make my God Author of this despight,
Supplant my Faith on his sure promise built,
And stain his Altars with this bloudy guilt.
No, no, my Joy, my Boy, thrice-happy borne
(Yea, more then so, if furious I, forlorn,
Hurt not thy Hap) a Father shalt thou bee
Of happy People that shall spring from thee.
Fear not (dear Childe) that I, unnaturall,
Should in thy bloud imbrue my hand at all:
Or by th' exploit of such detested deed
Commend my name to them that shall succed.
I will, the Fame that of my name shall ring
In time to come shall flee with fairer wing.
The lofty Pine, that 's shaken to and fro — Simile.
With Counter-puffs of sundry windes that blow,
Now, swaying Southwards, tears som root in twain,
Then bending North-wards, doth another strain,
Reels up and down, tost by two Tyrants fell,
Would fall, but cannot; neither yet can tell
(Inconstant Neuter, that to both doth yeeld)
Which of the two is like to win the Field;
So *Abraham*, on each side set-upon
Betwixt his Faith and his Affection;
One while his Faith, anon Affection swaies;
Now wins Religion, anon Reason waighs;
Hee's now a fond, and then a faithfull, Father:
Now resolute, anon relenting rather;
One while the Flesh hath got the upper hand:
Anon the Spirit the same doth countermand.
Hee's loth (alas!) his tender Son to kill;
But much more loth to break his Father's will.
For thus (at last) He saith, Now sure I know,
'T is God, 't is God; the God that loves me so,
Loves, keeps, sustains: whom I so oft have seen:
Whose voyce so often hath my comfort been.
Illuding Sathan cannot shine so bright,
Though Angelliz'd: No, 't is my God of Might.
Now feel I in my Soule (to strength and stir-it)
The sacred Motions of his sacred Spirit.
God, this sad Sacrifice requires of me;
Hap what hap may, I must obedient be.
The sable Night dis-lodg'd, and now began
Aurora's Usher with his windy Fan
Gently to shake the Woods on every side,
While his fair *Mistresse* (like a stately Bride)
With Flowrs, and Gems, & *Indian* Gold, doth spangle
Her lovely locks, her Lover's looks to tangle;
When gliding through the Ayre in Mantle blew,
With silver fring'd, she drops the pearly deaw.
With her goes *Abram* out; and the third day,
Arrives on *Cedron's* Margents greenly gay,
Beholds the sacred Hill, and with his Son
(Loaden with sacred Wood) he mounts anon.
Anon, said *Isaac;* Father, here I see
Knife, fire and fagot, ready instantly:
But where 's your *Hoste?* O! let us mount, my Son,
Said *Abram:* God will soon provide us one.
But, scant had *Isaac* turn'd his face from him
A little faster the steep Mount to climbe,
Yer *Abram* changéd cheer; and, as new Wine, — Simile.
Working a-new, in the new Cask (in fine)
For being stopt too-soon, and wanting vent,
Blows up the Bung, or doth the vessell rent,
Spews out a purple stream, the ground doth stain
With *Bacchus* colour, where the Cask hath lain:

So now the Tears (which manly fortitude
Did yerst as captive in the Brain include)
At the dear names of Father and of Son,
On his pale cheeks in pearly drops did run:
His eyes' full vessels now began to leake;
And thus th' old *Hebrew* muttering 'gan to speak
In submisse voyce, that *Isaac* might not hear
His bitter griefe, that he unfoldeth here.
Sad spectacle! O now my hap-lesse hand,
Thou whetst a sword, and thou dost teend a brand;
The brand shal burn my hart, the sword's keen blade
Shall my bloud's bloud, and my life's life, invade:
And thou poor *Isaac*, bearest on thy back
Wood that shall make thy tender flesh to crack;
And yeeld'st thee (more for mine than thine amiss)
Both Priest and Beast of one same Sacrifice.
O hap-lesse Son! O more than hap-lesse Sire!
Most wicked wretch! O what mis-fortune dire
In-gulfs us here! where miserable I,
To be true godly, must God's Law deny:
To be true faithfull, must my faith transgresse;
To be God's Son, I must be nothing lesse
Than *Isaac's* Sire; and *Isaac* (for my sake)
Must Soile, and Sire, and Life, and all forsake.
Yet on he goes, and soon surmounts the Mount;
And, steel'd by Faith, he cheers his mournfull Front:
(Much like the *Delian Princesse*, when her Grace
In *Thetis'* Waves hath lately washt her face)
He builds his Altar, layes his Wood there-on,
And tenderly binds his dear Son anon.
Father, said *Isaac*, Father, Father deare
(What? doe you turn away, as loth to heare?
O Father, tell me, tell me what you mean:
O cruelty unknown! Is this the mean
Whereby my loynes (as promised long since-is)
Shall make you Grandsire of so many Princes?
And shall I (glorious) if I here do dye,
Fill Earth with Kings, with shining stars the Skie?
Back, *Phœbus:* blush, go hide thy golden head;
Retire thy Coach to *Thetis'* watery Bed:
See not this savage sight. Shall *Abraham's* minde
Be milde to all, and to his Son unkinde!
And shall great *Abram* doe the damnéd deed
That Lions, Tigers, Boars and Bears would dread!
See how (incenst) he stops his ear to mee,
As dreaming still on's bloudy Mysterie.
Lord, how precise! see how the Paricide
Seems to make conscience in lesse sins to slide:
And he, that means to murder me (his Son)
Is scrupulous in smaller faults to run.
Yet (Father) heare me; not that I desire
With sugréd words to quench your Anger's fire:
In God's Name reap the Grain your self have sow'n,
Come take my life, extracted from your own,
Glut with my bloud your blade, if you it please
That I must dye; welcome my death (mine ease):
But, tell me yet my fault (before I dy)
That hath deserv'd a punishment so high.
Say (Father) have I not conspir'd your death?
Or, with strong poyson sought to stop your breath?
Have I devis'd to short my Mother's life?
Or, with your Foes ta'en part in any strife?
O thou Æthereall Palace Crystalline
(God's highest Court) if in this heart of mine
So damnéd thoughts had ever any place,
Shut-up for ever all thy Gates of Grace
Against my Soule; and suffer not, that I
Among thy wingéd Messengers do fly.
If none of these, *Abram* (for I no more
Dare call thee Father) tell me furthermore
What rests besides, that damnéd I have done,
To make a Father butcher of his Son?
In memorie, that fault I fain would have,
That (after God's) I might your pardon crave
For such offence; and so, th' Attonement driv'n,
You live content, that I may dye forgiv'n.
My Son, said he, thou art not hither brought
By my fell furie, nor thine own foul fault;
God (our God) cals thee, and he will not let
A Pagan sword in thy dear bloud be wet;
Nor burning plague, nor any pining pain
With langour turn thy flesh to dust again;
But sacrific'd to him (for sweet perfume)
Will have thee here within this fire consume.
What? Fears my Love, my Life, my Gem, my Joy?
What God commands, his servants must obey,
Without consulting with frail flesh and bloud,
How he his promise will in time make good:
How he will make so many Scepters spring
From thy dead dust: How He (All-wise) wil bring,
In his due season, from thy sense-lesse Thighes,
The glorious Son of righteousnesse to rise
Who shall the Mountains bruise with yron Mace,
Rule Heav'n and Earth, and the Infernall place.
For he that (past the course of Nature's Kinde)
First gave thee birth, can with his sacred Winde
Raise thee again out of the lowest dust,
Ten thousand means he hath to save the Just:
His glorious wisdome guides the World's societie
With equall reans of Power and of Pietie.
Mine own sweet *Isaac*, dearest of my seed
(Too-sweet alas! the more my griefe doth bleed,
The more my loss; the more with ease-less anguish
My vexéd Bowels for thy lack shall languish)
Adieu, dear Son (no longer mine, but His
Who cals thee hence) let this unhappy kisse
Be the sad seal of a more sad Farewell
Than wit can paint, or words have powr to tell.
Sith God commands, and (Father) you require
To have it so, Come death (no longer dire,
But glorious now) come gentle death, dispatch:
The Heav'ns are open, God his arms doth reach
T' imbrace my Soule: O! let me bravely fly
To meet my Lord, and death's proud darts defie.
What, Father? weep you now? Ah! cease those showrs
Weep not for me; for I no more am yours:

I was the Lord's yer I was born, you know ;
And he but lent me for a while to you :
Will you recoil, and (Coward) lose the Crown
So neer your head, to heap you with renown ?
Shall we so dare to dally with the Lord ?
To cast his yoke, and to contemn his Word ?
Where shall we fly his hand ? Heav'n is his Throne :
The Earth his foot-stool : and dark *Acheron*
(The Dungeon where the damnéd soules be shut)
Is of his Anger evermore the Butt.
On him alone all our good hap depends :
And he alone from dangers us defends.
Ah ! weep no more ; This sacred Turf doth crave
More bloud then tears : let's so our selves behave,
That, joyn'd in zeal, we yeeld us willingly
To make a vertue of necessity.
Let 's testifie, we have a time abod ;
I, in your School ; you, in the School of God :
Where we have learnéd, that his sacred Word
(Which made of nothing all that ever stirr'd :
Which all sustains, and all directeth still)
To divers ends conducts the good and ill.
Who loves not God more then all Kinn's respect,
Deserves no place among his dear Elect ;
And who doth once God's Tillage under-take,
Must not look back, neither his Plough forsake.
Here-with, th' old *Hebrew* cheerfuller became,
And (to himselfe) cries, Courage *Abraham :*
The World, the Flesh, *Adam*, are dead in thee ;
God, Spirit, and Faith, alone subsisting be.
Lord, by thy Spirit unto my spirit annex
So lively Faith, that still mine eyes may fix
On thy true *Isaac*, whose sharp (sin-lesse) Suffering
Shall purge from Sin me and my sinfull Offering.
Scarce had he drawn his Sword (in resolution)
With heavéd hand for instant execution,
When instantly the thundring Voyce of God
Staid heart, and hand, and thus the fact forbod ?
Abram, enough ; hold, hold thy hand (said he)
Put-up thy sword ; thine *Isaac* shall not dye ;
Now, of thy Faith I have had perfect proof ;
Thy Will for Deed I doe accept : Enough.
Glad *Abram*, then, to God gives thanks & praise,
Unbindes his Son, and in his room he layes
A Lamb (there strangely hamp'red by the head)
And that to God devoutly offeréd.
Renownéd *Abraham*, Thy noble Acts
Excell the Fictions of *Heroïk* Facts :
And that pure law a Son of thine should write,
Shall nothing else but thy brave deeds recite.
Extoll who list thy wisdom's excellence,
Victorious Valour, frank Beneficence,
And Justice too (which even the *Gentiles* honor) :
Ill dares my *Muse* take such a task upon-her.
Onely thy Faith (not all, with all th' effects)
Onely one fruit of thousand she selects,
For glorious subject : which (to say the right)
I rather love to wonder-at, then write.
Goe *Pagans*, turn, turn-over every Book ;
Through all Memorials of your Martyrs look :
Collect a Scroule of all the Children Slain
On th' Altars of your gods : dig-up again
Your lying *Legends :* Run through every Temple :
Among your Offerings choose the best example
(Among your Offerings which your fathers past
Have made, to make their names eternall last)
Among them all (fondlings) you shall not finde
Such an example, where (unkindly-kinde)
Father and Son so mutually agree
To shew themselves, Father nor Son to be :
Where man's deep zeal, & God's dear favour strove
For Counter-conquest in officious love.
One, by constraint his Son doth sacrifice :
Another means his name t' immortalize
By such a Fact : Another hopes to shun
Some dismall Plague, or dire Affliction ;
Another, onely that he may conform
To (Tyrant) Custom's aw-lesse, law-lesse Form,
Which blears our eyes, and blurs our senses so
That Lady *Reason* must her seat forgoe ;
Yea, blindes the judgement of the World so far,
That *Vertue 's* oft arraign'd, at *Vice's* Bar.
But, un-constrain'd, our *Abram*, all alone,
Upon a Mountain, to the guise of none
(For it was odious to the *Jews* to doe)
And in a time of Peace and Plenty too,
Fights against Nature (prickt with wondrous zeal)
And, slaying *Isaac*, wars against his Weale.
O sacred Muse ! that on the double Mount,
With withering Baies bind'st not thy Singers' Front ;
But, on Mount *Sion* in the Angels' Quire,
With Crowns of glory dost their brows attire ;
Tell (for, thou know'st) what sacred mystery
Under this shadow doth in secret lie ?
O Death, Sin, Satan, tremble ye not all,
For hate and horror of your dreadfull Fall
So lively figur'd ? To behold God's Bow
So ready bent to cleave your heart in two ?
To see young *Isaac*, Pattern of that Prince
Who shall Sin, Satan, Death and Hell, convince ?
Both onely Sons, both sacred Potentates,
Both holy Founders of two mighty States,
Both sanctifi'd, both Saints' progenitors,
Both bear their Crosse, both Lamb-like Sufferers,
Both bound, both blame-lesse, both without reply,
Both by their Fathers are ordain'd to dye
Upon Mount *Sion :* which high glorious Mount
Serves us for Ladder to the Heav'ns to mount,
Restores us *Eden's* key (the key of *Eden*,
Lost through the eating of the fruit forbidden,
By wretched *Adam* and his weaker Wife)
And blesséd bears the holy Tree of life.
Christ dies indeed : but *Isaac* is repriv'd
(Because Heav'n's Councell otherwise contriv'd)
For, *Isaac's* bloud was no sufficient price
To ransome soules from Hell to Paradise :
The Leprosie of our contagious sin
More power-full Rivers must be purgéd in.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 67, '*lanching*' = launching.
,, 153, '*lists*' = chooses.
,, 154, '*wood*' = mad.
,, 172, '*drad*' = dread.
,, 181, '*Clews*' = balls—as a 'clew' or ball of wool.
,, 204, '*admire*' = wonder, adore.
,, 224, '*dooms*' = judgments, sentences.
,, 257, '*fond*' = foolish.
,, 282, '*Margents*' = margins, banks, *i.e.* of the 'brook' Kedron, which I heard murmuring quite distinctly beneath the *débris* of the valley, and traced miles beyond Jerusalem.
Line 306, '*teend*' = kindle.
,, 311, '*amiss*' = mis-doing, sin.
,, 323, '*Delian Princesse*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.n.*
,, 396, '*reans*' = reins.
,, 422, '*Butt*' = mark, as of arrows.
,, 449, '*forbod*' = forbade.
,, 460, '*Facts*' = deeds, exploits. Cf. l. 487.
,, 512, '*convince*' = overcome.

G.

The Law.

THE
THIRD PART OF
THE
THIRD DAY OF
THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Envy *in* Pharao, *seeks to stop the Cause*
Of Jews' *increase:* Moses *escapes his claws;*
Out of a Burning (*unburnt*) Bush, *a Voyce*
For Jacob's *Rescue doth of Him make choice;*
Sends him (*with* Aaron) *to th'* Egyptian *King:*
His Hardning, PLAGUING, *finall Ruining*
In the Red Sea. Israel *ingrate for all:*
Christ-*Typing* Manna, Quails, Rock-waters *fall:*
The glorious LAW: *the* golden Calfe: strange Fire: Coré *in-gulft: Moses prepar'd t' expire.*

ARm-Arming Trumpets, lofty Clarions,
Rock-batt'ring Bumbards, Valour-murdering Guns,
Thinke you to drown with horror of your Noise
The choice sweet accents of my sacred Voyce?
Blow (till you burst) roar, rend the Earth in sunder;
Fill all with Fury, Tempest, War, and Thunder:
Dire Instruments of Death, in vain yee toyl,
For, the loud Cornet of my long-breath'd stile
Out-shrils yee still; and my *Stentorian* Song,
With warbled Ecchoes of a silver Tongue,
Shall brim be heard from *India* even to *Spain*,
And then from thence even to the *Artick* Wain.
Yet, 'tis not I, not I in any sort;
My side 's to weak, alas! my breath's too-short;
It is the spirit-inspiring Spirit, which yerst
On th' eldest Waters mildely movéd first,
That furnishes and fils, with sacred winde,
The weak, dull Organs of my *Muse* and minde.
So still good Lord, in these tumultuous times,
Give Peace unto my Soule, soule to my Rimes:
Let me not faint amid so faire a course;
Let the World's end be th' end of my Discourse:
And while in FRANCE fell MARS doth all devour,
In lofty stile (Lord) let me sing thy Power.
ALL-CHANGING Time had cancell'd and supprest
JOSEPH's Deserts: his Master was deceast,
His Sons were dead; when currish *Envie's strife*
Layes each-where ambush for poor ISRAEL's life:
Who, notwithstanding, doth far faster spread — Comparison.
And thicker spring, then in a fruitfull Mead
Moted with Brooks, the many-leavéd locks
Of thriving Charvel; which the bleating Flocks
Can with their daily hunger hardly mow
So much as daily doth still newly grow.
This *Monster* wuns not in the Cell she wont, — Description of the Palace of Envie.
Sh' hath rear'd her Palace on the steepest Mount,
Whose snowie shoulders with her stony pride
Eternally doe *Spain* from *France* divide;
It hath a thousand loop-holes every-way,
Yet never enters there one sunny ray:
Or if that any chance so far to passe,
'Tis quickly quenchéd by her cloudy face;
At every Loop, the Work-man wittily
Hath plac't a long, wide, hollow Trunk, where-by
Prattling *Renowns* and *Fame* with painted wing,
News from all corners of the World do bring,
Buzzing there-in: as in a Summer Even, — Simile.
From clefts of Meadows that the Heat hath riven,
The Grasse-hoppers, seeming to fain the voyces
Of little Birds, chirp-out ten thousand noyses
It fortun'd *now* that a swift-flying *Fame*, — To whom Fame reports *Israel's* prosperity.
Which (lately but) from stately *Memphis* came,

Sweating, and dusty, and nigh breath-lesse, fils
With this report one of her listening Quils:
O curious *Nymph* (lives there a Wit with us,
Acute and quick, that is not curious?)
Most wakefull Goddesse, Queen of mortall hearts,
Consort of *Honour*, *Wealth*, and *High-deserts;*
Do'st thou not know, that happy ISRAEL
(Which promiseth the Conqueror of Hell,
That twice-born King, here-after to bring-forth,
Who dead shall live again; and by his worth
Wipe-out Man's Forfeit, and God's Law fulfill,
And on his Crosse th' envie of *Envie* kill)
Doth (even in sight) abundantly increase?
That Heav'n and Earth conspire his happinesse?
That seventy Exiles, with un-hallowed Frie
Cover the face of all the World well-nigh?
And, drunk with wealth, weigh not thy force a jot?
Envie, thou seest it, but fore-seest it not.

Envie inciteth *Pharao* to oppress them.

Swoln like a Toad, between her bleeding jawes
Her hissing Serpents' wriggling tails she chawes:
And, hasting hence, in ISIS form she jets:
A golden vessell in one hand she gets,
In th' other a sweet Instrument; her hood
Was Peacocks' feathers mixt with Southernwood;
A silver crescent on her front she set,
And in her bosome many a fost'ring teat;
And, thus disguis'd, with pride and impudence
She presses-in to the *Bubastick* Prince;
Who, slumbring then on his un-quiet Couch,
With ISRAEL's greatnesse was disturbéd much:
Then she (the while, squinting upon the lustre
Of the rich Rings which on his fingers glister;
And, snuffing with a wrythéd nose the Amber,
The Musk and Civet that perfum'd the Chamber)
'Gan thus to greet him: Sleep'st thou? sleep'st thou, son?
And seest thou not thy selfe and thine undon,
While cruell Snakes, wch thy kinde brest did warm,
Sting thee to death, with their ungratefull swarm?
These Fugitives, these out-casts doe conspire
Against rich *Egypt*, and (ingrate) aspire
With odious Yoke of bondage to debase
The noble PHARAOHS, God's immortal Race.
With these last words, into his brest she blowes
A banefull ayre, whose strength unfeltly flowes
Through all his veins; and, having gain'd his heart,
Makes *Reason* stoope to *Sense* in every part:

Simile.

So th' Aspick pale (with too-right ayme) doth spet
On his bare face that comes too-neer to it,
The froth that in her teeth to bane she turns;
A drowzy bane, that inly creeps, and burns
So secretly, that without sense of pain,
Scar, wound, or swelling, soon the Partie 's slain:
What shall I farther say? This Sorrow's-Forge,
This Rack of Kings, Care's fountain, Courtier's scourge,
Besides her sable poyson, doth inspire
With *Hate* and *Feare* the Prince's fell desire.

Envie's two Twins.

Hence-forth therefore, poor ISRAEL hath no peace,
Not one good day, no quiet nap, no ease;
Still, still opprest, Tax upon Tax arose;
After Thefts, Threats, & after threats com blowes.

Slavery of the Israelites.

The silly wretches are compell'd som-while
To cut new chanels for the course of *Nile;*
Somtimes some Citie's ruins to repaire,
Somtimes to build huge Castles in the ayre;
Somtimes to mount the *Parian* Mountains higher
In those proud Towrs that after-worlds admire;
Those Towrs, whose tops the Heav'ns have terrifi'd;
Those Towrs, that 'scuse th' audacious *Titan's* pride
(Those Towrs, vain Tokens of a vast expence,
Tropheis of Wealth, Ambition's Monuments)
To make with their own sweat & bloud their morter;
To be at-once Brick-maker, Mason, Porter;
They labour hard, eat little, sleeping lesse,
No sooner layd, but thus their Task-Lords presse;
Villains, to work; what? are ye growne so sloth?
Wee 'll make yee yeeld us wax and hony both.

Pharaoh his vain policy.

In briefe, this Tyrant, with such servitude,
Thought soon to waste the *sacred multitude;*
Or at the least, that overlayd with woe,
Weakned with watching, worn with toyling so;
They would in time become lesse service-able
In VENUS' Battails, and for breed lesse able
(Their spirits disperst, their bodies over-dri'd,
And *Cypris'* sap un-duly qualifi'd):
But, when he saw this not succeed so well,
But that the Lord still prosper'd ISRAEL;
Inhumane, he commands (on bloudy Pain)

His cruell Edict against the male children.

That all their male babes in their birth be slain:
And that (because that charge had done no good)
They should be cast, in CAIRO's silver Floud.
O Barbarisme, learned in Hell below!
Those, that (alas!) nor steel nor stream do know,
Must die of steel or stream: cruell Edicts!
That, with the Infant's bloud, the Mother's mix;
That, Childe and Mother both at once cut-off;
Him with the stroke, her with the griefe thereof;
Wth two-fold tears *Jews* greet their Native Heav'n:
The day that brings them life their life hath reav'n.
But, JOCHEBED would fain (if she had durst)
Her deer son MOSES secretly have nourc't:
Yet thinking better her sweet Babe forgoe,
Then Childe and Parents both to hazzard so,
At length she layes it forth; in Rush-boat weaves it,
And to God's Mercy and the Flood's, she leaves-it.
Though Rudder-lesse, not Pilot-lesse this Boat
Among the Reeds by the Floud's side did float;
And saves from wrack the future *Legislator*,
Lighting in hands of the King's gracious Daughter:
Who op'ning it, findes (which with ruth did strike-her)

His Daughter finding *Moses* exposed, causeth him to be princely brought up.

A lovely Babe (or little Angel, liker)
Which with a smile seem'd to implore the ayde
And gentle pity of the Royall mayd.
Love, and the Graces, State and Majesty,
Seem round about the Infant's face to flie;
And on his head seem'd (as it were) to shine
Presagefull rayes of som-what more divine.

She takes him up and rears him royall-like,
And his quick Spirit, train'd in good Arts, is like
Two Similes. A well-breath'd Body, nimble, sound, and strong,
That in the Dance-school needs not teaching long:
Or a good Tree set in as good a soyl,
Which growes a-pace without the Husband's toyl.
In time he puts in *Practise* what he *knowes:*
With curteous *Mildnesse*, manly *Courage* showes:
H' hath nothing vulgar: with great happinesse,
In choyse discourse he doth his minde expresse;
And as his Soul's-type his sweet tongue affords,
His gracefull Works confirm his gracious Words:
His Vertues make him even the Empire's heir:
So means the Prince; such is the people's pray'r.
God's providence in his preservation. Thus, while o're-whelméd with the rapid course
Of Mischiefe's Torrent (and still fearing worse)
ISR'EL seems help-lesse, and even hope-lesse too
Of any help that Mortall hand can doe:
And, while the then-Time's hideous face and form
Boads them (alas!) nothing but wrack and storm,
Their *Castor* shines, their Saviour's sav'd: and
Hee
That with high hand shal them from bondage free,
Scourging with Plagues, scarring w^th^ endless shame
Th' *Egyptian* Court, is raiséd by the same.
Moses' affection and duty toward his Parents, and care of his Brethren. For, though him there they as a God adore,
He scorns not yet his friends and kindred poor:
He feels their Yoke, their mournings he laments:
His word and sword are prest in their defence;
And, as ordain'd for their Deliverance,
And sent expresse by Heav'n's pre-ordinance,
Seeing a *Pagan* (a proud Infidell,
A *Patagon*, that tasted nought so well
As ISRAEL's bloud) to ill-intreat a *Jew*,
Him bold incounters, and him bravely slew.
He flyes out of Egypt. But fearing then lest his inhumane Prince
Should hear of it, young MOSES flyes from thence:
And hard by *Horeb*, keeping JETHRO's sheep,
He Fasts and Prayes; with Meditations deep
His vertuous zeal he kindles more and more,
And prudently he layes-up long before
Within his Soule (his spirituall Armory)
All sacred Weapons of *Sobriety;*
Where-with t' incounter, conquer, and suppresse
All Insurrections of Voluptuousnesse.
God talketh to him in the Wildernesse. Also, not seldome some deep *Dream* or *Transe*
Him suddainly doth even to Heav'n advance;
And Hee, that whilom could not finde the Lord
On plenteous shores of the *Pelusian* Foord,
In walléd Cities with their Towréd Ports,
In learnéd Colledges, nor sumptuous Courts;
In *Desart* meets him; greets him face to face,
And on his brows bears tokens of his Grace.
Moses' vision of the flaming bush. For, while he past his sacred Prentiship;
(In Wildernesse) of th' *Hebrews'* Shepheardship;
In driving forth to kisse-cloud SINA's foot
His fleecy Flock, and there attending to't;
He sudden sees a *Bush* to flame and fume,
And all a-fire, yet not at all consume;

It flames and burns not, cracks and breaks not in,
Kisses, but bites not, no not even the skin;
True figure of the *Church*, and speaking Signe
Which seemeth thus to, of it selfe, define:
What (*Amram's* son!) Doth *Jacob's* bitter Teen
Dismay thee so? Behold, this Haw-thorn green
Is even an Image of thine ISRAEL,
Who in the Fire of his Afflictions fell
Still flourishes; on each side hedgéd round
With prickly Thorns, his hatefull Foes to wound:
This Fire doth seem the Spirit Omnipotent,
Which burns the wicked, tries the Innocent:
Who also addeth to the sacred Signe,
The more to move him, his owne Word Divine.
The voyce of the Lord speaking out of the Bush. I AM *that I am*, in me, for me, by me;
All Beings Be not (or else un-selfly be)
But, from my Being, all their Being gather;
Prince of the World, and of my Church the
Father:
Onely Beginning, Midst, and End of all;
Yet *sans* Beginning, Midst, and End at all:
All in my selfe compris'd, and all comprising
That in the World was, is, or shall be rising:
Base of this Universe; th' uniting Chain
Of th' Elements; the Wisedome Soveraigne:
Each-where, in Essence, Powr and Providence;
But in the Heav'ns, in my Magnificence:
Fountain of Goodnesse; ever-shining Light;
Perfectly Blest; the One, the Good, the Bright:
Self-simple Act, working in frailest matter;
Framer of Forms: of Substances, Creator:
And (to speak plainer) even that God I AM
Whom so long since religious *Abraham*,
Isaac, and *Jacob*, and their Progenies
Have worshipped and prays'd in humble wise.
God hath pity on his People afflicted in *Egypt*. My sacred ears are tyréd with the noyse
Of thy poor Brethren's just-complayning voyce;
I have beheld my people's burdens there:
MOSES, no more, I will, nor can, forbear;
Th' have groan'd (alas!) and panted all too-long
Under that Tyrant's un-relenting wrong.
He ordaineth *Moses* for their Deliverer & gives him commission to goe to *Pharao*. Now their *Deliverer*, I authorise thee,
And make thee Captain of their Colony;
A sacred Colony, to whom (as mine)
I have so oft bequeath'd rich *Palestine*.
Therefore from me command thou PHARAO
That presently he let my people goe
Into the *Dry-Arabian* Wildernesse;
Where far from sight of all profane excesse
On a new Altar they may sacrifice
To ME the LORD, in whom their succour lies;
Haste, haste (I say) and make me no excuse
On thy Tongue's rudenesse (for the want of use)
Nor on thy weaknesse, nor unworthinesse
To under-goe so great a Businesse;
What? cannot He that made the lips and tongue,
Prompt Eloquence and Art (as doth belong)
Unto his Legat? and, who every thing
Of Nothing made, and all to nought shall bring;

Th' Omnipotent, who doth confound (for his)
By weak the strong; by what is not, what is:
(That in his wondrous Judgments, men may more
The Work-man then the Instruments adore)
Will he forsake, or leave him un-assisted,
That in his service duly hath insisted?
Sith faithfull Servant, to do well affected,
Can by his Master never be rejected.

Moses (accompanied with his brother *Aaron*) sets forward in his high Embassage.

No sooner this, the *Divine Voyce* had ended,
And up to Heav'n the bushy Flame ascended,
But MOSES, with (his fellow in Commission)
His Brother AARON, wends with expedition
First to his People, and to PHARAO then,
The King of *Egypt* (cruellest of Men);
And inly filléd with a zealous flame,
Thus, thus he greets him in th' Almightie's name;
Great NILUS' Lord, thus saith the Lord of Hoasts,
Let goe my people out of all the Coasts;
Mine ISRAEL (PHARAO) forth-with release,
Let them depart to HOREB's Wildernesse;
That unto me, without offence or fear,
Their Hearts and Heifers they may offer there.

Pharao's proud answer.

Base Fugitive, proud slave (that art return'd
Not to be whipt but rather hang'd, or burn'd)
What Lord said PHARAO? ha! what Soveraigne?
O seaven-horn'd *Nile*! O hundred-pointed Plain!
O Citie of the Sun! O *Thebes*! and Thou
Renownéd *Pharos*, doe ye all not bow
To us alone? Are ye not onely Ours?
Ours at a beck? Then, to what other Powers
Owes your great PHARAO homage or respect?
Or by what *Lord* to be controul'd and checkt?
I see the Drift. These off-scums all at once
Too idlely pampred, plot Rebellions:
Sloth marrs the slaves; and under fair pretence
Of *new Religion* (Traytours to their Prince)
They would Revolt. O Kings! how fond are we
To thinke by Favours and by Clemency,
To keep men in their duty! To be milde,
Makes them be mad, proud, insolent, and wilde?
Too-much of Grace, our Scepters doth dis-grace,
And smooths the path to Treason's plots a-pace.
The dull Asse, numbers with his stripes his steps;
Th' Ox, over-fat, too-strong, and resty, leaps
About the Lands, casteth his yoke, and strikes;
And wexen wilde, ev'n at his keeper kicks.
Well; to enjoy a People, through their skin
With scourges slyc't, must their bare bones be seen;

The true Anatomy of a Tyrant.

We must still keep them short, & clip their wings,
Pare neer their nayles, and pull out all their stings;
Load them with Tribute, and new Toll, and Tax,
And Subsidies, untill we break their backs;
Tire them with travell, flay-them, pole-them, pil-them,
Suck bloud and fat, then eat their flesh, & kil-them.
'Tis good for Princes, to have all things fat,
Except their Subjects: but beware of that.
Ha, Miscreants! ha, rascall excrements,
That lift your heel against your gracious Prince;
Hence-forth you get of wood or straw no more,
To burn your Bricks as you have had before;
Your selves shall seek it out; yet shall you still
The number of your wonted task fulfill.

Moses' reply.

I have Commission from the King of kings,—
Maker, Pfeserver, Ruler of all things,—
Replies the *Hebrew*; that (to know the Lord)
Thou feel his hand, unlesse thou fear his word.

Aaron casteth down his Rod, which immediately turns into a Serpent.

In th' instant, AARON on the slippery sand
Casts down his Rod; and boldly thus began:
So shall thy golden Scepter down be cast,
So shall the Judgements of the Lord at last
(Now deeméd dead) revive, to daunt thy pow'r:
So ISRAEL shall *Egypt's* wealth devoure,
If thou confesse not God to be the Lord;
If thou attend not, nor observe his Word:
And if his people thou doe not release,
To go and serve him in the Wildernesse.
Before that AARON this discourse had done,
A green-gold-azure had his Rod put-on;
It glist'red bright; and in a fashion strange,
Into a Serpent it did wholly change;
Crawling before the King, and all along
Spetting and hissing with his forkéd tongue.

The Magicians of *Egypt* counterfeit that miracle, and bewitch the eyes of the King.

The *Memphian* Sages then, and subtill Priests,
T' uphold the Kingdome of their OSIRIS,
Upbraid them thus: Alas! is this the most
Your God can doe, of whom so much you boast?
Are these his Wonders? Goe, base *Monti-banks*,
Go shew els-where your sleights & juggling pranks.
Such tricks may blear some vulgar innocents,
But cannot blinde the Councell of a Prince;
Who, by the gods instructed, doth contain
All Arts' perfection in his sacred brain.
And, as they spake, out of their curséd hands
They all let-fall their strange-inchanted Wands;
Which instantly turn into Serpents too,
Hissing and spetting, crawling to and fro.
The King too much admires their cunning Charms:
The place with Aspicks, Snakes, & Serpents, swarms;

Simile.

Creeping about: as an ill-Huswife sees
The Maggots creeping in a rotten Cheese.
You, you are Jugglers, th' *Hebrew* then repli'd;
You change not Nature, but the bare out-side:
And your Enchantments onely doe transform
The face of things, not the essentiall form.
You, Sorcerers, so mock the Prince's eye,
And his Imagination damnifie;
That common Sense to his externall, brings
(By re-percussion) a false shape of things.
My Rod 's indeed a Serpent, not in show,
As here in sight your selves by proof shall know.
Immediately his *Dragon* rear'd his head,
Rowl'd on his brest; his body wriggelled
Somtimes aloft in length; somtimes it sunk
Into it selfe, and altogether shrunk:
It slides, it sups the ayre, it hisses fell:
Instead of eyes, two sparkling Rubies swell:

And all his deadly baens, intrenchéd strong
Within his trine Teeth and his triple Tongue,
Moses' rod-Serpent devoureth the Serpents of the *Egyptians.* Call for the Combat : and (as greedy) set
With sudden rage upon those counterfeit,
Those seeming-Serpents, and them all devour :
Even as a *Sturgeon*, or a *Pike*, doth scour
The Creeks, and Pills in Rivers where they lie,
Of smaller Fishes and their feeble Fry.
Pharaoh & his people hardned : Therefore God plagued *Egypt.* But at high Noon, the Tyrant wilfull-blind,
And deaf to his own good, is more inclin'd
To Satan's tools : the people, like the Prince,
Prefer the Night before Light's excellence.
Wherefore the Lord, such proud contempts to pay ;
Ten sundry *plagues* upon their Land doth lay :
Redoubling so his dreadful strokes, that there,
Who would not love him milde, him rough should fear.
The first Plague : By turning their Waters into bloud. Smiting the Waves with his Snake-wanded wood,
AARON anon converts the *Nile* to bloud ;
So that the stream, from fruitfull MEROE,
Runs red and bitter even unto the Sea.
The Court re-courst to Lakes, to Springs, & Brooks ;
Brooks, Springs, & Lakes had the like taste & looks :
Then to the Ditches ; but, even to the brink
There flow'd (alas !) in stead of Water, Ink :
Then to the likeliest of such weeping ground
Where, with the Rush, pipe-opening Fern is found :
And there they dig for Water ; but (alas !)
The wounded soyl spets bloud into their face.
O just-just Judgement ! Those proud Tyrants fell,
Those bloudy Foes of mourning ISRAEL ;
Those that delighted, and had made their game
In shedding bloud, are forc't to drink the same ;
And those, that ruth-les had made *Nile* the slaughter
Of th' *Hebrew* Babes, now die for want of Water.
The second : By covering their Land with *Frogs.* Anon, their Fields, Streets, Hals & Courts he loads
With foule great Frogs and ugly croking Toads ;
Which to the tops of highest Towrs do clamber
Even to the Presence, yea the privie Chamber ;
As starry Lezards in the Summer time
Upon the wals of broken houses clime.
Yea, even the King meets them in every dish
Of Privie-dyet, be it Flesh or Fish :
As at his Boord, so on his royall Bed ;
With stinking Frogs the silken quilts be spred,
The Magicians counterfeit the same, but their deceits are vain. The Priests of PHARAOH seem to doe the same ;
AARON alone in the Almightie's Name,
By Faith almighty ; They for Instruments
Use the black Legions of the *Stygian* Prince :
Hee by his Wonders labours to make known
The true God's glory ; onely they their own :
He seeks to teach ; they to seduce awry :
Hee studies to build up ; they to destroy :
He striking Strangers, doth His People spare ;
They spoyl their owne, but cannot hurt a hair
Of the least *Hebrew :* they can onely wound,
He hurts, and heals : He breaks, and maketh sound :
And so, when PHARAOH doth him humbly pray,
Re-cleers the Flouds, and sends the Frogs away.

But (as in Heav'n there did no Justice raign)
The King's repentance endeth with his pain.
Hee is re-hardned : like a stubborn Boy
That plies his Lesson (Hypocritely-coy)
While in his hand his Master shakes the Rod :
But if he turn his back, doth flout and nod.
The King eased of his punishment is againe hardned. Therefore the Lord, this Day, with loathsom *Lice*
Plagues poor and rich, the nastie and the nice,
Both Man and Beast : For, AARON with his wand
Turns into *Lice* the dust of all the Land.
The third : Therefore *Egypt* is plagued with *Lice.* The morrow after, with huge swarms of *Flies*,
Hornets & *Wasps*, hee hunts their Families
From place to place, through Meadows, Fens and Flouds,
Hils, Dales, and Desarts, hollow Caves and Woods.
The fourth : with *Flies* &c. Trembls therefore (O Tyrants) tremble aye,
Poor worms of Earth, Proud Ashes, Dust and Clay :
For, how (alas !) how will you make defence
'Gainst the tri-pointed wrathfull violence
Of the drad dart, that flaming in his hand,
Shall pash to powder all that him withstand ?
And 'gainst the rage of flames eternall-frying,
Where damnéd soules lie ever-never-dying :
Sith the least *Flies*, and *Lice*, and *Vermine* too
Out-brave your braves, and triumph over you.
Man cannot hide him from the hand of God, nor avoyd his vengeance. Gallop to *Anian*, sail to *Jucatan*,
Visit *Botangas*, dive beyond the *Dane :*
Well may you fly, but not escape him there ;
Wretches, your halters still, about, you bear.
Th' Almightie's hand is long, and busie still ;
Having escap't his Rod, his Sword you feel :
He seems somtimes to sleep and suffer all,
But cals at last for Use and Principall ;
With hundred sorts of shafts his Quiver 's full,
Some passing keen, some som-what sharp, som dull,
Some killing dead, som wounding deep, som light,
But all of them doe alwayes hit the White,
Each after other. Now th' Omnipotence
At *Egypt* shoots his shafts of Pestilence :
Th' Ox fals-down in 's yoke, Lambs bleating dye,
The Bullocks as they feed, Birds as they fly.
The fifth : With the Plague of *Pestilence.* Anon he covers Man and Beast with cores
Of angry Biles, Botches, and Scabs, and Sores ;
Whose ulcerous venoms, all-inflaming, spread
O'r all the body from the foot to head.
The sixth : With *Vlcers* and grievous *Scabs* or *Murrain.* Then, Rain, and Hail, and flaming Fire among
Spoyl all their fields : their Cattell great wth young
All brain'd wth hail-stones : Trees wth tempest cleft,
Rob'd of their boughs, their boughs of leaves bereft.
The seventh : With *Haile* and *Fire* from Heaven. And, from Heav'n's rage, all, to seek shelter, glad ;
The Face of *Egypt* is now dradly-sad :
The *Soän* Virgins tear their Beautie's honour ;
Not for the waste, so much as for the manner.
The *Egyptians* amazed at this extraordinary scourge. For, in that Country never see they Cloud,
Wth weight of Snowes their trees are never bow'd,
They know no Yce : and though they have (as we)
The Yeare intire, their Seasons are but three :
They neither Rain-bowe, nor fat Deaws expect,
Which from else-where *Sol's* thirsty rayes erect :
The natural fruitfulnesse and prosperity of *Egypt* in it selfe marvellous.

Rain-lesse their soyl is wet, and Cloud-lesse, fat;
Itself's moist bosome brings in this and that:
For, while else-where the River's roaring pride
Is dryéd-up; and while that far and wide
The *Palestine* seeks (for his thirsty Flock)
Jordan in *Jordan*, *Jabboc* in *Jabboc*;
Their floud o'reflowes, and parchéd *Misrdim*
A season seems in a rich Sea to swim,
Nile's billows beat on the high-dangling Date;
And Boats do slide, where Ploughs did slice of late.
Steep snowy Mounts, bright Stars' *Etesian* gales,
You cause it not: no, those are Dreams and Tales;
Th' Eternall-Trine who made all compassly,
Makes th' under waves, the upper, wants supply;
And *Egypt's* Womb to fill with Fruits and Flowrs,
Gives swelling *Nile* th' office of heav'nly Showrs.
Then the *Thrice-Sacred* with a sable Cloud
Of hornéd *Locusts* doth the Sun be-cloud,
And swarmeth down on the rebellious Coast
The *Grass-hoppers* lean, dam-devouring Hoast,
Which gleans what *Hail* had left, & (greedy) crops
Both night and day the Husband's whole-year's hopes.
Then, gross thick *Darknes* over al he dight,
And three fair Dayes turns to one fearfull Night:
Wth Ink-like Rheum the dull Mists' drouzy vapours
Quench their home Fires, & Temple-sacred Tapers.
If hunger drive the Pagans from their dens,
One, 'gainst a settle breaketh both his shins;
Another groaping up and down for bread,
Fals down the stayrs, and there he lies for dead.
But though these works surmount all Nature's might,
Though his own Sages thē of guil acquight,
Though th' are not casuall (sith the holy-man
Fore-tels prefixtly What, and Where, and When)
And though that (living in the midst of His)
The *Israelites* be free from all of This,
Th' incensed Tyrant (strangely obstinate)
Retracts the leave he granted them of late.
For, th' *Ever-One*, who with a mighty hand
Would bring his people to the plenteous Land
Of *Palestine:* Who providently-great,
Before the eyes of all the World would set
A Tragedy, where wicked Potentates
Might see a Mirrour of their owne estates:
And, who (most just) must have meet Arguments,
To show the height of his Omnipotence;
Hardens the King, and blinding him (selfe-blinde)
Leaves him to Lusts of his own vicious minde.
For, God doth never (ever purely bent)
Cause sin as sin; but, as Sin's Punishment.
For, the last Charge, an Angel in one Night
All the first-born through all the Land doth smite:
So that from *Sues* Port to *Birdene* Plain,
There's not a House, but hath somebody slain,
Save th' *Israelites*, whose doors were markt before,
With sacred *Passe-Lamb's* sacramentall gore.
And therefore ever-since on that same day,
Yearly, the *Jews* a Yearling Lamb must slay;

The eight: They are vexed with *Grass-hoppers*.

The ninth with palpable *Darknesse*.

The Israelites in all these plagues untoucht, yet *Pharaoh* still hardned.

The tenth: Therefore all the first born of *Egypt* are slaine in one night by the Angel.

A token of that *Passage*, and a Type
Of th' *Holy-Lamb*, which should (in season ripe)
By powring-forth the pure and plenteous Floud
Of his most precious Water-mixéd Bloud;
Preserve his People from the drad *Destroyer*,
That fries the wicked in eternall fire.
Through all the Land, all in one instant crie,
All for one cause, though yet all know not why.
Night heaps their horrors: & the morning showes
Their private griefs, and makes them publick woes.
Scarce did the glorious Governour of Day
O're *Memphis* yet his golden tresse display,
When from all parts, the Maidens and the Mothers,
Wives, Husbands, Sons, & Sires, Sisters, & Brothers,
Flock to the Court, where with one common voice
They all cry-out, and make this mournfull noise:
O stubborn stomack! (cause of all our sadnesse)
Dull Constancy! or rather, desp'rate Madnesse!
A Floud of Mischiefs all the Land doth fill;
The Heav'ns still thunder; th' Air doth threaten still:
Death, ghastly death, triumpheth every-where,
In every house; and yet, without all fear,
Without all feeling, we despise the Rod,
And scorn the Judgements of the mighty God.
Great King, no more bay with thy wilfullings
His Wrath's dread Torrent. He is King of kings;
And in his sight, the greatest of you all
Are but as Moats that in the Sun do fall;
Yeeld, yeeld (alas!) stoop to his powrfull threat;
He's warn'd enough that hath been ten-times beat.
Goe, get you gone: hence, hence, unlucky Race:
Your eyes bewitch our eyes, your feet this place,
Your breath this Ayre: why haste you not away?
Hebrews, what lets you? wherefore doe you stay?
Step to our houses (if that ought you lack)
Choose what you like, and what you like goe take,
Gold, Plate, or Jewels, Ear-rings, Chains, or Ouches,
Our Girdles, Bracelets, Carkanets, or Brouches;
Bear them unto your gods, not in the sands
Where the Heav'n-kissing Cloud-brow'd *Sina* stands;
But much, much farther; and so far, that here
We never more your odious news may hear;
Goe, *Hebrews*, goe, in God's Name thrive amain;
By losing you, we shall sufficient gain.
With the King's leave, then th' *Hebrew's* Prince collects
His Legions all, and to the Sea directs.
Scarce were they gone, when *Pharaoh* doth retract,
And arms all *Egypt* to goe fetch them back;
And, camping neer them, execrably rude,
Threatens them Death or end-lesse Servitude.
Even as a Duck, that nigh some crystall brook
Hath twice or thrice by the same hawk bin strook,
Hearing aloft her gingling silver bels
Quivers for fear, and looks for nothing else
But when the Falcon (stooping thunder-like)
With sudden souse her to he ground shall strike;
And with the stroke, make on the sense-less ground
The gut-less Quar, once, twice, or thrice, rebound:

After so many grievous plagues, the Egyptians cry out upon their King to let the Israelites goe.

They hasten and importune them to be gone.

After their departure *Pharaoh* immediately pursues them.

Simile.

So *Israel*, fearing again to feel
Pharaoh's fell hands, who hunts them at the heel,
Quivers and shivers for despair and dread;
And spets his gall against his godly Head.
O base ambition! This false Politick,
Plotting to Great himselfe, our deaths doth seek;
He mocks us all, and makes us (fortune-lesse)
Change a rich Soyl for a dry Wildernesse;
Allur'd with lustre of Religious showes,
Poor soules, He sels us to our hatefull Foes;
For, O! what strength alas! what stratagem?
Or how (good God) shall we encounter them?
Or who is it? or what is it shall save-us
From their fell hands that seek to slay, or slave-us?
Shall we, disarméd, with an Army fight?
Can we (like Birds) with still-steep-rising flight
Surmount these Mountains? have we ships at hand
To passe the Sea (this halfe a Sea, halfe sand)?
Or, had we Ships, and Sails, and Owers, and Cable;
Who knowes these Waters to be navigable?
Alas! some of us shall with Scythes be slasht;
Some, with their Horse-feet all to peeces pasht;
Som, thrill'd w^th^ Swords, or shafts, through hundred holes
Shall ghastly gasp-out our untimely soules.
Sith dye we must, then dye we voluntary;
Let's run, our selves, where others would us carry;
Come, *Israelites*, come, let us dye together,
Both men and women: so we shall (in either)
Prevent their rage, content their avarice,
And yeeld (perhaps) to MOSES even his Wish.
Why, Brethren? know ye not (their Ruler saith)
That in his hand God holdeth life and death?
That he turns Hils to Dales, and Seas to Sands?
That he hath prest a thousand wingéd Bands
'T assist his Children, and his Foes t' assail?
And that he helps not, but when all helps fail?
See you this mighty Hoast, this dreadfull Camp,
Which dareth Heav'n, & seems the Earth to damp;
And all inrag'd, already chargeth ours,
As thick or thicker then the Welkin pours
His candi'd drops upon the ears of Corn,
Before that *Ceres'* yellow locks be shorn?
It all shall vanish, and of all this Crew
(Which thinks already to have swallow'd you)
Of all this Army, that (in Armour bright)
Seems to out-shine the Sun, or shame his light;
There shall to-morrow not a man remaine:
Therefore be still; God shall your side sustaine.
Then (zealous) calling on th' immortall God,
He smote the Sea with his dead-living Rod;
The Sea obey'd, as bay'd: the Waves controul'd,
Each upon other up to Heav'n doe fold;
Between both sides a broad deep Trench is cast,
Dri'd to the bottom with an instant blast:
Or rather, 'tis a Valley pavéd (else)
With golden sands, with Pearle, and Nacre-shels;
And on each side is flankéd all along
With wals of Crystall, beautifull and strong.

The Israelites feare, and murmur against *Moses*.

Moses his instruction to encourage them, with assured confidence in God.

Simile.

Calling upon God, hee parts the Red Sea, so that the people passe thorough as on dry land.

This floud-lesse Foord the Faithfull Legions passe,
And all the way their shoe scarce moisted was.
Dream we, said they? or is it true we try?
The Sea start at a stick? The Water dry?
The Deep a Path? Th' Ocean in th' Ayr suspending?
Bulwarks of Billows, and no drop descending?
Two Wals of Glasse, built with a word alone?
Africk and *Asia* to conjoyn in one?
Th' all-seeing Sun new bottoms to behold?
Children to run where Tunnies lately roul'd?
The *Egyptian* Troups pursue them by the track;
Yet waits the patient Sea, and still stands back;
Till all the Hoast be marching in their ranks
Within the lane between his crystall banks.
But, as a wall, weakned with mining-under,
The Piles consum'd fall suddenly asunder,
O'r-whelmeth all that stand too neer the breach,
And with his Ruines fils-up all the ditch:
Even so God's finger, which, these Waters bay'd,
Being with-drawn, the Ocean swell'd and sway'd;
And, re-conjoyning his conjealéd Floud,
Swallows in th' instant all these Tyrants wood.
Here, one by swimming thinks himselfe to save:
But with his scarfe tangled about a Nave,
He 's strangled straight; and to the bottom sinking,
Dies; not of too-much drink, but for not drinking;
While that (in vain) another with loud lashes
Scours his proud Coursers through the scarlet *Washes*:
The streams (whereon more Deaths then Waves do swim)
Bury his Chariot; and his Chariot, him:
Another, swallowed in a Whirl-Whale's womb,
Is laid a-live within a living Toomb:
Another, seeing his Twin-brother drowning;
Out of his Coach, his hand (to help him) downing;
With both his hands grasping that hand, his Twin
Unto the bottom hales him head-long in:
And instantly the water covers either;
Right Twins indeed; born, bred and dead, together.
Nile's stubborn Monarch, stately drawn upon
A curious Chariot, chac't with pearle and stone;
By two proud Coursers, passing Snow for colour;
For strength, the Elephant's; Lion's for valour;
Curseth the Heav'ns, the Ayr, the Windes & Waves;
And, marching up-ward, still blasphemes & braves;
Here, a huge Billow on his Targe doth split:
Then comes a bigger, and a bigger yet,
To second those: The Sea grows ghastly great;
Yer stoutly still he thus doth dare and threat:
Base roguing Juggler, think'st thou w^th^ thy charms
Thou shalt prevail against our puissant arms;
Think'st thou, poor shifter, with thy Hel-spels thus
To crosse our Counsels, and discomfit Us?
And, O proud Sea! false, trayterous Sea, dar'st thou,
Dar'st thou conspire 'gainst thine own *Neptune* now?
Dar'st thou presume 'gainst Us to rise and roar?
I charge thee cease: be still, I say: no more:
Or, I shall clip thine arms in marble stocks,
And yoke thy shoulders with a Bridge of Rocks:

The Egyptians following them are swallowed in the Sea.

Simile.

Pharaoh prophanely blaspheming and proudly braving *Moses* and the Sea, is notwithstanding drowned with the rest.

Or banish thee from *Etham* far, for ay,
Through some new Chanell to goe seek thy way.
Here-at the Ocean, more then ever, frets,
All topsie-turvie up-side-down it sets;
And a black billow, that aloft doth float
With salt and sand, stops his blasphemous throat.
What now betides the Tyrant? Waters now
Have reft his neck, his chin, cheeks, eyes and brow,
His front, his fore-top: now there 's nothing seen
But his proud arm, shaking his Fauchin keen:
Wherewith he seems, in spight of Heav'n and Hell,
To fight with Death, and menace *Israel*.
At last he sinks all under water quite,
Spurning the sand: again he springs upright;
But, from so deep a bottom to the top,
So clogg'd with arms, can cleave no passage up:
Simile. As the poor Partridge, cover'd with the net,
In vain doth strive, struggle, and bate, and beat;
For, the close meshes, and the Fowler's craft,
Suffer the same no more to whurre aloft.
I to your selves leave to conceive the joy
Of JACOB's heirs thus rescu'd from annoy;
Seeing the Sea to take their cause in hand,
And their dead Foes shuffled upon the sand;
Their shields, and staves, and chariots (all-to-tore)
Floating about, and flung upon the shore;
When thus th' Almighty (glorious God most high)
For them without them, got the Victory,
They skip and dance; and, marrying all their voices
To Timbrels, Hawboys, and loud Cornets' noises,
Make all the shores resound, and all the coasts
With the shrill Praises of the Lord of Hostes.
The Second part of this Tract: where is discoursed of the estate of the people of Israel in the Wildernesse, untill the death of *Moses*.
Eternall issue of eternall Sire,
Deep Wisdome of the *Father*, now inspire
And shew the sequell that from hence befell,
And how he dealt with his dear *Israel*,
Amid the Desart, in their Pilgrimage
Towards the *Promis'd* plenteous *Heritage:*
Tell, for (I know) thou know'st: for, compast aye
W^th^ Fire by Night, & w^th^ a Cloud by Day,
Thou (my soule's hope) wert their sole Guide and Guard,
Their Meat and Drink in all their Journey hard.
Marching amid the *Desart*, nought they lack:
Heav'n still distils an Ocean (for their sake)
Of end-lesse good: and every Morn doth send
Sufficient food for all the day to spend.
When the Sun riseth, and doth haste his Race
(Halfe ours, halfe theirs that underneath us pase)
To re-behold the beauty, number, order,
And prudent Rule (preventing all mis-order,
Of th' awfull Hoast lodg'd in the Wildernesse,
So favour'd by the Sun of Righteousnesse;
Each comes but forth his Tent, and at his doore
Findes his bread ready (without seeking more):
A pleasant bread, which from his plenteous Cloud,
Like little Hail, Heav'n's wakefull Steward strow'd.
The yellow sands of *Elim's* ample Plain
God gives them *Manna*. Were heapéd all with a white sugred grain:
Sweet Corianders; Junkets, not to feed
This Hoast alone, but even a World (for need).
Each hath his part and every one is fed
With the sweet morsels of an un-bought bread.
It never rains for a whole year at-once,
But daily for a day's provisions:
It is given from day to day.
To th' end, so great an Hoast, so curbéd straight,
Still on the Lord's wide open hand should wait,
And every dawning have new cause to call
On him their Founder, and the Fount of all;
Each, for his portion hath an *Omer* full;
The sur-plus rots, moulds, knead it how they will.
The Holy-One (just Arbitrer of wrong)
Allowes no lesse unto the weak then strong:
On *Sabbath's* Eve, he lets sufficient fall
To serve for that day, and the next withall:
That on his *Rest*, the sacred Folk may gather,
Not Bodie's meat, but spirituall *Manna* rather.
Thou, that from Heav'n thy daily White-bread hast
Thou, for whom Harvest all the year doth last,
That in poor Desarts rich abundance heap'st,
That sweat-lesse eat'st, and without sowing reap'st,
That hast the Ayre for farm, and Heav'n for field
(Which, sugred Mel, or melléd sugar yeeld)
That, for taste-changing dost not change thy cheer,
God's Pensioner, and Angel's Table-peer:
O *Israel!* see in this Table-pure,
It is a lively figure of *Christ* the true bread of life.
In this fair glasse, thy Saviour's portrayture,
The Son of God, MESSIAS promiséd,
The sacred seed, to bruise the Serpent's head:
The glorious Prince, whose Scepter ever shines,
Whose Kingdom's scope the Heav'n of Heav'ns confines:
And, when He shall (to light thy sin-ful load)
Put *Man-hood* on, dis-know him not for *God*.
This grain is small, but full of substance though:
The same demonstrated by particular conference.
CHRIST strong in working, though but weak in show.
Manna is sweet: CHRIST as the hony-comb.
Manna from high: & CHRIST from Heav'n doth come.
With that, there fals a pleasant pearly deaw:
CHRIST coming down doth all the Earth be-strew
With spirituall gifts. That, unto great and small,
Tastes to their tastes: and CHRIST is all to all:
(Food to the hungry, to the needy wealth,
Joy to th' afflicted, to the sickly health;
Pardon to those Repent, Prop to the bow'd,
Life's savour to the Meek, *Death's* to the Proud)
That 's common good: and *Christ* communicate.
That 's purely white: and *Christ* immaculate.
That gluts the wanton *Hebrews* (at the last)
Christ and his *Word* the World doth soon distaste.
Of that, they eat no lesse that have one measure,
Then who have hundred: and in *Christ* his treasure
Of Divine *Grace*, the *faith*-full *Proselyte*
Hath no lesse part, then Doctors (deep of sight.)
That's round: *Christ* simple and sincerely round.
That in the *Ark: Christ* in his *Church* is found.
That doth (with certain) stinking worms become:
Christ (th' *Ever-Word*) is scandall unto some.

That raineth not, but on the sacred Race:
Christ to his Chosen doth confine his Grace.
That 's broken, every Grain *Christ* (Lamb of God)
Upon his *Crosse*-presse is so torn and trod,
That of his *Bloud* the pretious Floud hath purl'd
Down from Mount *Sion* over all the World.

The people lust for flesh.

Yet glutted now with this *ambrosiall* Food,
This Heav'nly bread, so holy and so good,
Th' *Hebrews* do lust for flesh: a fresh South-winde
Brings shoals of Fowls to satisfie their minde;

God sends them Quails.

A Cloud of *Quails* on all the Camp is sent,
And every one may take to his content;
For, in the Hoast, and all the Country by,
For a day's-journey, Cubit-thick they lie.
But, though their Commons be thus delicate,
Although their eyes can scarce look out for fat,
Although their bellies strout with too-much meat,
Though (*Epicures*) they vomit as they eat,

They long for the Garlick and Onions of Egypt. Simile.

Yet still they howl for hunger: & they long
For *Memphian* hotch-potch, Leeks, and Garlick strong:
As Childe-great Women, or green Maids (that miss
Their Terms appointed for their flourishes)
Pine at a Princely feast, preferring far,
Red-Herrings, Rashers, and (some) sops in Tar;
Yea, coals, and clowts, sticks, stalks, & dirt, before
Quail, Pheasant, Partridge, and a hundred more;
So, their fantastick wearisom disease
Distastes their tastes, and makes them strange to please.
But, when the Bull, that lately tost his horn
In wanton Pride, hangs down his head, forlorn
For lack of Water, and the Souldier bleak
Grows (without Arms) for his own weight too-weak:
When fiery Thirst through all their veins so fierce
Consumes their bloud, into their bones doth pierce,
Sups-up their vitall humour, and doth dry
Their whilom-beauties to *Anatomy;*
They weep and wail, and but their voyce (alas!)
Is choakt already that it cannot passe,
Through the rough *Straights* of their dry throats they would
Roar-out their grief, that all men hear them should.

They murmur for want of water with grievous imputation to their good guide.

O Duke! (no *Hebrew*, but a *Ethnick* rather)
Is this (alas!) the guerdon that we gather
For all the service thou hast had of us?
What have we done, that thou betray'st us thus?
For our obedience, shall we evermore
With Fear and Want be haunted at our door?
O windy words! O perjur'd promises!
O gloze, to gull our honest simplenesse!
Escap't from Hunger, Thirst doth cut our throat:
Past the *Red-Sea*, here up and down we float
On firm-lesse sands of this vaste Desart here,
Where, to and fro we wander many a year:
Looking for Liberty, we finde not Life;
No, neither Death (the welcom end of strife).
Envie not us dear Babes: we envie you,
You happy ones, whom *Egypt's* Tyrant slew;
Your birth and death came hand in hand together,
Your end was quick, nay 't was an Entry rather
To end-lesse Life: wee wretches, with our age
Increase our Woes in this long Pilgrimage:
We hope to Harbour where we may take breath:
And life to us is a continuall Death.
You blesséd live, and see the Almightie's face;
Our Dayes begin in tears, in toyls they passe,
And end in dolours (this is all we doe);
But Death concludes tears, toyls, and dolours too.

Moses reproves them, and smites the Rock from whence issues plenty of Water.

Stiff-neckéd People, stubborn Generation,
Egypt doth witnesse (in a wondrous fashion)
God's goodnesse (to thee): all the Elements
Expound unto thee his Omnipotence;
And dost thou murmur still? and dar'st thou yet
Blaspheme his promise, and discredit it?
Said MOSES then; and gave a sudden knock
With his dear Scepter on a mighty Rock;
From top to toe it shakes, and splits with-all,
And wel-nigh halfe unto the ground doth fall,
As smit with Lightning: then, with rapid rush,
Out of the stone a plenteous stream doth gush,
Which murmurs through the Plain; proud, that his glass,
Gliding so swift, so soon re-youngs the grass;
And, to be gaz'd-on by the wanton Sun,
And through new paths so brave a course to run.

Simile.

Who hath not seen (far up within the Land)
A shoal of Geese on the dry-Summer sand
In their hoarse language (somtimes lowly-loud)
Suing for succour to some moist-full cloud;
How, when the Rain descends, their wings they beat,
(With the first drops to cool their swelting heat)
Bib with their Bil, bouse with their throats, & suck,
And twenty times unto the bottom duck?
Such th' *Hebrews'* glee: one, stooping down, doth sup
The clear quick stream; another takes it up
In his bare hand; another in his hat?
This, in his buskin; in a bucket, that
(Well-fresht himselfe) bears some unto his Flock;
This fils his pitcher-full; and that, his Crock:
And other-some (whose Thirst is more extreme)
Like Frogs lie paddling in the crystall stream.

They March toward Mount *Sina*, where God delivereth them his LAW.

From *Rephidim*, along the *Desart* Coast,
Now to Mount *Sina* marcheth all the Hoast;
Where, th' everlasting GOD, in glorious wonder,
With dreadfull voyce his fearfull LAW doth thunder;
To show, that His rev'rend, Divine *Decrees*
(Whereto all hearts should bow, & bend all knees)
Proceed not from a *Politick* Pretence,
A wretched Kingling, or a petty Prince
(Nymph-prompted NUMA, or the *Spartan's* Lord,
Or him that did *Cecropian* strifes accord)
Nor from the mouth of any mortall man;
But from that King, who at his pleasure can
Shake Heav'n, and Earth, and Ayre, and all therein;
That ISRAEL shall finde him (if they sin)
As terrible with Vengeance in his hand,
As dreadfull now in giving the COMMAND:
And that the Text of that drad *Testament*,
Grav'n in two Tables for us impotent,

Hath in the same a sadder load compris'd,
And heavier yoke, then is the yoke of *Christ*.
That, that doth show us Sin, threats, wounds and kils:
This offers Grace, Balm in our sores distils.
With what dreadfull Majesty it was delivered.
Redoubled Lightnings dazle th' *Hebrews'* eyes;
Cloud-sund'ring Thunder roars through Earth and Skies,
Louder and louder in careers and cracks,
And stately SINA's massie centre shakes,
And turneth round, and on his sacred top
A whirling flame round like a Ball doth wrap:
Under his rocky ribs, in Coombs below,
Rough-blust'ring BOREAS nurst with *Riphean* snow,
And blub-cheekt AUSTER, puft with fumes before,
Met in the midst, justling for room, do roar:
A cloak of clouds, all thorough-lin'd with thunder,
Muffles the Mountain both aloft and under:
On PHARAN now no shining PHARUS shoes.
A Heav'nly Trump, a shrill *Tantara* blowes,
The wingéd Windes, the Lightning's nimble flash,
The smoaking storms, the whirl-fire's crackling clash,
And deafning Thúnders, w^th^ the same do sing
(O wondrous consort!) th' everlasting King
His glorious Wisdome; who doth give the *Law*
To th' Heav'nly Troops, and keeps them all in awe.
Simile. But, as in Batell we can hear no more
Small Pistol-shot, when once the Canons roar:
Simile. And as a Cornet soundeth cleer and rife
Above the warbling of an *Almain* Fife;
A drader voyce (yet a distincter voyce)
Whose sound doth drown all th' other former noyse,
Roars in the Vale, and on the sacred Hill,
Which thrils the ears, but more the heart doth thrill
Of trembling *Jacob:* who, all pale for fear,
From God's own mouth these sacred words doth hear;
Hark, *Israel:* O *Jacob*, hear my *Law:*
Hear it, to keep it (and thy selfe in awe.)
I am JEHOVAH, I (with mighty hand)
Brought thee from bondage out of *Egypt* Land:
The Decalogue. ADORE ME ONELY for thy God and Lord,
With all thy heart in every Deed and Word.
MAKE THEE NONE IMAGE (not of any sort)
To thy own Works My Glory to transport;
USE NOT MY NAME without respect and fear,
Never Blaspheme, neither thy selfe for-swear.
SIX DAYES, WORK for thy food: but then (as I)
REST ON THE SEVENTH, and to my Temple hye.
TO THOSE that gave thee life, due REVERENCE give,
If thou desire long in the Land to live.
IMBRUE *thou* NOT THY HAND IN HUMANE BLOOD.
STAIN NOT *another's* BED. STEAL NO MAN'S GOOD.
BEAR NO FALSE WITNES. COVET NOT to have
Thy Neighbour's Wife, his Oxe, his Asse, his Slave,
His House, his Land, his Cattell, or his Coyn,
His Place, his Grace, or ought that is not Thine.
The excellency of the *Law* of *God*. Eternall Tutor, O Rule truely-right
Of our frail life! our foot-steps' Lanthorn bright:
O Soule's sweet rest! O biting curb of Sin!
Which Bad despise, the Good take pleasure in:

Reverend EDICTS upon Mount SINA giv'n,
How-much-fold sense is in few words contriv'n!
How wonder-full, and how exceeding far!
How plain, how sacred, how profound you are!
All Nations else, a thousand times (for cause)
Have writ, & ras't, & chop't, & chang'd their Laws;
Except the *Jews:* but they, although their State
With every Moon almost did innovate
(As somtimes having Kings, and somtimes none)
In all their changes kept their Law still one.
What resteth at this day of *Salaminian?* The inconstancy and vanity of Humane Lawes.
Laconian LAWS, or of the *Carthaginian?*
Yea *Rome*, that made even all the World one City,
So strong in Arms, and in State's-Art so witty!
Hath in the Ruines of her Pride's rich *Babels*,
Left but a Relique of her *Twice-Six-Tables.*
But, since in *Horeb* the High-Thundring ONE Stability & Authority of the Law of God.
Pronounc't This *Law*, three-thousand times the Sun
Hath gallopt round Heav'n's golden Bandeleer,
Imbost with Beasts, studded with stars so cleer:
And yet one tittle hath not Time bereft;
Although the People unto whom 'twas left,
Be now no People, but (expulst from home)
Through all the corners of the World do roam:
And though their State, through every Age almost,
On a rough Sea of Mischiefs hath been tost.
A Butt, a Brook, a Torrent doth confine
All other Lawes: *Megarian* Discipline
Hath nought of th' *Attick:* nor the *Coronan*
Of *Theban* Rites: nor *Thebes* of *Cadmean:*
But, this set-LAW, given JACOB's Generations,
Is the true Law of Nature and of Nations;
Which (sacred) sounds where-ever (to descry)
Th' all-searching Sun doth cast his flaming eye.
The *Turks* imbrace, the *Christians* honour it,
And *Jewes* with fear do even adore it yet.
I onely, I (Great GOD) thy LAWS do spurn, How all men transgresse the same in every part.
With my foule feet, I do thy Statutes scorn:
Puft in my Soule with extreme *Pride*, before,
Nay in thy stead, I do my selfe *Adore.*
I *Serve* no wooden gods, nor *Kneel* to Stones;
But *Covetous*, I worship golden ones.
I Name thee not, but in vain *Blasphemie*,
Or (ACHAB-like) in sad *Hypocrisie.*
I *Rest* the Sabbath: yet I break thy LAW,
Serving (for thee) mine idle Mouth and Maw.
I *Reverence* Superiours, but in show;
Not out of Love, but as compelléd so.
I *Murther* none, yet doth my *Tongue* too-rife
Wound others' Fame, & my Hearts-hate their life.
I *Civilize*, lest that I seem *Obscene:*
But Lord (Thou know'st) I am *Unchaste*, unclean.
I seem no *Theef:* yet tempted with my *Want*,
I take too oft the Fruit I did not plant.
I speak not much: yet in my little Talk,
Much *Vanity*, and many *Lies* do walk.
I *Wish* too-earnest and too-oft (in fine)
For others' Fortunes, male-content with mine.

Remedie for all our sinnes.

Here lye I naked: loe th' *Anatomy*
Of my foule Heart, O *Humane-Deity!*
O *Christ!* th' Almightie's like, All-mighty *Word*,
O put-me-on Thy *Robe!* as whilom (Lord)
Thou put'st on Mine: me in Thy Bloud be-lave;
And in my Soule thy sacred *Lawes* ingrave.
While with the Duke, th' Eternall did devise,
And to his inward sight did modulize
His *Tabernacle's* admirable Form,
And prudently him (faithfull) did inform
In a new *Rubrick* of the *Rites Divine*,
To th' end the Heirs of promis'd *Palestine*
After their fancie should not worship him,
Nor (Idol-prone) example leading them,
Into his sacred TEMPLE introduce
The *Sacrifices* that the *Heathen* use;
But, by their *Rites* to guide their spirituall eye
To *Christ*, the Rock on whom their hopes should lie;

In *Moses'* absence *Aaron* makes the golden Calfe.

Behold (alas!) frail *Aaron*, Deputi'd
During his absence, all the Flock to guide,
Dumb coward Curr, barks not against their ill;
But giving way to the mad People's will,
Casteth a *Golden Calfe*, and sets it up,
For them to worship, and unto it stoop:
Gold, Rings and Jewels, which the Lord of Heav'n
Had (as Love-tokens) lately to them given,
Are cast into a Mould; and (which is worse)
Jacob, to wed a *Calfe*, doth *God* divorce.
Those feet that dry-shod past the *Crimsin Gulfe*,
Now daunce (alas!) before a Molten *Calfe:*
That Voyce which late on ETHAM sands had rung
Th' Almightie's glory, now to Satan sung.

Moses sharply reproves *Aaron*, breaks the Idol, and punisheth the Idolaters.

The zealous Prophet, with just fury mov'd,
'Fore all the Hoast, his Brother sharp reprov'd:
And pulveriz'd their Idol; and eft-soons,
Flankt by old LEVIE's most religious Sons,
Throngs through the Camp, & eachwhere strows his way
With blood and slaughter, horror & dismay:

Simile.

As halfe a score of Reapers nimbly-neat,
With cheerfull eye choosing a plot of Wheat,
Reap it at pleasure, and of *Ceres'* locks
Make hand-fuls sheaves, & of their sheaves make shocks;
And through the Field from end to end do run
Working a-vie, till all be down and don.

Simile.

Or, as so many Canons shot at-once
A-front a Camp; th' Earth with the Thunder grones;
Here flies a broken arm, and breaks another;
There stands th' one halfe of a halv'd body, th' other
Fals-down a furlong thence: here flies a shield;
And deep-wide windowes make they in the field.
All these sure signes of God's dear estimate
Cannot confirm the *Hebrew* Magistrate

Aaron and *Mary* (or *Miriam*) murmur against *Moses*.

In his Authority: even AARON spites-it,
And MIRIAM (his sister) too back-bites-it.
But suddenly, on her in his Defence,
Foul Leprosie did punish this Offence.
His Nephews, scorning his Command, aspire
Before the Lord to offer forrain Fire:
But on them soon a Heav'nly Flame down-falling
(As in the Summer some hot-dry *Exhaling*,
Or *Blasing-Star* with sudden flash doth fall
At Palmer's feet, and him affright with-all:
Fires instantly their beards and oyléd hair,
And all the sacred vestiments they wear;
Exhales their blood, their Bodies burns to ashes,
Their *Censers* melts with heat of Lightning flashes,
Their coals are quenchéd all, and sacred Flame
Th' unhallow'd Fire devour'd & overcame.

Nadab and *Abi.* for offring of strange Fire, are kild by Fire fro Heaven.

His Kins-man CORÉ then (with DATHAN joyn'd
And with ABIRAM) murmur'd and repin'd:
O see, saith he, how many a subtill ginne
The Tyrant sets to snare our Freedoms in!
How we abus'd with *Oracles* most vain,
(Which MOSES and his brother AARON fain)
For idle hopes of promis'd *Signories*,
Do simply lose our sweetest Liberties!
See, how they do ingross between them two
Into one House, SCEPTER and EPHOD too;
See, how they dally and with much delay
Prolong their Journey to prolong their *Sway:*
And (to conclude) see how slie Course they take,
To build their Greatness on our grievous wrack.
Hear'st thou me (MOSES) if thou chiefly joy
To see thy Brethren's torments and annoy,
'Twere good to walke us yet for ten years more
About these Mountains in these Desarts poor:
Keep us still Exiles; Let us (our Desire)
Languish, wex-old, and in these Sands expire,
Where cruell serpents haunt us still at hand,
A Fruit-less, Flood-less, yea a Land-less Land.
If, rear'd from Youth in Honour, thine ambition
Cannot come down to private men's condition,
Be Captain, Duke & King: for, God approves-thee,
Thy vertue's guard, the People fears & loves-thee.
But as for AARON, What is his desert?
What High Exploit, what Excellence, what Art
Gain'd him th' *High-Priesthood?* O good God, what shame?
Alas! hath he for any thing got fame
But HOREB's Horn-God? for despising thee,
And thy Commands; and for conspiracie?
The morrow-next, before the *Sacred Tent*
This Mutiner with sacred Censer went
Adorn'd, selfe-gazing, with a lofty eye,
His faction present; AARON also by.
Lord shield thy cause, approve thee veritable,
Let not thy Name be to the lewd a Fable:
Oynt thine *Anointed* publikely: by Miracle,
Show whom thou hast selected for thine *Oracle*,
Said MOSES then; and even as yet he spake,
The groaning Earth began to reel and shake,
A horrid Thunder in her bowels rumbles,
And in her bosom up and down it tumbles,
Tearing her rocks, untill she *Yawn* away
To let it out, and to let-in the Day:
Heav'n sees to Hell, and Hell beholdeth Heav'n,
And Divels dasled with the glistring leav'n

Core, Dathan and *Abiram*, their conspiracie.

Their dreadfull punishment.

Of th' ancient Sun, yet lower fain would dive;
But chain'd to th' Centre all in vain they strive.
CORÉ, round compast with his Rebel friends,
Offers to BELZEBUB and to the *Fiends:*
His bodie's batter'd with Rocks falling down,
And Arms of Trees there planted up-side-down:
He goes with Noyse down to the *Silent* Coast,
Intoom'd alive, without all Art or cost.
And all the rest that his proud side assum'd,
Scaping the Gulf, with Lightning are consum'd.
Aaron's charge is confirmed by miracle. And AARON'S Office is confirm'd by God,
With wondrous *Signes* of his oft-quickned Rod,
Which dead, re-buds, re-blooms, & Almonds bears:
When all his Fellows have no life in theirs.
Sundry victories of the Israelites, under the conduct and direction of *Moses.* Now, shall I sing through MOSES' prudent Sway,
How ISRAEL doth AMALEC dismay,
ARAD and OG (that of huge Giants springs)
Proud HESEBON, and the five *Madian* Kings,
With the false Prelat, who profanely made
Of *Prophets' gifts*, a sacrilegious trade;
Who false, sayes true; who striving (past all shame)
To force the Spirit, is forcéd by the same:
Who, snaring th' *Hebrews* with frail beautie's graces,
Defiles their bodies, more their soules defaces?
Doubtless his Deeds are such, as would I sing
But halfe of them, I under-take a thing
As hard almost, as in the *Gangic* Seas
To count the Waves, or Sands in *Euphrates;*
And, of so much, should I a little say,
It were to wrong him, and his praise betray.
Reserving the wars for another discourse, our Poet hasteth to the death of *Moses.* His Noble Acts we therfore here suspend,
And skip unto his sweet and happy End:
Sith, th' End is it whereby we judge the best
(For either life) how Man is Curst or Blest.
Feeling his vigour by degrees to waste,
And, one Fire quencht, another kindling fast,
Which doth his Spirit re-found, his Soule refine,
And raise to Heav'n, whence it was sent divine:
By his example men are warned not to difer to make their Will till it be too late to be troubled with the businesse of this World. He doth not (*Now*) study to make his *Will*,
T' *Entail* his Land to his *Male-Issue* still:
Wisely and justly to divide his Good,
To Sons and Daughters, and his neerest blood:
T' assigne his Wife a *Dowry* fair and fit,
A hundred times to adde, and alter it:
To quittance Friendships with frank Legacies:
To guerdon Service with *Annuities*,
To make *Executors*, to *Cancel* some,
T' appoint himself a Palace for a *Toomb.*
I praise a care to settle our estate:
But, when Death threats us, then it is too-late.
A seemly Buriall is a sacred Rite:
But let the living take that charge of right.
He (lifting higher his last thoughts) besides
The Cõmon-Weale's care, for the Church provides,
And graving his discourse with voyce devout,
Bids thus farewell to all that stand about:
He pronounceth the blessing and the curses written O JACOB'S seed (I might say, my deer sons)
Y' are sense-less more then metals, stocks or stones,
If y' have forgot the many-many Miracles in Levit. 26. & Deut. 28. where-unto the people say, Amen.
Where-w^th^ the Lord hath seal'd my sacred *Oracles;*
And all the Favours (in this savage Place)
In forty yeares receivéd of his grace.
Therefore (O ISRAEL) walk thou in his fear,
And in thy heart's-heart (not in Marble) beare
His ever-lasting LAW: before him stand,
And to his service consecrate thy hand.
Blessings on those that obey. If this thou doe, thy Heav'n-blest fleecie Flocks
Shall bound about thy Pastures, Downs and Rocks;
As thick as skip in Summer, in a Mead,
The Grass-hoppers, that all with Deaw are fed:
Thy fruitfull Ewes, fat Twins shall bring thee ever,
And of their Milk shall make a plenteous River:
Th' old Tyrant loads not with so many loans,
Toules, Taxes, Succours, Impositions,
The panting Vassals to him Tributary,
As thy rich fields shall pay thee voluntary:
Thy children, and thy children's children, set
About thy Table side by side at meat,
Shall flourish like a long and goodly rowe
Of pale-green Olives that uprightly growe
About a ground, and (full of Fruit) presage
Plenty of Oyle unto their Master sage:
Sons of thy sons shall serve thy reverend Eld:
Thou shalt dye quiet, thou shalt live unquell'd,
Blesséd at home, and blesséd in the Plain:
The blesséd God shall send thee timely Rain,
And wholsom windes, & with his keyes of grace
Open Heav'n's storehouse to thy happy Race:
Thy proud fell Foes with Troops of arméd men
Shall charge thee one way, but shall fly thee ten;
The peace-plant Olive, or Triumphant Bay
Shall shade thy gates; Thy valour shall dismay
And daunt the Earth; and with his sacred aw
Thy Saviour-King shall give the World the Law.
Curses on the disobedient. If otherwise; the Megrim, Gowt, and Stone,
Shall plague thee fell with thousand pangs in one;
Thy numbry Flocks in part shall barren be,
In part shall bring abortives unto thee;
Accurst at home, accursed in the Plain,
Thy labour boot-less, and thy care in vain:
Thy Field shall be of steel, thy Heav'n of brass,
Thy Fountains dry: and God displeas'd (alas!)
Instead of wholsom showrs, shall send down flashes
Of Lightning, Fire, Hail, Sulphur, Salt, and Ashes:
Thou shalt reap little where thou much hast shed,
And with that little shall thy Foe be fed;
He shall the fattest of thy Heard devour
Before thy face, and yet thou must not lowr:
Thou shalt build fair, another have thy Place:
Thou wed a wife, another 'fore thy face
Shall lose her *Bride-belt:* God with rage shall smite
Thy stubborn heart, with blindeness and affright;
So that a wagging leaf, a puff, a crack,
Yea, the least crack shall make thee turn thy back:
Thou never shalt thine adverse Hoast survay,
But to be beaten, or to run away.

A People stout, for strength and number ample,
Which th' *Eagle* hath for *Ensigne* and Example,
With a new Wall thine ancient Wall shall dam,
And make thee (Famisht) thy voyd bowels cram
With thine own bowels, and for want of meat
Thine own deer children's trembling flesh to eat.
And then, thy Remnant (far disperst from home)
O'r all the corners of the Earth shall roam:
To shew their Curse, they shall no Country ow'ne,
And (which is worse) they shall not be their Own.
AMEN, said all the Hoast. Then (like the Swan)
This dying Song, the Man of GOD began:

The Song of Moses.

SIth ISRAEL (O wil-full!) will not hear;
Hearken O Heav'ns, and O thou Earth give ear
Unto my voyce, and Witness (on my part)
Before the Lord, my zeal, and their hard heart.

O Heav'n and Earth attend unto my Song,
Hear my Discourse, which sweetly slides along;
As silver showrs on the dry Meads do trill,
And honey Deaws, on tender grass distill.

God grant (I pray) that in their hearts my Verse
(As water on the wither'd Lawns) may pierce:
And that the honey dropping from my tongue
May serve the old for rain, for deaw the young.

I sing th' Eternall: O let Heav'n and Earth
Come praise him with me, sound his glory forth,
Extoll his Powr, his perfect Workes record,
Truth, Goodness, Greatness, Justice of the Lord.

But, though for ever He have shown him such;
His children yet (no Children, rather much
A Bastard Race) full of malicious sin,
All kinde of vice have foulely wallowed in.

O foolish People! dost thou thus requite
His Father-care, who fenc't thee day and night,
As with a Shield? Who chose thee as his heir?
Who made thee, of so foule a mass, so fair?

Un-winde the bottom of old Times again,
Of Ages past un-reel the snarléd skain:
Ask of thy Parents, and they shall declare;
Thine Elders and they 'l tell the Wonders rare.

They 'l tell thee, how, when first the Lord had spred
Men on the Earth, and justly levelléd
His strait long Measure, th' All-Ball to divide,
He did for thee plenteous Land provide:

For his deer JACOB, whom his favour then
Seem'd t' have sequestred from the rest of men,
To th' end his *Blessed Seed* (in future age)
Should be his care, Love, Lot, and Heritage.

They 'l tell thee too, how through the sandy horror
Of a vast *Desart*, Den of ghastly terror,
Of Thirst and Hunger, and of Serpents fell,
He by the hand conducted ISRAEL:

Yea, (of his goodness) to direct him still,
By Word and Writ show'd him his sacred Will;
Under his wings' shade hid him tenderly,
And held him deer, as apple of his eye.

As is the Royall *Eagle's* sacred wont,
When she would teach her tender Birds to mount,
To fly and cry about her Nest, to cheer-them;
And when they faint on her wing'd back to bear-them:

God (without ayd of other gods or *Graces*)
Safe guide, hath made him mount the highest places,
Such Oyl and Honey from the Rocks distilling,
In plenteous Land w*th* pleasant Fruits him filling.

He gave him Milk and Butter for his meat,
Kid, Lamb, and Mutton, with the flowr of Wheat;
And for his Drink, a most delicious Wine
(The sprightfull blood of the broad-spreading Vine)

But, wexen fat, he lifts his wanton heel
Against his God (to whom his soule should kneel)
Forsakes his Maker, and contemns the Same
That savéd him from danger, death, and shame.

Then, hee inflam'd the fury of the Lord,
With profane bowing to false Gods abhord:
With serving *Idols*, and with sacrificing
To Fiends, and Phansies of his own devising.

For vain false gods, gods un-renown'd, and new,
Gods that his Fathers nor he never knew;
He hath forgot the true eternall BEEING,
The God of whom he holds his bliss and being.

God saw it well, and jealously a-fire
Against his Children, thus he threats his ire:
No; I will hide the brightnesse of my face,
Ile take from them the treasures of my grace.

Then let us see what will of them become,
But, what but mischief can unto them come,
That so perverse with every puff let fly
Their faith, sole constant in inconstancy?

Th' have made me jealous of a God, no god:
Ile make them jealous, I will Wed (abroad)
A People (yet) no people: And their brest
Shall split, for spight, to see the *Nations* blest.

Devouring Fire, that from my heart doth fume,
Shall fiercely burn and in my wrath consume
The deep of Deeps, the middle Downs, and Fields,
And strong foundations of the steepest Hils.

Ile spend on them my store of punishments,
And all mine Arrows; Famine, Pestilence,
Wilde Beasts, and Worms that basely crawling are,
Without remorse shall make them end-lesse War.

Abroad, the Sword their strong men shal devour,
At home, through Fear, the Virgin in her flowr,
The fresh young Youth, the sucking children small,
And hoary head, dead to the ground shall fall.

Yea, even already would I quite deface
And clean destroy them, I would JACOB race;
Raze his memoriall from the Earth for ay,
But that I fear the *Heathen* thus would say:

We have prevail'd, we by our strength alone
Have quell'd this People, and them overthrown:
'Twas not their God that did it for their Sins;
No, he himselfe is vanquisht with his Friends.

Ha! sottish blocks, voyd of all sense and sight;
Could one man put a thousand men to flight:
And two, ten thousand, if the God of Arms
Had not even sold their troups & bound their arms?

For God, our God, doth all their gods surpasse;
They know it well: but, their Wine springs (alas!)
From SODOM'S Vine, and grew in GOMOR'S fields,
Which Gall for Grapes, for Raysons Poyson yeelds.

It is no Wine: no, the black bane it is,
The killing vomit of the Cockatrice;
'Tis bitter venom, 'tis the same that coms
From the fell ASPIK'S foul infecting gums.

Doe not I know it? keep not I account
(In mine Exchequer) how their sins do mount?
Vengeance is mine: I will (in fine) repay
In my due time: I will not long delay.

Their ruin posteth: then th' Omnipotent
Shall Judge for JACOB: then will I repent
To quite destroy mine own belovéd people,
Seeing their strength all fail'd and wholly feeble.

'Twill then be said, Where are their gods becom
(Their deaf, dull Idols, sent-lesse, sight-lesse, dumb)
To whom they lift their hearts, and hands, & eyes,
And (as their Guards) so oft did sacrifice?

Now let those trim Protectors them protect;
Let them rise quickly and defend their Sect,
Their *Fires* and *Altars;* and come stand before,
To shield the Fondlings that their *Fanes* adore.

Know therefore, Mortals, I th' IMMORTAL *am*,
There 's none like *Me*, in or above this *Frame:*
I wound, I heal; I kill, I fetch from Grave,
And from my hands none can the Sinner save.

Ile lift my hand tow'rd th' arched heav'ns on high
And swear with-all by mine Eternity
(Which onely *Being*, gives to all to *Been*)
That if I whet my Sword of Vengeance keen:

If once (I say) as Soverain King alone,
I sit me down on my high Justice Throne,
Ile venge me roughly on mine Enemies,
And guerdon justly their iniquities:

My hart-thril darts I wil make drunk with bloud,
Ile glut my sword with slaughter; all the brood
Of Rebell Nations I will raze (in fine)
To recompence the bloud and death of mine.

O Gentiles, then his People praise and fear,
Sith to the Lord it is so choicely dear:
Sith hee 'l avenge his Cause; and, beating down
His enemies, will mildly cheer his Own.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 4, '*Jacob's Rescue*' = Israel or the descendants of Jacob. L. 13, '*Bumbards*' = bombarding machines—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 22, '*brim*' = full? but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 43, '*Charvel*' = Carmel? L. 46, '*wuns*,' *i.e.* wons, dwells. L. 84, '*jets*' = prances, shows of. L. 91, '*Bubastick*' = bombastic? but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 107, '*unfeltly*' = unfelt, *v.g.* L. 115, '*Partie*' = individual. L. 153, '*Cairo's silver Floud*' = the Nile. L. 185, '*Husband's* = husbandman's. L. 203, '*raised*' = exalted, praised. L. 211, '*Patagon*'=giant (from Patagonian). L. 228, '*Ports*' = gates. L. 242, '*Teen*' = rage, hatred. L. 253, '*unselfly*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 301, '*insisted*' = persevered. L. 321, '*hundred-pointed Plain*'—qu., covered with a hundred obelisks? L. 332, '*fond*' = foolish. L. 348, '*pole*' = poll: *ibid.* '*pil*' = pile—both = plunder. L. 382, '*Monts-banks*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 418, '*Pills*'—qu. = plunders? but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 435, '*alas*' = a mere interjection, not as now necessarily meaning regret or sorrow. L. 501, '*Use*' = interest. L. 505, '*White*' = mark as in an arrow-target. L. 547, '*dam-devouring*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 550, '*digbt*'—*ibid.* L. 555, '*settle*' = seat. L. 561, '*prefixtly*' = foreordained? L. 580, '*Sues*' = Sues—but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, and under 'Birdene.' L. 610, '*bay*' = bark, defy (like a baying dog). L. 619, '*lets*' = hinders. L. 643. '*Quarr*' — see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 662, '*Owarr*' = oars. L. 665, '*paskt*' = dashed. L. 694, '*bay'd*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 699, 'Nacre-shells'—*ibid.* L. 723, '*wood*' = mad. L. 725, '*Nave*' = of a chariot-wheel. L. 732, '*Whirl-Whale*' = a whirlpool-making whale—an odd way of referring to Jonah's whale. L. 735, '*downing*' = down-going. L. 746, '*Targ*' = target. L. 779, '*whurre*' = whir. L. 784, '*all-to*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 818, '*Junkets*' = dainties. L. 830, '*Arbitrer*' = arbitrator or arbiter. L. 841, '*Mel*' = honey. L. 871, '*Doctors*' = learned men. L. 892, '*strout*'—see a full note in Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 895, '*hotch-potch*'—*ibid.* L. 916, '*Ethnick*' = heathen. L. 955, '*re-youngs*'—noticeable verb-form. L. 964, '*Bib . . . house*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 971, '*Crock*'—a kind of domestic vessel—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 981, '*Kingling*' = diminutive of 'King.' L. 982, '*Numa*' . . . '*Spartan's Lord*' . . . '*Cecropian stripes*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 990, '*drad*' = dread—as *frequenter*. L. 1002, '*Coombe*' = ridges. L. 1004, '*blub-cheekt*' = swollen. L. 1008, '*Pharan*' = Paran: *ibid.*, '*Pharus*' = pharos, *i.e.* light-house. L. 1019, '*Almain*' = German. L. 1024, '*Jacob*' = Israel, *v.g.* L. 1068, '*Bandeleer*' = broad belt. L. 1076, '*Butt*' = arrow-mark or target. L. 1114, '*Duke*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for a full note. L. 1151, '*a-vie*'—*ibid.* L. 1206, '*Horn-God*'—*ibid.* L. 1207, '*Toules*' = tolls. L. 1320, '*saumbry*' = numerous? L. 1341, '*Eagle*' = Roman symbol. L. 1358, '*trill*' = trickle—and see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* L. 1445, '*race*' = raze, as in next line. L. 1486, '*Been*' = be, *v.g.*—G.

The Captains.

THE FOURTH PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Just-Duked JOSUAH *cheers the* Abramides
To CANAAN'S *Conquest:* Jordan *self-divides:*
Re-Circumcision, *what, and where, and why:*
Sackt Jericho: Hai *won* (*so* Achan *die*):
Gibeonites' *guile:* strange Hail: *the* Sun stands still:
Nature *repines.* Jews (*Guide-lesse*) *prone to ill.*
Adoni-Bezec, Sangar, DEBORA,
Barac *and* Jahel *conquer* SISERA.
Samuel *succeds:* Jews *crave a* KING: *a vie*
Of People-*Sway:* States-*Rule: and* MONARCHY.

Canaan saluted.

HAil *holy* JORDAN, and you *blessed* Torrents
Of the pure Waters, of whose crystall Currents
So many *Saints* have sipt: O *Wals*, that rest
Fair monuments of many a famous Guest:
O *Hils*, O *Dales*, O *Fields* so flowry sweet,
Where *Angels* oft have set their sacred feet:
And thou, O *sacred Place*, which wert the *Cradle*
Of th' onely MAN-God, and his happy *Swadle:*
And thou, O *Soil*, which drank'st the *crimsin showr*
That (for our health) out of his veins did pour:
And you, fat *Hillocks* (which I take as giv'n
For a firm pledge of the full joyes of Heav'n)
Where Milk and Honey flow; I see you all,
Under the conduct of my Generall,
NUN's valiant *Son:* and under GEDEON's Sway,
SANGAR, and SAMSON, BARAC, DEBORA.

Argument of this Tract.

For, here (brave *Heroes*) your high Feats I sing;
Thrice sacred Spirit, thy speedy succour bring:
O Spirit, which wert their guide, guard, strength & stay,
Let not my Verse their Vertue's praise betray.

Josuah his just authority over the people of Israel.

JOSUAH, by favour, nor by Bribes, obtains
A higher Rank then Royall Soveraigns.
(Who buys in grosse, he by retail must sell:
And who gives Favour, Favour asks as well):
He gets it not by Fortune (she is sight-lesse):
Neither by force (for, whoso enters (Right-lesse)
By Force, is forcéd to go out with shame):
Nor sudden climbs he (raw) unto the same
(For, to high Place, who mounts not step by step,
He coms not down, but headlong down doth leap):

Simile.

But, even as that grave-gracefull Magistrate,
Which (now) *with* Conscience, Law *doth Moderate,*
Was first a Student (*under others' aw*)
Then Barister, *then* Counseller *at-Law,*
Then Queen's Solicitor, *then* Roules-*Arbitrer,*
And then Lord-Keeper, *now* LORD CHANCELLOR;
He com's to 't by degrees: and having first
Shown Himselfe wise in spying *Canaan* yerst,
Faithfull to MOSES in his Ministrings,
And *Stout* in fight against the Heathen Kings;
God makes him CAPTAIN, and the sacred Priests
Pronounce him so, the people pleaséd is.

His first Oration to the people.

But in his State yet he be stall'd (almost)
Set in the mid'st of God's belovéd Hoast,

He thus delates: O happy Legions dear,
Which sacred Arms under Heav'n's Ensigns bear.
Feare not that I, yet forty years again
Your wandring Troups in these vast sands should train
'Twixt Hope and Fear: th' unhallowed Offerings,
The proud revolts, blasphemous Murmurings
Of your stiffe Fathers, have with-holden rather
Then whole with-drawn, th' ayd of your heavenly Father:
God tenders it in time, and (pacifi'd)
Nils the set Term without effect should slide.
Serve him therefore, now take him at his word
And now to *Canaan* march with one accord,
And bravely shew that th' Hoast of ISRAEL,
In valour, far doth his drad fame excell.
Courageous JACOB, ARAD's stoutest hearts
And strongest Holds have prov'd thy pikes & darts;
The *Madianites* have thine Arm's thunder known,
Th' hast rased *Basan*, ransackt *Hesebon*,
Scap't scaly Serpents (in these Desarts vast)
Crost the *Red-Sea*, and Heav'n-prop SINA past,
And sent to Hell thy dradest Foes: LO, now
God offers thee the Crown, accept it thou.

He urgeth particularly *Ruben*, *Gad*, and *Manasses*, to take part with their brethren, in prosecuting the Conquest of Canaan.

Then turning him to RUBEN and to GAD,
And to MANASSES, who their portion had
By MOSES' grant on *Jordan's* Eastern verge;
War-eloquent, he thus proceeds to urge:
Can you (my hearts) finde in your hearts to leave
Your Ranks, and us thus of your ayds bereave?
Will you lie wrappéd in soft beds a-sleep,
While in cold Trenches your poor Brethren keep?
Will you sit washing (when your Feasts be done)
In sweet Rose-water, while that *Orion*
His cloudy store in storm-full furie pours,
And drowns your Brethren with continual showrs?
Will you goe dance and dally to and fro,
While in the Field they march to charge the Foe?
Will you expect a part with them in gain,
While they the blowes and all the brunt sustain?
God shield, you should dishonour so your Bloud:
Nay rather (leaving on this side the Floud
Your Wives, and Children, and (unfit for Battell)
Your agéd Parents, and your Heards of Cattell)
Come arm your selves, t' advance our Victories,
And share with us in Perill, as in Prize.

The generall and joyfull answer of the people.

O noble Prince (then all the Hoast reply'd)
March-on a God's Name; and good Hap betide:
Were *Canaan* turn'd another Wildernesse,
Were there before us yet more crimsin Seas,
Were *Horeb*, *Carmel*, and Mount *Sëir* set
Each upon other (up to Heav'n to get)
We 'l follow thee through all; and onely th' end
Of our own lives shall our brave Journey end.
After the *Ark*, then march they in array
Direct to *Jordan*, praising all the way
That living God, whose matchlesse mighty hand
Parted the Sea, that they might passe by Land.

A poeticall and pleasant description of the river *Jordan*.

Hoar-headed *Jordan* neatly lodgéd was
In a large Cave, built all of beaten Glasse;
Whose wavéd Seeling, with exceeding cost,
The *Nymphs* (his Daughters) rarely had imbost
With Pearls and Rubies, and in-layd the rest
With *Nacre cheeks*, and Corall of the best;
A thousand Streamlings that n'er saw the Sun,
With tribute silver to his service run;
There, IRIS, AUSTER, and Clouds blewly black
Continually their liquor leave and take;
There th' agéd Floud layd on his mossie bed,
And pensive leaning his flag-shaggie head
Upon a Tuft, where th' eating waves incroach,
Did gladly wait for ISRAEL's approach:
Each hair he had is a quick flowing stream,
His sweat the gushing of a storm extream,
Each sigh a Billow, and each sob he sounds
A swelling Sea that over-flowes his bounds:
His weak gray eyes are alwayes seen to weep,
About his loyns a rush-Belt wears he deep,
A Willow wreath about his wrinkled brows;
His Father NEREUS his complexion showes.
So soon as He their welcome rumour heard
His frosty head above the Waves he rear'd;
With both his hands strook back behinde his ears
The waving Tresses of his weeping haërs:
And then perceiving JACOB's Army stay'd
By his proud streams, he chid them thus, and said:
Presũptuous Brook, dar'st thou (ingrateful Torrent) Prosopopœia.
Lift-up thy horn, lash-out thy swelling Current
Against the Lord, and over-flow thy bound
To stop his passage? Shall the Flouds profound
Of the proud *Ocean* to his Hoast give-way?
Shall *Egypt's* honour, shall that Gulfe (I say)
That long large Sea, wch with his plenteous waves
A third or fourth part of the World be-laves;
Shall that yeeld humbly at his Servant's beck?
And thou, poor Rill, or gutter (in respect)
Resist himselfe (his glorious selfe) that Inns
Here in his *Ark*, between the Cherubins?
And saying so, he on his shoulder flung
His deep wide Crock that on his hip had hung;
And down his back pours back-ward all his course.
The stream returns towards his double source;
And leaving dry a large deep lane betwixt,
The fearfull waves in heapéd Hils were fixt,
To give God place, and passage to his Hoast,
Towards their *Promis'd* and appointed Coast.

The Israelites passe dryshod thorough *Jordan*.

So, dry they passe (after the sacred *Oracle*)
And leave Memorials of that famous Miracle
Upon Mount *Gilgal*: and their flesh anon
They seal with *Signe* of their Adoption.
For, the All-guiding God, the Almighty Prince,
To give to His some speciall difference,
Will'd that all Males of *Abram's* Progenies
With sacred Rasor should them *Circumcise*;
And ever-more, that *Isaac's* blesséd Race
Should in their *Fore-skin* bear his gage of Grace.

Circumcision.

But, why (sayst thou) should ancient ISRAEL
In such a secret place Record and Seal

A curious question, why it was appointed in such a place.

Th' *Act* of the *Covenant*: and with bloudy smart
Ingrave their glory in a shamefull part?
Who blushes at it, is a grace-lesse Beast;
Who shames to see the *Signe* of *Grace* imprest
A sharp and sober answer. In shamefull part, he is asham'd of CHRIST
Born of that Race, and selfly *Circumcis'd*.
The right application and use thereof. A hundred subtill Reasons from the Writs
Of *Rabbins* could I bring: but, sober Wits
Rest satisfied, conceiving that th' incision
Of th' obscene *Fore-skin*, signifies th' abscission,
Or sacred cutting-off of foul Affects,
Beseeming those whom God for His elects;
That God the Fruits of flesh, and bloud doth hate:
And that through CHRIST we must regenerate.
The passeover. Now, th' *Hebrews* kept their *Passe-over*; and go
(By Heav'n's addresse) to mighty *Jericho*;
Besieging so th' City round about,
That fear got in, but nothing could get out.
The siege of *Jericho* after a strange manner. Souldiers (said then th' undaunted Generall)
Prepare no Mattocks, Ladders, nor Rams at all,
To mine, or scale, or batter-down these Towrs;
The great, the high, the mighty God of Powrs
Will fight himselfe alone; and then he bod
(As first himselfe had been inform'd by God)
That daily once they all should march the Round
About the City with horn-Trumpets sound;
Bearing about, for onely Banneret,
The Citizens deride it. The light-full *Ark*, GOD's sacred Cabinet;
Their swords un-drawn, not making any noyse;
Threat-lesse their brows, and without braves their voice;
No shaft to shoot, no sign of war, no glance;
And even their March doth rather seem a Dance.
What childre-spel? what may-game have we here?
What? dare you (Gallants) dare you come no neer?
Is this your brave assault? is this your fight?
Ween you to scar-crows us (like birds) to fright?
(Said the besiegéd) get you som-where else
(Poor sots) to shew your Bug-bears and your spels;
Cease your hoarse musick, leave the stage alone:
Fools draw the Curten, now your Play is done.
On the seventh day their wals of themselves fall down. Six dayes together had the *Hebrews* thus't
About the Town, seven-times the Seventh they must;
When sacred *Levites* sound more loud and high
Their horny Trumps: then all the People cry,
Come, come (great God) come, batter, batter down
These odious wals, this Idol-wedded Town.
It cracks in th' instant, the foundation shrinks,
The mortar crumbles from the yawning chinks;
Each stone is loose, and all the Wall doth quiver
And all at once unto the ground doth shiver
With hideous noise; and th' *Heathen* Garrison
Is but immur'd with Clouds of dust alone;
Simile. So shall you see a Cloud-crown'd Hill somtime,
Torn from a greater by the waste of Time;
Dreadly to shake, and boundling down to hop,
And roaring, here it roules tall Cedars up;
There agéd Oaks; it turns, it spurns, it hales
The lower Rocks into th' affrighted Vales;
There sadly sinks, or sudden stops the way
Of some swift Torrent hasting to the Sea.
Boast you, O Bombards, that you Thunder drown:
And vaunt you, Mines, that you turn up-side down
Rampires and Towrs, and Wals the massie-most;
Yet, your exploits require both time and cost:
You make but a small breach, but a rough way,
And (by mischance) oft your own side betray.
But, th' *Hebrews* with a sudden showt and cry,
A whole great Town dis-mantle instantly,
And (unresisted) entring every-where,
They exercise all hostile vengeance there.
And, as a sort of lusty Bill-men, set
In Wood-sale time to fell a Cops, by great; Simile.
Be-stir them so, that soon with sweating pain,
They turn an Oak-grove to a field of grain:
So th' *Hebrew* Hoast, without remorse or pitty, *Jericho* sackt and consumed with fire, and all her habitants put to the sword without respect of Sex, Sexe, or Age.
Through all sad corners of the open City,
Burn, break, destroy, bathe them in bloud, and toyl
To lay all levell with the trampled soyl;
The Idol's Temples, and the delicate
Prince-Palaces are quickly beaten flat;
The fire loud-crackling, w^th the Clouds doth meet,
A bloudy Torrent runs through every street,
Their venge-full sword spares neither great nor small;
Neither the Child that on his hands doth crawl,
Nor him that wears snow on his shaking head,
Yee in his heart; not the least Beast they bred.
A deed (indeed) more worthy th' *Heseline*,
Then th' holy *Hebrews*; had the voyce Divine
Not charg'd them so, and choicely arméd them
'Gainst *Jericho*, with his own* *Anathem*; *Curse.
Reserving onely for his *Sacred place*,
The Gold and Silver, th' Iron and the Brasse.
Yet sacrilegious *Achan* dar'd to hoord *Achan's* Sacrilledge.
Some precious Pillage: which incenst the Lord
Against the Camp, so that he let them fly
For this Offence before their enemy.
For, when three thousand chosen *Israelites*
Were sent to *Hai* t' assault the *Canaanites*,
The Town all armes: their prince the forwardest *Hai* summoneth the Townes-men sally and put the Israelites to flight.
(No lesse-brave Souldier then proud Atheist)
Arms the broad Mountain of his hayrie breast
With horrid scales of *Nilus'* greedy beast;
His brawny arms and shoulders, with the skin
Of the dart-darting wily *Porcupin*;
He wears for Helm a Dragon's ghastly head,
Where-on for plume a huge Horse-tail doth spread;
Not much unlike a Birch-tree bare below The antick armour of the King.
Which at the top in a thick tuft doth grow;
Waving with every winde, and made to kisse His insolent and blasphemous Oration.
Th' Earth, now on that side, and anon on this:
In Quiver made of Lezard's skins he wears
His poysoned Arrows; and the Bow he bears,
Is of a mighty Tree, strung with a Cable;
His shaft a Lever, whose keen head is able
To pierce all proof, stone, steel, and Diamant.
Thus furnishéd, the Tyrant thus doth vaunt:

Sirs, shall we suffer this ignoble Race,
Thus shamefully us from our Own to chase?
Shall they be Victors yer they overcome?
Shall our Possessions and our Plenty come
Among these Mongrels? Tush: let Children quake
At dreams of ABRAM: let faint Women shake
At their Drad God, at their Sea-drying Lord;
I know no Gods, above my glittering Sword.
This said, he sallies and assaults the Foe
With furious skirmish; and doth charge them so,
3. Simile. As stormy billows rush against a Rock:
As boystrous winds (that hath their prison broke)
Roar on a Forrest: as Heav'n's sulph'ry Flash
Against proud Mountains' surly brows doth dash.
The sacred Troups (to conquer alwayes wont)
Could not sustain his first tempestuous brunt,
But turn their backs: and, as they fly amain,
Foure lesse then forty of their band were slain.
Josuah and the Prince of Israel humbled before the Lord in prayer. The son of NUN then (with th' *Isacian* Peers)
Before the *Ark* in prostrate wise appears.
Sack on his back, dust on his head, his eyes
Even great with tears, thus to the Lord he cryes:
O! what alas? what have we done, O Lord?
The People destin'd to thy People's sword,
Conquers thy People? and the *Canaanites*
(Against thy Promise) chase the *Israelites*.
O Lord, why did not *Jordan's* rapid Tyde
Still stay our Hoast upon the other side?
Sith here, in hope to get the *Promis'd* more,
We hazzard all that we had won before.
Regard and guard us; nay, regard thy Name:
O! suffer not the seed of *Abraham*
(Almighty Father, O thou God most high!)
To be expos'd to *Heathen's* Tyrannie!
Much lesse thy sacred *Ark*, for them to burn:
And least of all, thy glorious Selfe to scorn.
JOSUAH (said God) let th' Hoast be sanctifi'd,
And let the Church-thief dye, that dar'd to hide
Th' unlawfull Pillage of that curséd Town
(The Mayden Conquest, prime of thy Renown):
Then shalt thou vanquish, and the lofty Towrs
Of HAI shall fall under thy war-like powrs.
Achan executed. The morrow next, after the great *Assise*,
ACHAN (convicted, not by bare surmize,
But by God's Spirit, which undermines our minds,
And cleerly sees our secretest designes;
To whom, Chance is no Chance, and Lot no Lot,
To whom the Dye uncertaine rouleth not)
Is brought without the Hoast, with all he hath,
And sacrific'd unto th' Almightie's wrath.
Now, between *Bethel* and HAI's western wall,
There lies a Valley close inviron'd all
Between the forking of a hill so high,
That it is hidden from all passers-by:
Whose hornéd clifts, below are hollowéd,
And with two Forrests arbour'd over head:
'Tis long and narrow; and a rapid Torrent,
Bounding from rock to rock with roaring Current,
Deafens the Shepheards: so that it should seem
Nature fore-cast it for som stratagem.
Thither the Duke (soon after mid-night) guides An Ambush.
His choycest Bands, and them there war'ly hides;
Each keeps his place, none speaks, none spets, none coughs,
But all as still, as if they march on Moss;
So fallow Wolves, when they intend to set Simile.
On fearfull flocks that in their Folds do bleat,
Through silent darknesse secret wayes do groap:
Their feet are feather'd with the wings of hope,
They hold their breath, and so still undiscry'd,
They passe hard by the watchfull Mastie's side.
Mean-while the howrs op'ned the doors of Day,
To let out *Titan* that must needs away:
Whose radiant tresses, but with trailing on,
Began to gild the top of *Libanon;*
When, with the rest of all his Hoast, the* GRAVE * Signifieth but an Earl: but here it is usurped for the chiefe Captaine *Josuah*.
Marcheth amain to give the Town abrave.
They straight re-charge him: as in season warm Simile.
The honey-makers busie-buzzing swarm,
With hûming threats throngs from the little gates
Of their round Towr, and with their little hates
Fiercely assayl, and wound the naked skins
Of such as come to rob their curious Inns.
Why (Cowards) dare you come again for blows?
Or, do you long your wretched lives to lose?
Com, we are for you; wee 'l dispatch you soon:
And for the many wrongs that you have done
Unto our Selves, our Neighbours, and our Friends,
This day our swords shall make us full amends
(Cry th' *Amorites*): and th' *Hebrew* Captain then A Stratagem.
Flies as affraid, and with him all his men
Disorderly retire; still faining so,
Till (politick) he hath in-trayn'd the Foe
Right to his Ambush: then the Souldiers there,
Hid in the Vale, bearing their noyse so neer,
Would fain be at them, were they not with-held
By threatning gestures of Commanding Eld:
So have I seen on LAMBORN'S *pleasant Downes* Simile.
When yelping Bagles or some deeper Hounds
Have start a Hare, how milk-white Minks *and* Lun
(*Gray-bitches both, the best that ever run*)
Held in one lqash, have leapt, and strain'd, and whin'd
To be restrain'd, till (*to their Master's minde*)
They might be slipt, to purpose; that (*for sport*)
Watt *might have law neither too-long nor short.*
But, when the *Heathen* had the Ambush past,
The Duke thus cheers his sacred Troups as fast,
Sa, sa, my Hearts; turn, turn again upon-them,
They are your own; now charge and cheerly on them.
His ready Souldiers at a beck obey,
And on their Foes courageous load they lay: *Hai* conquered.
They shoot, they shock, they strike, they stab, they kill
Th' unhallowed Currs, that yet resisted still;
Untill behinde them a new storm arose
With horrid noyse, which daunts not onely those,
But with the furie of it's force doth make
The Hils and Forrests, and even Hell to quake.

Pagans, what will you doe? If here you fly,
You fall on *Caleb*, where y' are sure to dy:
If there, on *Josuah:* O unfortunate!
Your help-lesse gods in vain you invocate.
Simile. Y' are (O forlorn!) like Rabbets round beset
With wily Hunters' Dogs, and deadly Net:
With shrill *Sa-haw, here-here-ho, here-again*,
The Warren rings; th' amazéd Game amain
Runs here and there: but if they scape away
From Hounds, staves kill them; if from staves, the Hay.
Yeeld, yeeld, and dy then, strive not to retire:
For, even in death behold your Town a-fire.
Then *Gibeon*, a mighty City neer,
That these Exploits of Heav'n's drad hand did hear,
Sent subtilly, to League with *Israel*.
No: y' are deceiv'd (said then th' *Arch-Colonel*)
The *Canaanites* are destin'd long ago
To Fire, and Sword, and utter overthrow;
From Heav'n's high Judge the Sentence doth proceed:
Man may not alter what God hath decreed.
The *Gibeonites'* cunning policy, to make League with *Israel*. Alas! my Lord (reply'd th' Embassadors)
You may perceive, we are no Borderers
Upon these Countries: For, our suits, our slops,
Our hose and shoos, were new out of the shops
When wee set forth from home; and even that day
This bread was bakéd when we came away;
But the long Journey, we have gone, hath wore
Our cloaths to rags, and turn'd our victuals hoar:
W' abjure thee therefore in the sacred Name
Of that drad GOD to whom your vows you frame,
By the sweet aire of this delightfull Coast,
By the good Angel that conducts your Hoast,
By deare Embraces of your dearer Wives,
And by your Babes (even) dearer then your lives;
By each of these, and all of these together,
And by your Arms, whose Fame hath drawn us hither;
T' have pity on us, and to swear unto-us,
To save our lives, and not so to undoe-us,
As these neer Nations: *Israel* accords,
And with an Oath confirms the solemn words.
A sacred application of their profane example. So I (good Lord) perceiving all the Seed
Of *Sin-full Adam* unto Death decreed,
Doom'd to the Vengeance of thy Furie fell,
And damn'd for ever to the deepest Hell;
Would fain be free: but, if I should (alas!)
Come, as I am, before thy glorious face,
Thou (righteous God) wilt turn thine eyes away;
For, Flesh and Bloud possesse not Heav'n for ay;
And the strict Rigour of thy *Justice* pure
Cannot (O Lord) the least of sins endure.
Oh then! what shall I doe? Ile similize
These *Gebeonites:* I will my selfe disguise
To gull thee, Lord (for, even a holy Guile
Findes with thee grace and favour often-while):
Ile put-on (crafty) not the cloak of *Pride*
(For, that was it whereby our Grand-sires di'd:
And *Lucifer*, with his associates, fell
From Joyes of Heav'n, into the pains of Hell):

But th' humble *Fleece* of that sweet sacred *Lamb*
Which (for our sakes) upon the *Crosse* becam
So torn and tatter'd; which the most refuse:
Scorn of the *Gentiles*, Scandall of the *Jews*.
Simile. And, as a piece of Silver, Tin, or Lead,
By cunning hands with Gold is covered;
I, that am all but Lead (or drosse more base)
In fervent Crusible of thy free Grace,
Ile gild me all with his pure Beautie's Gold;
Born a new man (by Faith) Ile kill mine old:
In Spirit and Life, *Christ* shall be mine Example,
His Spirit shall be my Spirit, and I his Temple.
I being thus in *Christ*, and *Christ* in mee,
O! wilt thou, canst thou, drive *Vs* far from thee?
Deprive, from promis'd new-*Jerusalem*,
Christ thine owne *Libenesse;* and mee, *like* to him?
Banish from Heav'n (whose *Blisse* shall never vade)
Thy *Christ*, by whom & me, for whom 't was made?
But, O presumption! O too rash Designe!
Alas! to *Will* it onely, is not mine:
And, though I *Would*, my flesh (too-Winter-chill)
My spirit's small sparkles doth extinguish still.
O! therefore thou, thou that canst all alone;
All-sacred Father's like all-sacred Son,
Through thy deep Mercy daign thou to transform
Into thy Self, mee sin-full silly worm;
That so, I may be welcom to my God.
And live in Peace, not where the *Jews* abode,
But in Heav'n-*Sion:* and that thou maist be
Th' uniting glew between my God and mee.
Now, *Eglon's, Hebron's, Jarmuth's, Salem's* Lords,
And *Lachis* Kingling (after these Accords)
Wroth, that their Neighbours had betrayéd so
Their common Country to their common Foe,
Had made so great a breach, and by the hand
Led (as it were) th' *Hebrews* into their Land;
Set-upon *Gibeon:* but th' *Isaacian* Prince,
As just as valiant, hastes to hunt them thence;
And, resolute to rescue his Allies,
He straight bids Battell to their Enemies.
The battell of the five Kings. The fight grows fierce; and wingéd *Victory*,
Shaking her Laurels, rusht confusedly
Into the midst; she goes, and coms and goes,
And now she leans to these, and now to those.
Auster the while from neighbour Mountains arms
A hundred Winters, and a hundred storms
With huge great Hail-shot, driving fiercely fell
In the stern visage of the Infidel:
Extraordinary volley: of hail-shot from heaven upon the infidels. The roaring Tempest violently retorts
Upon themselves the *Pagans'* whirling darts,
And in their own breasts, their own Launces bore,
Wher-with they threatned th' Hoast of God before:
And (even) as if it envi'd the Renown
Of valiant *Josuah* (now by *Ganges* known)
With furious shock, the formost Ranks it whirr'd
Upon the next, the second on the third:
Simile. Even as a Bridge of Cards, which Play-full Childe
Doth in an evening on a Carpet build,

When some Wag by, upon his work doth blow;
If one Arch fall, the rest fall all a-row
Each upon other, and the Childe he cries
For his lost labour, and again hee tries.
If any, resting on his knotty Spear,
'Gainst arms and storms, yet stand out stifly there,
Th' Hail, which the winde full in his face doth yerk,
Smarter then Racquets in a Court re-jerk
Balls 'gainst the Wals of the black-boorded house;
Beats out his eyes, batters his nose, and brows.
Then turn the *Pagans*, but without a vail:
For, instantly the stony storm of Hail
Which flew direct a-front, direct now falls
Plumb on their heads, & cleaves their sculs & cauls:
And ever, as they waver to and fro,
Over their Hoast the Haily Cloud doth go:
And never hits one *Hebrew*, though between,
But a Sword's length (or not so much) be seen:
A buckler one, another a bright helm
Over his threatned or sick head doth whelm:
But, the shield broken, and helm beaten in,
Th' Hail makes the hurt bite on the bloudy green.
Those, that escape, betake them to their heels;
Josuah pursues, and, though his sweat distils
From every part, hee wounds, hee kils, hee cleaves.
Neither the Fight imperfect so he leaves:
But, full of faithfull zeal and zealous faith,
Thus (O strange language!) thus aloud he saith:

At the command of *Josuah* the Sun standeth still.

Beam of th' Eternall, daye's bright Champion,
Spiall of Nature, O all-seeing Sun,
Stay, stand thou still, stand still in *Gibeon;*
And thou O Moon i' th' vale of *Ajalon*,
That th' *Amorites* now by their Hare-like flight
Scape not my hands under all-hiding Night.

Simile.

As a Caroche, drawn by four lusty Steeds,
In a smooth way whirling with all their speeds,
Stops suddenly, if 't slip into a slough,
Or if it crosse some Log or massie bough;
The Day-reducing Chariot of the Sun,
Which now began, towards his West to run,
Stops instantly, and gives the *Hebrews* space
To rid the Pagans that they have in chase.

Description of Nature, who offended thereat, makes her complaint to God.

Nature, amaz'd, for very anger shakes:
And to th' Almightie her complaint shee makes:
Seemly she marches with a measur'd pase,
Choler puts colour in her lovely face;
From either nipple of her bosom-twins
A lively spring of pleasant milke there spins;
Upon her shoulders (*Atlas*-like) she bears
The frame of All; down by her side she wears
A Golden Key, where-with she letteth forth
And locketh up the Treasures of the Earth;
A sumptuous Mantle to her heels hangs down,
Where-in the *Heav'ns*, the *Earth*, and *Sea* is shown;
The Sea in *Silver* woven, the Earth in *Green*,
The Heav'ns in *Azure* with *Gold* threds between:
All-quickning *Love*, fresh *Beauty*, smiling *Youth*,
And *Fruitfulnesse*, each for her favour su'th:
Grace still attends ready to doe her honour,
Riches and *Plenty* alwayes wait upon her.
Accoutred thus and thus accompani'd,

Prosopopœia.

With thousand sighs thus to the Lord she cri'd:
Shall it be said a man doth Heav'n command?
Wilt thou permit a braving Souldier's hand
To wrong thine eldest Daughter? Ah! shall I
Have the bare Name, and He th' authority
To govern all, and all controul (O Lord)
With the bare winde of his ambitious word?
Shall I (the World's Law) then, receive the Law
At others' hands? of others stand in aw?
If 't be thy pleasure, or thou think it fit,
To have it so or so to suffer it,
(Pardon me, Father, that I am so free)
I here surrender thy Lievtenancie:
Bestow't on him, put all into his hand:
Who Heav'n commands, He well may Earth command.
Why (Daughter) knowst thou not (God answers her)
That many times my Mercy doth transfer
Into my Children mine own powr, where-by
They work (not seldom) mine own Wonders high?
That th' are my sacred Vice-Royes? and that he,
Who (stript of flesh) by *Faith* is joyn'd to me,

The power of a stedfast Faith.

May remove Mountains, may dry-up the Seas,
May make an Ocean of a Wildernesse?
Th' hast seen it, Daughter: therefore, but thou pine
In jealousie of this drad arm of mine,
Grudge not at theirs: for they can nothing do,
But what my spirit inables them unto.

JOSUAH, his victories.

O happy Prince; I wonder not at all,
If at thy feet the stout *Anackian* fall,
If th' *Amorrhite*, *Hevite*, and *Canaanite*,
The *Pheresite*, *Hethite*, and *Jebusite*,
And huge *Basanian*, by thy daunt-lesse hoast
Were over-thrown: and if as swift (almost)
As my slow *Muse* thy sacred Conquest sings,
Thou *Cam'st*, *Saw'st*, *Conquer'dst* more then thirty kings;
Subduing *Syria*, and dividing it
Unto twelve Kindreds in twelve portions fit;
Sith (O grand Vicar of th' Almighty Lord)
With onely summons of thy mighty Word,
Thou makest Rivers the most deafly-deep
To lobstarize (back to their source to creep);
Wals give thee way: after thy Trumpet's charge,
Rock-rushing Tempests do retreat, or charge:
Sol's at thy service: and the starry *Pole*
Is proud to passe under thy Muster-Roule.

Simile.

As a blinde man, forsaken of his Guide
In some thick Forrest, sad and self-beside,
Takes now a broad, anon a narrow path;
His groaping hand his (late) eyes' office hath:
Here at a stub he stumbles, there the bushes
Rake-off his cloak; here on a Tree he rushes,
Strayes in and out, turns, this and that way tries,
And at the last fals in a Pit, and dies:
Even so (alas!) having their Captain lost,
So blindely wanders JACOB'S wilfull Hoast,

After his death Israel having lost his guide, fals from his God.

Contemns the Fountain of God's sacred Law,
From Idoll-Puddles poysoning drink to draw;
Forsakes th' old true God, and new false gods fains,
And with the *Heathen* friendship entertains.
God therefore forsakes him. Th' Almighty saw it (for, what sees he not?)
And suddenly his furie wexéd hot;
And on their neck, for his sweet yoke, he layd
The stranger's yoke that hard and heavie weigh'd.
Simile. But, as an Infant which the Nurse lets go
To goe alone, waves weakly to and fro,
Feels his feet fail, cries out, and but (alas!)
For her quick hand, would fall and break his face:
So JACOB, justly made affliction's thrall,
Is never ready in the Pit to fall
Vpon his repentance God againe receives him to favour. Of pale Despair, but (if he cry, and crave him)
God still extends his gracious hand to save him;
Raising some *Worthy* that may break in sunder
The Gyves and Fetters that he labours under.
So then assisted by th' immortall hand,
Brave ISRAEL brings under his Command
JERUSALEM, LUS, BETHEL, ACCARON,
SEBAI, and THOLMAI, GAZA, and ASCALON,
The Tyrant *Adoni-bezec* taken and intreated as he had handled others. And BEZEC too: whose bloudy Tyrant, fled,
Is caught again, and payd with Cake for Bread:
To selfe-taught Torture he himselfe is put,
His sacrilegious Thumbs and Toes be cut:
Whereby, more inly prickt, then outly pain'd,
God's Vengeance just he thus confest, and plain'd;
His complaint. O hand, late Scepter-grac't! O hand, that late
EGYPT did dread, and EDOM tremble at!
O hand, that (armed) durst even MARS defie,
And couldst have pull'd proud JUPITER from high!
Now, wherto serv'st thou, but t'augment my mean?
Thou canst not now buckle mine Armour on;
Nor wield my mighty Launce with brazen head:
Ah! no (alas!) thou canst not cut my bread,
O feet (late) wingéd to pursue the flight
Of hundred Armies that I foyl'd in fight,
Now you have lost your office, now (alas!)
You cannot march but limp about this place.
His confession. But, 'tis the just God, the just hand of Heav'n
In mine own Coin hath me my paiment given:
For, seventy kings, thus maim'd of Toes & Thumbs,
I, insolent, have made to lick the crums
Under my boord (like Dogs) and drawn perforce
To serve for blocks when I should mount my horse.
Therefore (O Kings!) by mine example learn
To bound your rage, limit your furie stearn:
His caveat to all Tyrants and cruell minded men. O Conquerors! be warnéd all by me;
Be to your Thrals, as God to you shall be:
Men, pity Man, wretched and overthrown:
And think his case may one-day be your own;
For, chance doth change: and none alive can say,
He happy is, untill his dying day:
The Foe that after Victory survives,
Not for himselfe, but for your glory lives:
Th' Olive's above the Palm: and th' happiest King
His greatest Triumph, is Selfe-triumphing.

But *Israel*, wal'wing in his myre again,
Soon lost the glory former Arms did gain; *Israel* againe relapseth again
And goods and bodies easie booties bin
To *Aram*, *Moab*, and the *Philistin*.
What help (O *Jacob*)? th' hast nor arms, nor head:
Thy fields wth bones of thine own bands be spread, Againe humbled
And th' onely name of thy profaner Foe
Congeals thy blood, and chils thy heart for Wo.
Flee, flee, and hye thee quickly to recover
The all-proof Target of thine ancient Lover;
Thy gracious God, the glorious Tyrant-tamer,
Terror of terrors, *Heathen's* dreadfull hammer.
Ah! see already how he rescues thee Againe and againe relieved
From th' odious yoke of *Pagan* Tyrannie;
Breaking the fetters of thy bondage fell,
By *Ahod*, *Barac*, and *Othoniel*,
And Goad-man SANGAR, whose industrious hand *Sangar* a plow-swain a famous Champion of *Israel*.
With Ox-teem tils his tributarie Land.
When *Philistins*, with Sword and fierie Furie,
Slaughter the *Jews*, and over-run all *Jurie*,
Deflowr the Virgins, and with lust-full spight
Ravish chaste Matrons in their Husbands' sight,
He leaves his Plough, he cals upon his God;
And, onely arméd with his slender Goad,
Alone he sets on all the Heathen Camp.
A *Pagan* Captain weens him thus to damp;
What means this Fool (saith he)? go, silly Clown,
Get thee to Plough, go home, and till thy ground,
Goe prick thy Bullocks; leave the works of MARS
To my long-train'd, still-conquering Souldiers.
First, learn, thou Dog (replies the *Israelite*)
To know my strēgth (rather th' Almightie's might):
And on his head he layes him on such load
With two quick vennies of his knotty Goad,
And with the third thrusts him between the eyes,
That down he fals, shaking his heels, and dyes.
Then steps another forth more stout and grim,
Shaking his Pike, and fierce lets fly at him:
But SANGAR shuns the blow; &, with his stroak,
The *Pagan's* leg short-off in sunder broak;
On th' other yet, a while he stands and fights:
But th' *Hebrew* Champion such a back-blow smites,
That flat he layes him; then, with fury born,
Forward he leaps; and, in a Martiall scorn,
Upon his paneh sets his victorious foot,
And treads and tramples, and so stamps into 't,
That bloud and bowels (mingled with the bruise)
Halfe at his mouth, halfe at his sides he spews:
Simile. As on Wine-hurdles those that dance (for meed)
Make with sweet *Nectar* every wound to bleed;
Each grape to weep, and crimsin streams to spin
Into the Vate, set to receive them in.
Thence thirty steps, a chiefe Commander prest,
And proudly wags his feather-clouded Crest,
And cryes, Come hither (Cow-heard) com thou hither,
Come, let us cope, but I and thou together;
Ile teach thee (Peasant) and that quickly too,
Thou hast not with thy fellow swains to doe,

That on Mount *Carmel's* stormy top do feed:
No here (poor sot) thou other fence shalt need.
SANGAR runs at him: and he runs so fierce,
That on his staffe, him six steps back he bears;
Bears down another with him, and another,
That but with gesture stood directing other:
Simile. As when 'tis dark, when 't rains and blusters rough,
A thund'ring tempest with a sulph'ry puff
Breaks down a mighty Gate, and that another,
And that a third, each opposite to other:
Smoak, dust, & door-fals, with storm's roaring din,
Dismay the stoutest that command within;
The common sort (beside their little wits)
Scar'd from their beds, dare not abide the streets;
But, in their shirts over the wals they run,
And so their Town, yer it be ta'n, is wun;
The sudden storm so inly-deep dismayes-them.
That fear of Taking to despair betrayes them.
Amid their Hoast then bravely rushes SANGAR,
His sinnewy arm answers his sacred Anger:
Who flies or follows, he alike besteads:
On scattered heap of slaughtered Foes he treads.
This with his elbow here he over-turns,
That with his brow; this, with his foot he spurns;
Here, with his staff he makes in shivers fly
Both cask and scull; and there he breaks a thigh,
An arm, a leg, a rib, a chin, a cheek;
Comparison. And th' hungry Shepheard hardly beats so thick
Nuts from a Tree, as SANGAR Foes beat down:
With swords, and shields, and shafts the field is sow'n:
Alone he foils a Camp: and on the Plain
There lye six hundred of the *Heathen* slain.
Almighty God, how thou to thine are good!
Thy people's Foes are not alone subdu'd
By a rude Clown, whose hard-wrought hands, before
Nothing but spades, coulters and bils had bore:
But, by a silly Woman, to whose hand
Thou for a Time committest the Command
Of ISRAEL: for, of no other Head,
Nor Law, nor Lord, they for a time are sped,
DEBORA. But prudent DEBORA: unto whose Throne
Fly those whose heads with age are hoary grown;
And those great Rabbies that do gravely sit
Revolving volumes of the highest Writ;
And He that in the Tabernacle serves,
Her sacred voyce as Oracles observes:
None from her presence ever coms confus'd:
And gotten skill, gives place to skill infus'd.
O JACOB's Lanthorn, Load-star pure, wch lights
On these rough Seas the rest of *Abramites*
(Said then the People) what shall us befall?
JABIN's fell yoke our weary necks doth gall:
Wee are the Buts unto all Pagan darts,
And cold Despair knocks at our doors (our hearts).
ISRAEL, saith shee, be of good cheer; for now
God wars upon your Foes, and leagues with you:
Therefore to Field now let your youth advance,
And in their rests couch the revenging Lance;

This said, on BARAC shé a shield bestows, *Barac.*
Indented on the brims, which plain fore-shows His shield given by DEBORA.
In curious Boss-work (that doth neatly swell)
The (won and lost) Battails of *Israel*,
As an abridgement, where to life appear
The noblest acts of eight or nine score year.
Lo, here an army, stooping by the side *Gedeon.*
Of a deep River (with their Thirst halfe dry'd)
Sups, licks, and laps the stream; of all which rout,
The Captain chuses but three hundred out;
And arming each but with a Trump and Torch,
About a mighty Pagan Hoast doth march,
Making the same through their drad sudden sound,
With their own Arms themselves to inter-wound;
A hellish rage of mutuall furie swels
The bloody hearts of barbarous Infidels;
So that the friends that in one Couch did sleep,
Each other's blade in either's breast do steep:
And all the Camp with head-less dead is sown,
Cut off by Cozen-swords, kill'd by their own.
Lo there, another valiant Champion, *Iepthe.*
Who having late triumphant Laurels won;
His heed-less Vow (in-humane) to ful-fill,
His onely Daughter doth unkindly kill:
The frantick Mother, all unbrac't (alas!)
With silver locks unkemb'd about her face;
Arming her rage with nails, with teeth and tongue,
Runs-in, and rushes through the thickest throng:
And, shee will save, and shee will have, (shee sayes)
Her Deer, her Daughter; and then hold she layes
Upon the Maid: and tearing-off her Coat,
Away shee runs, thinking shee her had got.
The Priest dissolves in tears, th' Offring is cheer-full;
The Murdred 's valiant, and the Murdrer fearfull;
The Father leads with slow and feeble pase,
The Daughter seems to run to death a-pace;
As if the Chaplet that her temples ties,
Were *Hymen's* Flowrs, not Flowrs for Sacrifice;
Her grace and beauties still augment; (in fine)
Whoso beholds her sweet, love-darting Eyn,
Her Cheeks, Lips, Brows, fresh Lillies, Corall, Jet;
Hee sees (or seems to see) a Sun to set.
And (to conclude) the Graver, Maul, and Mould,
Have given such life to th' Iron, Brass, and Gold,
That here wants nothing but the Mother's screech,
The Father's sigh, and the sweet Daughter's speech.
Loe here, another shakes his unshav'n tresses, *Sampson.*
Triumphing on a Lyon torn in peeces.
O match-less Champion! Pearl of men-at-arms,
That emptiest not an Arcenall of Arms,
Nor needest shops of *Lemnian* Armourers,
To furnish weapons for thy glorious Wars;
An Asse's Jaw-bone is the Club where-with
Thy mighty arm brains, beats, and battereth
Th' uncircumcised Camp: all quickly scud;
And th' Hoast that flew in dust, now flows in bloud.
Here th' Iron Gates, whose hugeness wont to shake
The massie Towrs of *Gaza*, thou dost take

On thy broad shoulders: there (in seeming jest)
Crushing their Palace-pillars (at a feast)
Thou over-whelm'st the House, and with the fall
The *Philistins* blaspheming Princes all.
Here, from one's head, which two huge coins do crush,
(As whay from Cheese) the battred brains do gush:
Here lies another in a deadly swoune?
Nail'd with a broken rafter to the ground:
Another, here pasht with a paine of Wall,
Hath lost his soule, and bodie's shape withall:
Another, here o're-taken as he fled,
Lyes (Tortois-like) all hidden but the head:
Another, covered with a heap of lome,
Simile. Seems with his moving to re-move his Toomb:
Even as the soft, blinde, Mine-inventing Moule,
In velvet Robes under the Earth doth roule;
Refusing light, and little ayre receives,
And hunting Worms her moving hillocks heaves.
The Levite's wife. Lo, lower here, a beastly Multitude
On one poor Woman all their lusts intrude;
Whose Spouse (displeas'd with th' execrable Fact)
Into twelve Peeces her dead Body hackt;
And, to twelve Parts of ISRAEL them transfers,
As twelve quick tinders of intestin Wars.
The Arke taken by the Philistines. And lower yet, behold (with hatefull scorn)
The ARK of God to DAGON's Temple born:
But th' Idol yeelds to GOD, and DAGON fals
Before the ARK, which *Heathen's* pride appals.
The Battail betweene the Israelites and Assyrians with their iron Chariots. BARAC thus arm'd, th' ASORIANS sets-upon,
That bright in Brass, steel, gold, and silver shone:
But his young Souldiers were much daunted tho,
To see the fearfull Engins of the Foe;
Nine hundred chariots, whirling swift and light,
Whose glistering Irons dasle even their sight;
Whose barbéd Steeds bear in their heads a Blade
Of the right temper of DAMASCUS made
(As proud of it as Unicorns are wont
Of their rich Weapon that adorns their Front)
Amidst their Pettral stands another Pike;
On either side, long grapples (Sickle-like)
The like at either Nave: so that (in Wars)
'Tis present death t' approach these broaching Cars.
Debora comforteth and incourageth the Israelites. But DEBORA, her Troops incouraging,
Bestirs her quick, and steps from wing to wing:
Courage (saith she) brave Souldiers, sacred Knights,
Strike, & strike home, lay on with all your mights:
Stand, fear them not (O Champions of the Faith)
God drives your Foes into the snares of Death.
Doubtless, they are your own: their armed Charrets
They are but Buggs to daunt dejected spirits.
No, no (my Hearts) not Arms, nor Engins glorious,
But 't is the heart that makes a Camp victorious:
Or rather, 't is God's Thunder-throwing hand,
Which onely doth all Warr's success command:
And, VICTORIE his Daughter whom he now
(For his own sake) frankly bestows on you.
Simile. Even as a sort of Shepheards, having spi'd
A Wolfe come stealing down a Mountain's side,
Cry shrill, *Now-now*, up-hill, *a Wolfe, a Wolfe;*
Now, now (sayes *Eccho*) up-hill, *a Wolfe, a Wolfe:*
And such a noyse between the Vales doth rise,
That th' hungry thief thence without hunting flies;
So th' *Hebrews*, heartned with her brave discourse,
Gave such a shout that th' armed Cars and Horse
Turn sudden back, their driver's Art deceive;
And, changing side, through their own Army cleave.
God's enemies over-throwne by their owne Engines. Some, with the blades in every Courser's brow,
Were (as with Launces) boréd through & through;
Some torn in peeces with the whirling wheels;
Some trod to death under the Horses' heels;
Simile. As (in some Countries) when in season hot,
Under Horse feet (made with a whip to trot)
They use to thresh the sheaves of Winter-Corn,
The grain spurts-out, the straw is bruis'd and torn.
Some (not direct before the Horse, nor under)
Were with the Scythes mow'n in the midst a-sunder:
Simile. As in a Mead the Grass yet in the flowr,
Fals at the Foot of the wide-straddling Mower;
That with a stooping back, and stretchéd arm,
Cuts-cross the swathes to winter-feed his Farm.
If there rest any resolute, and loth
To lose so soon their Arms, and honours both
At first assault, but rather bravely bent
To see so fierce and bloudy Fight's event;
Both DEBORAH and BARAC thither pli'd:
But (as 'tis writ of the milde AMRAMIDE,
Deborah prayes while *Barac* fights. And NUN's great Son, that Heav'n-deer MARS-like man,
Who did transplant the Tribes to CANAAN)
Shee (in the zeal of her religious sprite)
Lifts-up her hands to pray, and he to fight.
Hee charges fierce, hee wounds, hee slaughters all
But SISERA, their Captain generall;
The Infidels utterly overthrowne, and *Sisera* their Captain slain by *Jahel*. Who flies to JAHEL, and by her is slain,
Driving a nail into his sleeping brain.
At last, the Helm of head-strong ISRAEL
Coms to the hand of famous SAMUEL;
Samuel, Iudge. One rarely-wise, who weds his Policy,
To divine gifts of sacred Prophecie:
But, his two greedy Sons, digressing quite
From his good steps, dis-taste the ISRAELITE
Israel asks a KING. Of th' ancient RULE of th' Heav'nly Potentate:
So that all seek a sudden *Change* of STATE.
Assembled then in sacred PARLIAMENT,
Up starts a Fellow of a mean Descent
(But of great spirit, well-spoken, full of wit,
And courage too, aspiring high to sit)
And having gain'd attention, thus he sayes:
1. A Declamation of a *Plebeian* for *Democracie*, or People-Sway. Divine Designe! O purpose worthy-praise,
To now-*Reform* the STATE, & soundly *heal*
With wholsome Lawes th' hurts of the *Common-weal:*
But (prudent ISRAEL) take now heed or never;
Change not an Ague for a burning Fever;
In shaking-off confusèd *Anarchie*,
To be intic'd t' imbrace a *Monarchie*,
Admir'd of Fooles, ador'd of Flatterers,
Of Softlings, Wantons, Braves, and Loyterers:

The Freedome and Defence of the base Rabble;
But, to brave mindes a Yoke intolerable.
For, who can brook, millions of men to measure
Breath, Life, and Moving, all at one man's pleasure?
One, to keep all in awe? One at a beck
A whole great Kingdome to controule and check?
Is 't not a goodly sight, to see a Prince,
Void of all Vertue full of insolence,
To play with Noble States, as with a straw?
A Fool, to give so many Wise the Law?
A Beast, to govern Men? An Infant Eld?
A Hare to lead fierce Lions to the field?

The corruption and licentiousness of most Princes' Courts.

Who is 't but knowes that such a Court as this,
Is the open Shop of selling Offices?
Th' harbour of Riot, stews of Ribaldry,
Th' haunt of Profusion, th' Hell of Tyrannie:
That no-where shines the REGAL Diadem,
But (Comet-like) it boads all vice extrem?
That not a King among ten thousand Kings,
But to his Lust his Law in bondage brings?
But (shameless) triumphs in the shame of Wives?
But bad, prefers the bad, and good deprives?
But gildeth those that glorifie his Folly?
That sooth & smooth, & call his Hell-ness holy?
But with the Torrent of continuall Taxes
(Pour'd every where) his meanest Subjects vexes?

Simile.

As an ill-stated body doth distill
On 's feeblest parts his cold-raw humors still.
That Form of RULE is a right *Common-weal*
Where all the *People* have an Enter-deal,
Where (without aw or Law) the Tyrant's sword
Is not made drunk with blood, for a Mis-word:
Where, Each (by turn) doth *Bid* and doth *Obey*;
Where, still the *Commons*, (having Soveraign-*sway*)
Share equally both Rigour and Reward
To each-man's merit: giving no regard
To ill-got Wealth, nor mouldy Monuments
From great-great-Grand-sires scutcheon'd in Descents:
Where, *Learnéd* men, un-soule-clog'd (as it were)
With servile gyves of King's imperious Fear,
Fly even to Heav'n; and by their Pens inspire
Posterity with Vertue's glorious Fire;
Where, Honor's honest Combat never ceases,
Nor Vertue languishes, nor Valour leeses
His sprightfull nerves through th' envy of a *Prince*,
That cannot brook another's excellence;
Or, pride of those, who (from great Elders sprung)
Have nothing but Their glory on their tongue;
And deeming Others' worth, enough for them,
Vertue and *Valour*, and all *Arts* contemn:
Or, base Despair, in those of meaner Calling,
Who on the ground still (worm-like) basely crawling,
Dare not attempt (nor scarcely thinke, precise)
Any great Act or glorious Enterprise;
Because Ambition, Custom, and the Law,
From high Estate hath bounded them with aw.
Where, hee that never rightly learn'd t' obey
Commandeth not, with heavie Sword of *Sway*:
Where, each i' th' Publick having equall part,
All to save all, will hazzard life and heart:
Where *Liberty* (as dear as life and breath)
Born with us first, consorts us to our death.

Simile.

Shall savage beasts like-better Nuts and Mast
In a free Forrest, then our choyce Repast
In Iron Cages? and shall we (poor Sots)
Whom Nature Masters of our selves allots,
And Lords of All besides; shall wee go draw
On our own necks an ease-less Yoke of Aw?
Rather (O JACOB) chuse wee all to die,
Then to betray our Native *Libertie*;
Then to become the sporting Tennis-ball
Of a proud *Monarch*; or to yeeld us thrall
To serve or honour any other King
Then that drad LAW which did from SINA ring.

2. Another, of a revrend Senator for *Aristocracie*, or the rule of a chosen Synode of the best men.

Another then, whom Age made venerable,
Knowledge admir'd, and Office honourable,
Stands up, and speaks (majestically-milde)
On other Piles the COMMON-WEAL to build.
Doubt-less (said he) with waste of time & Soap,
Y' have laboured long to wash an ÆTHIOPE:
Y' have drawn us here a goodly form of STATE
(And well we have had proof of it of late):
Shall we again the Sword of JUSTICE put
In mad men's hands, soon their own throats to cut?

Comparison.

What Tiger is more fierce? what Bear more fell?
What Chaff more light? what Sea more apt to swell
Then is th' unbridled Vulgar, passion-toss't;
In calms elated, in foul-weather lost?
What boot deep projects, if to th' eyes of all
They must be publisht in the common Hall?
Sith known Designs are dangerous to act:
And, th' un-close Chief did never noble fact.

Simile.

DEMOCRACY is as a tosséd Ship,
Void both of *Pole* and Pilot in the deep:

Simile.

A *Senate* fram'd of thousand Kinglings slight;
Where, voyces pass by number not by weight;
Where, wise men do propound, and fools dispose:
A Fair, where all things they to sale expose:

Simile.

A sink of Filth, where ay th' infamousest,
Most bold and busie, are esteeméd best:

Simile.

A Park of savage Beasts, that each-man dreads:
A Head-lesse Monster with a thousand heads.
What shall wee then do? shall wee by and by
In Tyrants' paws deject us servilely?
Nay, rather, shunning the extremities,
Let us make choise of men upright and wise;
Of such whose Vertue doth the Land adorn,
Of such whom Fortune hath made Noble-born,
Of such as Wealth hath rais'd above the pitch
Of th' abject vulgar; and to th' hands of such
(Such, as for Wisedome, Wealth, and Birth excell)
Let us commit the Reins of ISRAEL;
And ever from the sacred Helm exclude
The turbulent, base, moody *Multitude*.
Take away Choyce and where is Vertue's grace?
What? shall not Chance unto Desert give place?

And Lots, to Right? Shall not the blind be led
By those whose eyes are perfect in their head?
Chiefly, amid such baulks, and blocks and pits
As in best *State*-paths the best *States*-man meets?

Comparison. Who may be better trusted with the key
Of a great Chest of Gold and Gems then they
That got the same? And who more firm and fit
At *carefull* Stern of POLICIE to sit,
Then such as in the ship most venture bear:
Such as their owne wrack with the State's wrack fear:
Such as, Content, and having much to lose,
Even Death itselfe, rather then Change, would choose?

3. The Oration of a noble yong Prince for *Monarchy*, or the sole Soveraintie of a KING. While he discourst thus on a Theam so grave,
Up-rose a Gallant, noble, young, and brave,
Foe to the Vulgar, one that hop't (perchance)
One-day t' attain a Scepter's governance,
And thus he speaks: Your RULE is yet too *Free*,
Y' have proin'd the leaves, not boughs of *Publick-Tree:*
Y' have qualifide but not *yet* cur'd our grief:
Y' have in our Field still left the tares of Strife,
Of Leagues and Factions. For, plurality
Of Heads and Hands to sway an *Emperie*,

Simile. Is for the most part like untaméd Buls;
One, this way hales; another, that way puls;
All every-way; hurried with passion's windes
Whither their Lust-storms do transport their minds
At length, the strongest bears the weakest down,
And to himselfe wholly usurps the Crown:
And so (in fine) your *Aristocracie*
He by degrees brings to a *Monarchie.*

*A passion following any sicknesse. In brief, the Scepter *Aristocratike*,
And *People-sway*, have **Symptomes* both alike:
And neither of them can be permanent
For want of *Vnion;* which of government
Is both the Life-bloud, and preservative,
Whereby a STATE young, strong and long doth thrive.
But, MONARCHY is as a goodly Station,
Built skilfully, upon a sure Foundation:
A quiet House, wherein (as principall)
One Father is obey'd and serv'd of all:
A well-rig'd Ship, where (when the danger 's neer)
A many Masters strive not who shall steer.
The World hath but One God; Heav'n but One Sun:
Quails but One Chief: the Hony-birds but One,
One Master-Bee: and Nature (natively)
Graves in our hearts the Rule of MONARCHY.
At sound of whose Edicts, all joynt-proceed;
Under whose Sway, Seditions never breed:
Who, while consulting with Colleagues he stands,
Lets not the Victory escape his hands:
And, that same *Majesty*, which (as the Base
And Pedestall) supports the weight and grace,
Greatnesse and glory of a well-Rul'd *State*,

Simile. Is not extinguisht nor extenuate,
By being parcelliz'd to a plurality
Of petty Kinglings, of a mean Equality:
Like as a goodly River, deep and large,
Able to bear Ships of the greatest Charge,
If, through new Dikes, his trade-full Waters guided,
Be in a hundred little brooks divided;
No Bridge more fears, nor Sea more weighs the same:
But soon it loses both his trade and name.
And (to conclude) a wise and worthy *Prince*,
A KING, compleat in Royall excellence,
Is even the People's prop, their powrfull nerves,
And lively Law, that all intire preserves:
His Countrie's life and soule, sight and fore-sight;
And even th' Almightie's sacred Picture right.
While yet he spake, the People loudly cri'd,
A KING, a KING; wee'l have a KING for Guide,
Hee shall command: Hee shall conduct our Hoasts,
And make us Lords of the IDUMEAN Coasts.
Ingrate, said SAMUEL, will you then reject
Th' Almightie's Scepter? doe you more affect
New POLICY, then his old PROVIDENCE?
And change th' Immortall for a mortall Prince?

A KING'S Prerogative. Well (Rebels) well, you shall, you shall have one:
But doe you know what follows thereupon?
Hee, from your Ploughs shall take your Horses out,
To serve his pomp, and draw his Train about
In gilden Coaches (a wilde wanton sort
Of Popinjayes and Peacocks of the Court):
Hee shall your choysest Sons and Daughters take
To be his servants (nay his slaves to make):
You shall plant Vineyards, hee the Wine shall sup:
You shall sow Fields, and hee shall reap the Crop:
You shall keep Flocks, & hee shall take the Fleece:
And PHARAOH's Yoke shall seem but light to his.

Saul annoynted King of *Israel.* But, ISRAEL doth wilfully persever,
And SAMUEL (prest and importuned ever)
Annoynteth SAUL the Son of CIS) a Man
Whose curséd end marr'd what he well began.

A check to busie, seditious Malcontents in any State. You, too-too-light, busie, ambitious wits,
That Heav'n and Earth confound with furious fits:
Fantastick Franticks, that would innovate,
And every moment change your form of STATE:
That weening high to fly, fall lower still:
That though you change your Bed change not your Ill:
See, see how much th' Almighty (the most High)
Here-in abhors your fond inconstancie.

The authority of every kinde of Government is from God. The PEOPLE-STATE, the ARISTOCRACY,
And sacred KINGDOM, took authority
A-like from Heav'n: and these three Scepter-forms
Flourish a-vie, as well in Arts and Arms.
As prudent Lawes. Therefore, you stout *Helvetians,*
Grisons, Genevians, Ragusins, Venetians,

Therefore every People to persist in the State established. Maintain your Liberties, and change not now
Your sacred Lawes rooted so deep with you.
On th' other side, we that are borne and bred
Under KING'S Awe, under one *Supreme Head,*
Let us still honour their drad *Majesties,*
Obey their Lawes, and pay them Subsidies.
Let 's read, let 's bear no more these factious Teachers,
These shame-lesse *Tribunes*, those seditious Preachers,
That in all places alwayes belch and bark
Aloud abroad, or whisper in the dark,

Railing at Princes (whether good or bad)
The true Lievtenants of Almighty God.
And let not us, before a KING, prefer
A *Senate*-sway, nor Scepter *Popular*.
'Tis better bear the *Youth-slips* of a KING,
I' th' *Law* some fault, I' th' *State* some blemishing,
Then to fill all with Bloud-flouds of *Debate;*
While, to *Reform*, you would *Deform* a STATE.
One cannot (with-out danger) stir a stone
In a great Building's old foundation:
And, a good Leach seeks rather to support,
With ordered dyet, in a gentle sort,
A feeble Body (though in sickly plight)
Then with strong Med'cines to destroy it quite.
And therefore, Curséd, *ever* Curséd *be*
Our[a] Hell-*spurr'd* PERCIE'S *fell* Conspiracie;
And every head, *and every* hand *and* heart,
That did Conceive *or but* Consent *his part:*
POPE-*prompted* Atheists, *faining* Superstition
To cover Cruelty, *and cloak* Ambition:
Incarnate Divels, Enemies of Man,
Dam-Murdering Vipers, Monsters in-humane,
Dis-natur'd NEROS, *impious* EROSTRATES,
That with one Puff *would* blow-up *all* Estates;
Prince's *and* Peer's, *and* People's *Government*
(*For, of all Three consists our* PARLIAMENT)
Religion, Order, Honesty, *and all,*
And more then all that Fear *can fear to fall.*
And therefore, Blessed, *ever* Blessed *be*
Our glorious GOD's *immortall Majestie;*
ENGLAND'S *Great* Watch-man, *hee that* Israel *keeps,*
Who never slumbers, *and who never* sleeps:
Our gratious Father, *whose still-firm affection*
Defend us still with wings of his Protection:
Our loving Saviour, *that thus Saves us still*
(*Vs so unworthy, us so prone to ill*):
Our sacred Comforter (*the Spirit of Light*)
Who steers us still in the True FAITH *aright:*
The TRINITIE, *th' Eternall* THREE *in* ONE,
Who by his Pow'r and providence alone,
Hath from the Furnace of their Fiery *Zeal*
Preserv'd our PRINCE, *our* PEERS, *our* PUBLICK-WEAL,
Therefore, O PRINCE (*our nostrils' dearest breath*)
Thou true Defender *of true Christian* FAITH,
O! let the Zeal of GOD'S *House eat thee up:*
Fill BABYLON *her measure in her* Cup:
Maim the King-maiming Kinglings of Bezec:
Pittie not Agag, *spare not* Amalech:
Hunt, hunt *those* Foxes, *that would under-mine*
Root, Body, Branches of the Sacred Vine:
O! spare them not. To spare Them, is to spoyl
Thy Selfe, thy Seed, thy Subjects, and thy Soyl.
Therefore O PEERS, *Princely-loyall* Paladines,
True-noble Nobles, *lay-by by-Designes:*
And in God's quarrell and your Countrie's, bring
Counsell and Courage to assist your KING
To counter-mine against the Mines *of* ROME;
To conquer Hydra, *and to over-come*
And clean cut-off his Horns, and Heads, and all
Whose hearts doe Vow, *or knees doe* Bow *to* Baal:
Be Zealous for the LORD, *and Faith-full now,*
And honour Him, and he will honour you.
Fathers, *and* Brethren, *Ministers of* CHRIST,
Cease civill Warrs: war all on Anti-Christ;
Whose subtle Agents, *while you strive for shels,*
Poyson the kernel with Erroneous *Spels:*
Whose Envious Seed-men, *while you* Silent *Sleep,*
Sow Tares *of* Treason, *which take root too deep.*
Watch, watch your Fold: feed, feed your Lambs at home:
Muzzle *these* Sheep-clad *bloudy* Wolves *of* ROME.
Therefore, O PEOPLE, *let us Praise and Pray*
Th' Almighty-most (*whose Mercy lasts for aye*)
To give us grace, to ever-keep in minde
This MIRACLE *of his* Protection *kinde:*
To true-Repent *us of our hainous* Sin
(Pride, Lust, *and* Loosenesse) *we have wallowed in:*
To stand still constant *in the pure* Profession
Of true RELIGION (*with a due discretion*
To try *the* Spirits, *and by peculiar choyce*
To know our Shepheards *from th'* Hyæna's *voyce*):
And, ever loyall to our PRINCE, *t' expose*
Goods, Lands, and Lives, against his hate-full Foes:
Among whom (*Lord*) *if* (*yet*) *of* Thine *be found,*
Convert them quickly; and the rest Confound.
And (*to Conclude*) PRINCE, PEERS, *and* PEOPLE *too,*
Praise all at once, and selfly each of you,
His Holy Hand, *that* (*like as long a-goe,*
His Sidrach, Misach, *and* Abednego)
From the hot Furnace *of* POPE Powder'd *Zeal*
Hath sav'd our PRINCE, *our* PEERS, *our* PUBLICK-*weal.*

[a] A just Execration of the Popish Powder-plot on the fifth of November 1605.

The end of the THIRD DAY *of the* SECOND WEEK.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 1, '*Abramides*' = descendants of Abraham.

Ll. 10 and 1203, '*a vis*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* for a full note.

L. 19, '*Swadle*' = swaddling, *i.e.* infancy.

L. 46, '*Roules*' = Rolls.

L. 54, '*stall'd*' = installed.

L. 59, '*train*' = lead on, with strategy implied.

L. 65, '*Nils*' = not to will, *i.e.* ne will.

L. 94, '*God shield*' = God save.

L. 153, '*Crock*' = water-pot.

L. 169, '*gage*' = pledge, challenge.

L. 182, '*Affects*' = desires, affections.

L. 194, '*bod*' = bade.

L. 201, '*braves*' = bravoes.

L. 205, '*no neer*' = no nearer, *v.g.*

L. 207, '*Ween*' = judge, expect.

L. 226, '*boundling*' = bounding.

L. 232, '*Bombards*' = war instruments for besieging, a kind of cannon.

L. 245, '*a field of grain*' = cut down as a field of grain is.

L. 258, '*Heseline*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.n.*

L. 273, *Nilus' greedy beast*' = rhinoceros.

L. 286, '*Diamant*' — diamond.

L. 306, '*Isacian*' and l. 498, '*Isaacian*' = descendants of Isaac?

L. 335, '*Dye*' = dice.

L. 352, '*fallow*' = hungry as long-fasting?

L. 357, '*Mastis's*' = mastiff's.

L. 379, '*in-trayn'd*' = led on by stratagem.

L. 385, '*Begles*' = beagles.

L. 386, '*Minks and Lun*' = names of hounds—see our Memorial-Introduction on this and similar personal references by Sylvester.

L. 391, '*Watt*' = hare.

L. 394, '*Sa, sa.*' Cf. l. 410, = our 'so-ho.'

L. 426, '*slops*' = trousers.

L. 478, '*vade*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, and under 'fade.'

L. 554, '*Carocke*' = coach.

L. 615, '*Cam'st*,' etc., = 'Veni, vidi, vici' of Caesar.

L. 620, '*deafly*' = deafeningly?

L. 621, '*lobstarize*' = move backwards—usually the crab.

L. 677, '*paiment*'—misprinted 'painment' in the original.

L. 727, '*vennies*' = venue, veney, veny, venew (French venue = a coming on), *i.e.* assault or attack in fencing. See Nares, *s.v.*

L. 777, '*cask*' = casket, helm.

L. 804, '*Buts*' = arrow-mark or target.

L. 829, '*Cosen-swords*' = cosening-swords?

L. 852, '*Maul*' = mallet.

L. 872, '*coins*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

L. 876, '*pasht*' = dashed: *ibid.*, '*paine of Wall*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

L. 891, '*tinders*' = kindlers?

L. 906, '*Pettral*' = breast-plate, *i.e.* peitrel.

L. 908, '*Nave*' = centre?

L. 917, '*Buggs*' = bugbears—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for an odd use of it.

L. 983, '*Braves*' = bravoes.

L. 1013, '*Enter-deal*' = dealing.

L. 1027, '*loses*' = loses.

L. 1075, '*un-close*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

L. 1102, '*baulks*' = defeats, hindrances.

L. 1108, '*venture*' = risk—hence such traders were called 'Adventurers.'

L. 1117, '*proin'd*' = pruned.

L. 1181, '*Popinjayes*' = parrots.

L. 1226, '*Leach*' = leech, *i.e.* physician—and see Glossarial Index, *s.v.* for a full note.

L. 1234, '*Superstition*' = religion. Cf. Acts xvii. 22.

L. 1238, '*Erostrates*' = Herostratus, firer of the temple of Ephesus.

L. 1287, '*Almighty-most*' = most Almighty.

G.

DAVID.

THE

FOURTH DAY OF

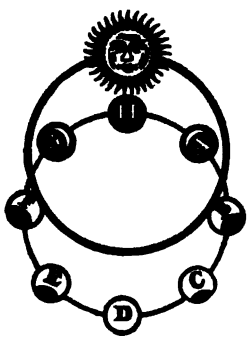
THE

SECOND WEEKE.

Containing

I. The Tropheis,
II. The Magnificence,
III. The Schism,
IV. The Decay.

Translated,
and
Dedicated
To Prince Henry *his Highnesse.*



Acceptam refero.

TO
PRINCE HENRY
HIS HIGHNES.

A SONNET.

*HAving new-*mustred *th'* HOAST *of all this* ALL
Your Royall Father in our Fore-ward *stands;*
Where (Adam-*like*) *Himselfe alone Commands*
A WORLD *of* Creatures, *ready at his Call.*
Our Middle-ward *doth not unfitly fall*
To famous Chiefs *whose grave-brave heads and hands*
In Counsail'd Courage so conduct our Bands,
As (*at a brunt*) *affront the force of* Baal.
Our Reare-ward (*Sir*) *shall be your Princely* Charge,
Though last, not least (*sith it most Honour brings*)
Where Honour's Field before you lies more large:
For; Your Command *is of a* Camp *of* KINGS,
Some good, some bad: Your Glory *shall be, here*
To Chuse and Use *the good, the bad* Cashier.

A STANZA.

JEwell of NATURE, *Joy of* ALBION,
To whose perfection Heav'n *and* Earth *conspire:*
That, in Times fulness, Thou maist bless this Throne
(*Succeeding in the* Vertues *of thy Sire*)
As happy thou hast begun, goe-on:
That, as thy Youth, *we may thine* Age *admire:*
Acting *our* Hopes (*which shall revive our hearts*)
Pattern and Patron both of Arms *and* Arts.

Josuah Sylvester.

The Tropheis.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FOURTH DAY OF THE II. WEEKE OF *BARTAS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Saul's *fall from* Favour, *into God's* Disgrace.
David *design'd* Successor *in his Place:*
Braving Goliah, *and the* Philistins
Hee bravely foyles: Hee flies his furious Prince.
Seem-Samuel *rais'd:* Saul *routed; Selfly-slain:*
Kind David's TROPHEIS, *and triumphant* Reign,
His heav'nly Harp-*skill* (*in King* JAMES *renew'd*):
His humane frailty, heavily pursu'd.
Bersabe *bathing:* Nathan *bold-reproving:*
David *repenting* (*Our* REPENTANCE *moving*).

Saul King of Israel, fortunate at the first, is afterward rejected, and *David* elected in his stead.

HEroïk force, and Prince-fit forme withall,
Honour the Scepter of courageous *Saul;*
Successe confirmes it: for the pow'r Divine
Tames by his hand th' outrageous *Philistine,*
Edom, and *Moab,* and the *Ammonite,*
And th' ever-wicked, curst *Amalekite:*
O too-too-happy! if his arrogance
Had not transgrest Heav'n's sacred Ordinance:
But therefore, God in 's secret Counsell (just)
Him even already from his Throne hath thrust,
Degraded of his gifts; and in his stead
(Though privily) annoynted *Jesse's* Seed;
Th' honour of *Jacob,* yea of th' Universe,
Heav'n's darling *DAVID, Subject* of my Verse.

Invocation.

Lord, sith I cannot (nor I may not once)
Aspire to *DAVID's* Diadems and Thrones;
Nor lead behinde my bright *Triumphal-Car*
So many Nations Conquered in War:
Nor (*DAVID*-like) my trembling Aspes adorn
With bloudy *TROPHEIS* of my Foes forlorn:
Vouchsafe mee yet his *Verse:* and (Lord) I crave
Let me his Harp-strings, not his Bow-strings have:
His Lute, and not his Lance, to worthy-sing
Thy glory, and the honour of thy King.
For, none but *DAVID* can sing *DAVID's* worth:
Angels in Heav'n thy glory sound; in Earth,
DAVID alone; whom (wth Heav'n's love surpriz'd)
To praise thee there, thou now hast Angeliz'd.
Give me the Laurell, not of War, but Peace;
Or rather give mee (if thy grace so please)
The *Civik Garland* of green Oaken boughs,
Thrice-three times wreath'd about my glorious brows.
To ever-witnesse to our after-friends
How I have rescu'd my con-Citizens,
Whom profane *Fame's-Thirst,* day and night did move
To be beslav'd to th' yoke of wanton *Love:*
For (not to mee, but to thee, Lord, be praise)
Now by th' example of my sacred Layes,
To *Sacred Loves* our noblest spirits are bent
And thy rich Name 's their onely argument.

HEE, WHOM in private wals, with privie signe,
The great King-maker did for *King* assigne,
Begins to show himselfe. A fire so great
Could not live flameless long: nor would God let
So noble a spirit's nimble edge to rust
In Shepheards' idle and ignoble dust.

Jesse (or *Isha*) sendeth *David* to see his brethren in the Campe.

My Son, how certain wee that saying prove,
That doubtfull Fear still waits on tender Love;

DAVID (saith *Jesse*) I am full of fears
For thy dear Brethren : Each assault, salt tears
Draws from mine eyes ; me thinks each point doth stab
Mine *Eliab*, *Samma*, and *Aminadab*.
Therefore go visit them, and with this Food
Beare them my blessing ; say I wish them good ;
Beseeching God to shield and them sustain,
And send them (soon) victorious home again.
Gladly goes *DAVID*, and anon doth spie,
Two steep high Hils where the two Armies lie :
A Vale divides them ; where in raging mood
(*Colossus*-like) an arméd Gyant stood :
Description of *Goliah*. His long black locks hung shaggéd (sloven-like)
A-down his sides : his bush-beard floated thick ;
His hand and arms, and bosome bristled were
(Most Hedge-hog-like) with wyer in stead of hair.
His foule blasphemous mouth, a Cave's mouth is ;
His eyes two brands, his belly an Abysse :
His legs two Pillars : and to see him goe,
Hee seem'd some steeple reeling to and fro.
A Cypresse-Tree, of fifteen Summers old,
Pyramid-wise waves on his Helm of Gold.
Whose glistering brightnes doth (with rayes direct)
Against the Sun, the Sun it selfe reflect ;
Much like a Comet blazing bloudy-bright
Simile. Over some City, with new threatfull light ;
Presaging down-fall or some dismall fate,
Too-neer approaching to some ancient State.
His Lance a Loom-beam, or a Mast (as big)
Which yet he shaketh as an Osier twig ;
Whose harmfull point is headed stifly-straight
With burnisht Brasse above an Anvil's weight :
Upon whose top (in stead of Bannaret)
A hissing Serpent seems his foes to threat :
His brasen Cuirasse, not a Squire can carrie ;
For 'tis the burthen of a Dromedarie :
His Shield (where *Cain* his brother *Abel* slaies,
Where *Chus* his son, Heav'n-climbing Towrs doth raise ;
Where th' *Ark* of God, to th' *Heathen* captivate,
To *Dagon's* House is led with scorne and hate)
Is like a Curtain made of double planks
To save from shot some hard-besiegéd Ranks.
His threatfull voice is like the stormfull Thunder
When hot-cold Fumes teare sulph'ry clouds asunder.
O Fugitives ! this is the forti'th day
His braving Defiance to the Hoast of *Israel*. (Thus barks the Dog) that I have stalkéd aye
About your fearfull Hoast : that I alone
Against your best and choycest Champion,
In single Combate might our Cause conclude,
To shun the slaughter of the multitude ;
Come then, who dares ; and to be slain by mee,
It shall thine honour and high Fortune be.
Why am I not lesse strong ? my common strength
Might finde some Brave to cope with at the length.
But, fie for shame, when shall wee cease this geare :
I to defie, and you to flye for feare ?
If your hearts serve not to defend your Lot,
Why are you arm'd ? why rather yeeld you not ?
Why rather doe you (sith you dare not fight)
Not prove my mildeness then provoke my might ?
What needed Coats of brasse and Caps of steel
For such as (Hare-like) trust but to their heel ?
But, sith I see not one of you (alas !)
Alone dares meet, nor looke mee in the face,
Come ten, come twenty, nay come all of you,
And in your ayde let your great God come too :
Let him rake Hell, and shake the Earth in sunder,
Let him be arm'd with Lightning & with thunder :
Come, let him come and buckle with mee here :
Your goodly God, lesse then your selves, I feare.
Thus having spew'd, the dreadfull *Cyclop* stirr'd
His monstrous Limbes ; beneath his feet he rear'd
A cloud of dust : and, wheresoe're hee wend,
Flight, Feare, and Death, his ghastly steps attend.
Even as a paire of busie chattering Pies, Simile.
Seeing some hardie Tercell from the skies
To stoop with rav'nous seres, feel a chill fear,
From bush to bush, wag-tayling here and there ;
So that no noyse, nor stone, nor stick can make
The tim'rous Birds their Covert to forsake ;
So th' *Hebrew* Troups this braving Monster shun ;
And from his sight, some here, some there, do run.
In vain the King commands, intreats and threats ;
And hardly three or foure together gets.
Saul stirreth up his Souldiers, & proposeth ample Reward to him that shall undertake the *Philistine*. What shame (saith he) that our Victorious Hoast
Should all be daunted with one Pagan's boast ?
Brave *Jonathan*, how is thy courage quail'd ?
Which yerst at *Bozez*, all alone assail'd
Th' whole *Heathen* Hoast. O worthy *Abner* too,
What chance hath cut thy Nerves of Valour now ?
And thou thy self (O *Saul*) whose Conquering hand
Had yerst with *Trophеis* filléd all the Land,
As far as *Tigris* from the *Japhean* Sea :
Where is thy heart ? how is it fall'n away ?
Saul is not *Saul* : O ! then, what *Israelite*
Shall venge God's honour and Our shame acquite ?
Who, spurr'd with anger, but more stir'd with zeal,
Shall foyle this Pagan, and free *Israel* ?
O ! who shall bring me this Wolf's howling head,
That Heav'n and Earth hath so un-hallowéd ?
What e're hee be that (lavish of his soule)
Shall with his bloud wash-out this blot so foule,
I will innoble him, and all his House ;
He shall enjoy my Daughter for his Spouse :
And ever shall a Deed so memorable
Be (with the Saints) sacred and honourable.
Yet for the *Duel* no man dares appear :
All wish the prize ; but none will win 't so dear :
Big-looking Minions, brave in vaunts and vows,
Lions in Court, now in the Camp be Cows :
But, even the blast that cools their courage so,
That makes my *DAVID's* valiant rage to glow.
David's offer My Lord (saith He) behold, this hand shall bring
Th' Heav'n-scorning head unto my Lord the King.
Alas, my Lad, sweet Shepheard (answers *Saul*)
Thy heart is great ; although thy limbs be small :

High flie thy thoughts; but we have need of more,
More stronger Toyls to take so wilde a Boare:
To tame *Goliah*, needs some Demi-god,
Some *Nimrod*, rather then a Shepheard-Lad
Of slender growth, upon whose tender Chin
The budding doun doth scarcely yet begin.
Keep therefore thine own Rank, & draw not thus
Death on thy selfe, dis-honour upon us,
With shame and sorrow on all *Israel*,
Through end-lesse Thraldome to a Foe so fell.
is assurance. The faintest Harts, God turns to Lions fierce,
To Eagles Doves, Vanquisht to Vanquishers:
God, by a Woman's feeble hand subdues
Jabins Lievtenant, and a Judge of *Jewes*.
God is my strength: therefore (O King forbear,
For *Israel*, for thee, or mee, to fear:)
No self-presumption makes me rashly brave;
Assuréd pledge of his proud head I have.
Seest thou these arms, my Lord? These very arms
(Steeld w^th^ the strength of the great God of Arms)
Have bath'd Mount *Bethlem* with a Lion's bloud,
These very arms, beside a shady wood,
Have slain a Bear, which (greedy after prey)
Had torn and born my fattest sheep away.
My God is still the same: this savage Beast,
Which in his Fold would make a Slaughter-feast,
All-ready feels his furie and my force;
My foot al-ready tramples on his Corps:
With his own sword his curséd length I lop,
His head already on the ground doth hop.
The Prince beholds him, as amas'd and mute
To see a minde so young, so resolute:
Then son (saith hee) sith so confirm'd thou art,
Goe, and God's blessing on thy valiant heart;
God guide thy hand, and speed thy weapon so,
That thou return triumphant of thy Foe.
Hold, take my Corslet, and my Helm, and Lance,
And to the Heav'ns thy happy Prowes advance.
The faithfull Champion, being furnisht thus,
Is like the Knight, which 'twixt *Eridanus*
And th' Heav'nly *Star-Ship*, marching bravely-bright
(Having his Club, his Casque, and Belt bedight
With flaming studs of many a twinkling Ray)
Turns Winter's night into a Summer's day.
But, yer that he had halfe a furlong gon,
The massie Lance and Armour he had on
Did load him so, he cold not freely move
His legs and arms, as might him best behoove.
Simile. Even so an *Irish* Hobby, light and quick
(Which on the spur over the bogs they prick
In highest speed) if on his back hee feel
Too-sad a Saddle, plated all with steel,
Too-hard a Bit with-in his mouth; behinde,
Crooper and Trappings him too-close to binde;
Hee seems as lame, hee flings and will not goe;
Or, if hee stir, it is but stiff and slow.
DAVID therefore layes-by his heavy load;
And, on the grace of the great glorious *GOD*
(Who by the weakest can the strongest stoop)
Hee firmly founding his victorious hope,
No Arrows seeks, nor other Arcenall;
But, from the Brooke that runs amid the Vale,
Hee takes five Pebbles and his Sling, and so,
Couragiously encounters with his Foe.
What Combat's this? On the one side, I see
A moving Rock, whose looks doe terrifie
Even his own Hoast; whose march doth seem to make
The Mountain tops of *Succoth* even to shake:
On th' other side, a slender tender Boy
Where grace and beauty for the prize do play:
Shave but the doun that on his Chin doth peer,
And one would take him for *Anchises* Pheer:
Or, change but weapons with that wanton Elf,
And one would thinke that it were *Cupid's* selfe.
Gold on his head, scarlet on either Cheek,
Grace in each part, and in each gest, alike;
In all so lovely, both to Foe and Friend,
That very Envie cannot but commend
His match-lesse beauties: and though ardent zeale
Flush in his face against the Infidell,
Although his fury fume, though up and down
Hee nimbly traverse, though hee fiercely frown,
Though in his breast boyling with manly heat,
His swelling heart do strongly pant and beat;
His Storm is calm, and from his modest eyes
Even gracious seems the grimmest flash that flies.
Am I a Dog, thou Dwarfe, thou Dandiprat,
To be with stones repell'd and palted at?
Or art thou weary of thy life so soone?
O foolish boy! fantasticall Baboone!
That never saw'st but sheep in all thy life;
Poore Sot, 'tis here another kinde of strife:
Wee wrastle not (after your Shepheard's guise)
For painted sheep-hooks, or such pettie Prize,
Or for a Cage, a Lamb, or bread and cheese:
The Vanquisht Head must be the Victor's Fees.
Where is thy sweaty dust? thy sun-burnt scars
(The glorious marks of Souldiers train'd in Wars)
That make thee dare so much? O Lady-Cow,
Thou shalt no more be-star thy wanton brow
With thine eyes rayes: Thy Mistress shall no more
Curle the quaint Tresses of thy Golden ore:
I 'll trample on that Gold; and Crowes and Pyes
Shall peck the pride of those sweet-smiling eyes:
Yet, no (my girl-boy) no, I will not 'file
My seard hands with bloud so faintly-vile:
Goe seek thy match, thou shalt not die by mee,
Thine honour shall not my dishonour be.
No (silly Lad) no, wert thou of the Gods
I would not fight at so un-knightly oddes.
Com barking Curre (the *Hebrew* taunts him thus)
That hast blasphem'd the God of gods, and us;
The oddes is mine (villain, I scorn thy Boasts)
I have for Ayde th' Almighty Lord of Hoasts.
Th' *Ethnick's* a-fire, and from his goggle eyes
All drunk with rage and bloud, the Lightning flies:

Out of his bever like a Boare he fomes :
A hellish fury in his bosome roames :
As mad, he marcheth with a dreadfull pase,
Death and destruction muster in his face,
He would a-fresh blaspheme the Lord of lords
With new dispights ; but in the steed of words
Simile. He can but gnash his teeth. Then, as an Oxe
Straid 'twixt the hollow of steep Hils and Rocks,
Through craggie Coombs, through dark & ragged turnings,
Lowes hideously his solitary Mournings :
The Tyrant so from his close helmet blunders
With horrid noise, & this harsh voyce he thunders :
Thy God raigns in his Ark, and I on Earth :
I Challenge Him, Him (if he dare come forth)
Not Thee, base *Pigmee*. Villain (sayes the *Jew*)
That blasphemy thou instantly shalt rue.
Simile. If e'r you saw (at Sea) in Summer weather,
A Galley and a Caraque cope together
(How th' one steers quick, & th' other veers as slow
Lar-boord and star-boord from the poop to prow :
This, on the winde ; that, on her owres relies :
This daunteth most, and that most damnifies)
You may conceive this Fight : th' huge *Polypheme*
Stands, stifly shaking his steel-pointed beam :
David doth traverse (round about him) light,
Forward and back, to th' left hand, and the right,
Steps in and out ; now stoops, anon he stretches ;
Then he recoyles, on either hand hee reaches ;
And stoutly-active, watching the adverse blowes,
In every posture doth himselfe dispose.
Simile. As, when (at Cock-pit) two old Cocks do fight,
(Bristling their Plumes, & (red with rage) do smite
With spurs and beak, bounding at every blow,
With fresh assaults freshing their fury so,
That, desperate in ther un-yeelding wrath,
Nothing can end their deadly fewd but death)
The Lords about, that on both sides do bet
Look partially when th' one the Field shall get,
And, trampling on his gaudy plumed pride,
His prostrate Foe with bloudy spurs bestride,
With clanging Trumpet, and with clapping wing,
Triumphantly his Victory to sing :
So th' *Hebrew* Hoast, and so the *Heathen* stranger
(Not free from fear, but from the present danger)
Behold with passion these two Knights, on whom
They both have wagerd both their Fortune's sum :
And either side, with voyce and gesture too,
Heartens and cheers their Champion well to doe ;
So earnest all, that almost every one
Seems even an Actor, not a looker-on.
All feel the skirmish 'twixt their Hope and Fear :
All cast their eyes on this sad Theater :
All on these two depend, as very Founders
Of their good Fortune, or their Fate's Confounders.
O Lord, said DAVID (as he whirl'd his Sling)
Be bow and Bow-man of this shaft I sling.
With sudden flerk the fatall hemp lets goe
The humming Flint, which with a deadly blow
Pierc't instantly the *Pagan's* ghastly Front,
As deep as Pistol-shot in boord is wont.
The villain's sped (cryes all the *Hebrew* band)
The Dog, the Atheist feels God's heavie hand.
Th' *Isaacian* Knight, seeing the blow, stands still. *Goliah* overthrown.
Fro th' Tyrant's wounds his ruddy soule doth trill ;
As from a crack in any pipe of Lead Simile.
(That conveyes Water from some Fountain's head)
Hissing in th' Ayre, the captive Stream doth spin
In silver threds her crystall humour thin.
The Gyant wiping with his hand his wound,
Cries tush, 'tis nothing : but eftsoons the ground
Sunk under him, his face grew pale and wan,
And all his limbs to faint and fail began :
Thrice heaves hee up his head ; it hangs as fast,
And all a-long lies *Isaac's* dread at last,
Covering a rood of Land ; and in his Fall,
Resembles right a lofty Towr or Wall, Simile.
Which to lay levell with the humble soyl
A hundred Miners day and night do toyl ;
Till at the length rushing with thundrous roar,
It ope a breach to th' hardy Conquerour.
Then, two loud cries, a glad and sad, were heard :
Wherewith reviv'd, the vaunting Tyrant stird
Resummoning under his weak Controule
The fainting Remnants of his flying Soule ;
And (to be once more buckling yer hee dies,
With blow for blow) hee strives in vain to rise.
Such as in life, such in his death he seems ;
For even in death he curses and blasphemes :
And as a Curre, that cannot hurt the flinger,
Flies at the stone and biteth that for anger ;
Goliah bites the ground, and his own hands
As Traytors, false to his fell heart's commands. Simile.
Then the *Hebrew* Champion 'heads the Infidell
With his own sword, and sends his soule to Hell.
Pagans disperse ; and the *Philistian* swarms
Have Armes for burthen, & have flight for Armes ;
Danger behinde, and shame before their face ;
Rowting themselves, although none give them chase.
Armi-potent, Omnipotent, my God, *David's* Thanksgiving for the victory.
O let thy Praise fill all the earth abroad ;
Let *Israel* (through Thee, victorious now)
Incessant songs unto thy glory vow :
And let me Lord (said *DAVID*) ever chuse
Thee sole, for Subject of my sacred *Muse*.
O wondrous spectacle ! unheard-of Sight !
The Monster's beaten down before the Fight :
A Dwarfe, a Shepheard, conquers (even unarm'd)
A Gyant fell, a famous Captain arm'd.
From a frail Sling this Batt'ry never came,
But 'twas the Breach of a Tower-razing Ram :
This was no cast of an uncertain Slinger,
'Twas Crosse-bow-shot, rather it was the finger
Of the Al-mighty (not this hand of mine)
That wrought this work so wondrous in our eyne :
This hath Hee done and by a woman weak
Can likewise stone the stout *Abimelech :*

Therefore, for ever, singing sacred Layes,
I will record his glorious Pow'r and Praise.
Then *Jacob's* Prince him joyfully imbraces,
Prefers to honours, and with favours graces,
Imployes him farre and nigh; and farre and neer,
From all sad cares he doth his Soveraign cleer.
In Camp he Curbs the *Pagan's* arrogance;
In Court he cures the Melancholy Transe
That toyls his soule; and, with his tunefull Lyre,
Effects of Musick. Expels th' ill Spirit which doth the body tyre.
For, with her sheath, the soul commerce frequents,
And acts her office by his instruments;
After his pipe she dances; and (again)
The body shares her pleasure and her pain;
And by exchange reciprocally borrowes
Som measure of her solace & her sorrows.
Th' Eare (door of knowledge) with sweet warbles pleas'd,
Sends them eftsoones unto the soule diseas'd
With dark black rage; our spirits pacifies,
And calmly cools our inward flames that fries.
Examples of the same. So, O *Tyrtéus*, changing Harmonie,
Thy Rowt thou changest into Victory.
So, O thrice-famous, Princely *Pellean*,
Holding thy heart's reanes in his Tune-full hand,
Thy *Timothie* with his melodious skill
Arms & dis-arms thy World's-drad arme (at will),
And with his *Phrygian* Musick, makes the same
As Lion fierce; with *Dorick*, milde as Lambe.
So, while in *Argos* the chaste Violon
For 's absent Soveraign doth grave-sweetly grone,
Queen *Clytemnestra* doth resist th' alarmes
Of lewd *Ægysthus*, and his lustfull Charmes.
So, at the sound of the sweet-warbling brasse,
The Prophet rapting his soule's soule a space
Refines himselfe, and in his phantasie
Graves deep the seal of sacred Prophecie.
For, if our Soule be Number (some so thought)
It must with Number be refreshed oft;
Or, made by Number (so I yeeld to sing)
Wee must the same with some sweet Numbers bring
Simile. To some good Tune: even as a voice (somtime)
That in its Part sings out of Tune and Time,
Is by another Voice (whose measur'd strain
Custome and Art confirms) brought in again.
It may be too, that DAVID'S sacred Ditty
Quickned with *Holy-Writ*, and couched witty,
Exorcist-like, chac't *Nature's* cruell Foe,
Who the King's soule did tosse and torture so.
How e'r it were, Hee is (in every thing)
A profitable servant to the King:
Who envious yet of his high Feats and Fame,
His Faith, and Fortitude, distrusts to same:
And, the divine Torch of his Vertues bright
Brings him but sooner to his latest Night:
Save that the Lord still shields him from on hie,
And turns to triumph all his Tragedy.
Saul's envie to *David*. O bitter sweet! I burst (thus raves the King)
To hear them all, in Camp and Court to sing,

SAUL *hee hath slain a thousand*, DAVID *ten*,
Ten thousand DAVID. O faint scorn of men!
Loe how, with Lustre of his glorious parts,
Hee steals-away the giddy people's hearts;
Makes lying Prophets sooth him at a beck,
Thou art but King in name, Hee in effect;
Yet thou indur'st it; haste thee, haste thee (Sot)
Choak in the Cradle his aspiring Plot;
Prevent his hopes; and, wisely-valiant,
Off with his head that would thy foot supplant.
Nay, but beware; his death (belov'd so well)
Will draw thee hatred of all *Israel*.
Sith then so high his heady valour flies,
Sith common glory can not him suffice,
Sith Danger upon Danger he pursues,
And Victorie on Victorie renews;
Let 's put him to 't: Let 's make him Generall,
Feed him with winde, and hazard him in all:
So shall his owne Ambitious Courage bring
For Crown a Coffin to our *Junior*-King:
Yea, had hee *Sangar's* strength, and *Sampson's* too,
Hee should not scape the taske I 'll put him to.
But yet, our DAVID more then all atchieves,
And more and more his grace and glory thrives:
The more hee does, the more hee dares adventure,
His rest-lesse Valour seeks still new Adventure.
For, feeling him arm'd with th' Almightie's Spirit,
Hee recks no danger (at the least to feare it).
Then, what does *Saul*? When as hee saw no speed
By sword of Foes so great a Foe to rid,
Hee tries his own: & one-while throwes his dart,
At un-awares to thrill him to the heart;
Or treacherously hee layes some subtill train,
At boord, or bed, to have him (harm-lesse) slain;
On nothing else dreams the disloyall wretch,
But *David's* death; how *David* to dispatch.
Which had been done, but for his Son the Prince
(Who deerly tenders *David's* Innocence,
And neerly marks and harks the King's Designes,
And warns the *Jessean* by suspect-lesse signes)
But for the kinde Courageous *Jonathan*, *Jonathan's* love to *David*.
Who (but attended onely with his man)
Neer *Senean* Rocks discomfited, alone,
The *Philistines'* victorious Garison.
About his ears a Showr of Shafts doth fall;
His Shield 's too-narrow to receive them all:
His sword is dull'd with slaughter of his Foes,
Wherefore the dead hee at the living throwes:
Head-lined helmes, heaw'n from their trunks hee takes,
And those his vollies of swift shot he makes.
The Heathen Hoast dares him no more affront,
Late number-lesse but easie now to count.
David therefore, flying his Prince's Furie,
From end to end flies all the Land of *Juria*:
But now to *Nob*; t' *Adullam* then, anon
To Desart *Zif*, to *Keilah*, *Maaon*,
Having for roof heav'n's arches' starry-feeld;
And, for repast, what waving woods doe yeeld.

The Tyrant (so) frustrate of his intent,
Wreakes his fell rage upon the innocent;
If any winke, as willing t' have not seen-him
Or if (unweeting what 's the oddes between-him
And th' angry King) if any had but hid-him;
Hee dyes for it (if any had but spid-him):
Yea the High-Priest, that in God's presence stands,
Escapeth not his paricidiall hands;
Nor doth hee spare in his unbounded rage,
Cattell, nor Curre, nor State, nor Sex, nor Age.
  Contrariwise, *David* doth good for ill,
Hee hates the haters of his Soveraign still.
And though hee oft incounter *Saul* lesse strong
Then his own side; forgetting all his wrong,
He shews him, aye, loyall in deed and word
Unto his Liege, th' Annoynted of the Lord;
Respects and honours him, and mindes no more
The King's unkindnesse that had past before.
  One day as *Saul* (to ease him) went aside
Into a Cave, where *David* wont to hide,
David (un-seen) seeing his Foe so neer
And all alone, was strook with sudden fear,
As much amaz'd and musing there-upon;
When, whisp'ring, thus his Consorts egge him on:
  Who sought thy life is fall'n into thy lap;
Do'st thou not see the Tyrant in thy Trap?
Now therefore pull this Thorn out of thy foot:
Now is the Time if ever thou wilt doe 't;
Now by his death establish thine estate;
Now hugge thy Fortune yer it be too-late;
For, hee (my Lord) that will not, when hee may,
Perhaps hee shall not, when hee would (they say).
Why tarriest thou? what dost thou trifle thus?
Wilt thou, for *Saul*, betray thy selfe and us?
  Won with their words, to kill him he resolves:
But, by the way thus with himselfe revolves:
Hee is a Tyrant. True: But now long since,
And still, hee bears the mark of lawfull Prince:
And th' Ever-King (to whom all Kings do bow)
On no pretext, did ever yet allow
That any Subject should his hand distain
In sacred bloud of his own Soverain.
He hunts me cause-less. True: but yet, God's word
Bids me defend, but not offend my Lord.
I am annoynted King; but (at God's pleasure)
Not publickly: therefore I wait thy leasure.
For, thou (O Lord) regardest Thine, and then
Reward'st, in fine, Tyrants and wicked men.
  Thus having said, hee stalks with noise-less foot
Behinde the King, and softly off doth cut
A skirt or lap of his then-upper clothing;
Then quick avoydes: and, *Saul*, suspecting nothing,
Comes forth anon: and *David* afterward
From a high Rock (to be the better heard)
Cries to the King (upon his humble knee)
Come neer (my Liege) come neer, & fear not mee,
Fear not thy servant *David*. Well I know,
Thy Flatterers, that mis-inform thee so,

Anti-Bellarmin, and his Disciples, Authors or Fautors of our Powder-mine.

With thousand slanders daily thee incense
Against thy Servant's spot-less innocence:
Those smooth-slie Aspicks, with their poysony sting
Murder mine honor, mee in hatred bring
With thee and with thy Court (against all reason)
As if Convicted of the Highest Treason:
But my notorious Loyalty (I hope)
The venom of their Vip'rous tongues shall stop;
And, with the splendor of mine actions bright,
Disperse the Mists of Malice and Despight.
Behold, my Lord (Truth needeth no excuse)
What better witness can my soule produce
Of faithfull Love, and Loyall Vassalage,
To thee, my Liege, then this most certaine gage?
When I cut-off this lappet from thy Coat,
Could I not then as well have cut thy throat?
But rather (Soverain) thorow all my veins
Shall burning Gangrens (spreading deadly pains)
Benum my hand, then it shall lift a sword
Against my Liege, th' annoynted of the Lord;
Or violate, with any insolence,
God's sacred Image in my Soverain Prince.
And yet (O King) thy wrath pursues me still;
Like silly Kid, I hop from hill to hill;
Like hated Wolves, I and my Souldiers starve:
But, judge thy selfe, if I thy wrath deserve.
  No (my Son *David*) I have done thee wrong:
Good God requite thy good: there doth belong
A great Reward unto so gratious deed.
Ah, well I see it is above decreed
That thou shalt sit upon my Seat supreme,
And on thy head shalt wear my Diadem:
Then, O thou sacred and most noble Head
Remember Mee and Mine (when I am dead):
Be gratious to my Bloud, and raze not fell
My Name and Issue out of *Israel*.
  Thus said the King; & tears out-went his words:
A pale despair his heavie heart still-girds;
His feeble spirit presaging his Mis-fortune,
Doth every-kinde of Oracles importune;
Suspicious, seeks how *Clotho's* Clew doth swell;
And, cast off Heav'n, will needs consult with Hell.
  In *Endor* dwelt a Beldam in those dayes,
Deep-skild in Charms (for, this weak sex alwayes
Hath in all Times been taxt for *Magick* Tricks,
As pronest Agents for the Prince of *Styx*:
Whether, because their soft, moist, supple brain,
Doth easie print of every seal retain:
Or, whether wanting Force and Fame's desert,
Those Wizzards ween to win it by *Black-Art*).
This *Stygian* scum, the *Furies'* fury fell,
This Shop of Poysons, hideous Type of Hell,
This sad *Erinnys*, *Milcom's* Favourite,
Chamosh his Joy, and *Belzebub's* Delight,
Delights alonely for her excercise
In secret Murders, sudden Tragedies;
Her drink, the bloud of Babes; her dainty Feast
Men's Marrow, Brains, Guts, Livers (late deceast).

The woman with of *Endor*.

At Weddings aye (for Lamps) shee lights debates;
And quiet Love much more then Death shee hates:
Or if shee reak of Love, 'tis but to trap
Some severe *Cato* in incestuous Lap.
Somtimes (they say) shee dims the Heav'nly Lamps,
She haunts the graves, she talks w^th^ ghost, she stamps
And cals-up Spirits, and with a wink controules
Th' infernall Tyrant, and the tortur'd Soules.
Art's admiration, *Israel's* Ornament,
That (as a Queen) Command'st each Element,
And from the Toomb deceased Trunks canst raise,
(Th' unfaithfull King thus flatters her with praise)
On steepest Mountains stop the swiftest Currents,
From driest Rocks draw rapid-rowling Torrents,
And fitly hasten *Amphitrite's* Flood,
Or stay her Ebbe (as to thy selfe seems good):
Turn day to night: hold windes within thy hand,
Make the Sphears move, and the Sun still to stand:
Enforce the Moon so with thy Charms som-times,
That for a stound in a deep Swoun shee seems:
O thou all-knowing Spirit! daign with thy spell
To raise-up here renowned *Samuel*,
To satisfie my doubtfull soule, in sum,
The issue of my Fortune 's yet to-com.
Importun'd twice or thrice, shee, that before
Resembled one of those grim Ghosts (of yore)
Which she was wont w^th^ her un-wholsom breath
To re-bring-back from the black gates of death,
Growes now more ghastly, and more Ghost-like grim,
Right like to Satan in his Rage-full Trim.
The place about darker then Night shee darkes,
She yels, she roars, she houles, she brayes, she barks,
And, in un-heard, horrid, Barbarian termes,
Shee mutters strange and execrable Charms;
Of whose Hell-raking, Nature-shaking Spell,
These odious words could scarce be hearkned well:
Eternall Shades, infernall Deities,
Death, Horrors, Terror, Silence, Obsequies,
Demons, dispatch: If this dim stinking Taper
Be of mine owne Son's fat; if here, for paper,
I write (detested) on the tender skins
Of time-less Infants, and abortive Twins
(Torn from the wombe) these Figures figure-less:
If this black Sprinkle, tuft with Virgin's tress,
Dipt, at your Altar, in my Kinsman's bloud;
If well I smell of humane flesh (my food):
Haste, haste, you Fiends: you subterranean Powrs:
If impiously (as fits these Rites of yours)
I have invok't your grisly Majesties,
Hearken (O Furies) to my Blasphemies,
Regard my Charms, and mine inchanting Spell,
Reward my sins, and send up *Samuel*
From dismall darkness of your deep Abiss,
To answer me in what my pleasure is:
Dispatch, I say, (black Princes) quick, why when?
Have I not Art, for one, to send you ten?
When? stubborn Ghost! The Palfraies of the sun
Doe fear my Spels; and when I spur, they run:
The Planets bow, the Plants give ear to me,
The Forrests stoop, and even the strongest Tree,
At drierie sound of my sad whisperings,
Doth prophesie, foretelling future things,
Yea (maugre *Jove*) by mine Almightie Charms,
Through Heav'n I thunder with Imperious Arms;
And comst not thou? O, so: I see the Sage,
I see th' ascent of some great man: his age,
His sacred habit, and sweet grave aspect
Some God-like rayes about him round reflect:
Hee 's ready now to speak, and pliant too
To cleer thy doubtings, without more adoo.
Saul flat adores; and wickedly-devout,
The fained *Prophet's* least word leaves not out.
What dost thou *Saul*? O *Isra'l's* Soveraign,
Witches, of late, fear'd onely thy disdain:
Now th' are thy stay. O wretch dost thou not know
One cannot use th' ayde of the Powrs below
Without some Pact of Counter-Services,
By Prayers, Perfumes, Homage, and Sacrifice?
And that this Art (meer Diabolicall)
It hurteth all, but th' Author most of all?
And also, that the impious Athêist,
The Infidel, and damned Exorcist,
Differ not much. Th' one Godhead quite denies:
Th' other, for God, foule Satan magnifies:
The other, Satan (by inchantment strange)
Into an Angel of the Light doth change.
When as God would, his voyce thou wouldst not hear;
Now he forbids thee, thou consult'st else-where:
Whom (living Prophet) thou neglect'st, abhorr'st,
Him (dead) thou seek'st, & his dead Trunk ador'st:
And yet not him, nor his; for th' ougly Fiend
Hath no such powr upon a Saint t' extend,
Who fears no force of the blasphemous Charms
Of mumbling Beldams, or Hel's damned Arms:
From all the Poysons that those powrs contrive,
Charm-charming Faith 's a full Preservative.
In Soule and Bodie both, Hee cannot come;
For they re-joyne not till the day of Doom:
His Soule alone cannot appear; for why,
Soules are invisible to mortall eye:
His bodie onely, neyther can it be;
For (dust to dust) that soon corrupts (wee see).
Besides all this, if 'twere true *Samuel*,
Should not (alas) thine eyes'-sight serve as well
To see and know him, as this Sorceresse,
This hatefull Hag, this old Enchanteresse,
This Divel incarnate, whose drad Spell commands
The rebell-Furie of th' infernall Bands?
Hath *Lucifer* not Art enough to fain
A body fitting for his turn and train?
And (as the rigour of long Cold congeals
To harsh hard Wooll the running Water-Rils)
Cannot hee thicken thinnest parts of Air,
Commixing Vapours? glew them? hue them fair?
Even as the Rain-bow, by the Sun's reflection
Is painted fair in manifold complection:

Against those that resort to Witches.

Against the illusion of Sathan's false Apparitions and Walking Spirits.

Simile.

Simile.

A body which wee see all-readie formd ;
But yet perceive not how it is performd :
A body perfect in apparent show ;
But in effect and substance nothing so :
A Body, heart-lesse, lung-lesse, tongue-lesse too,
Where Satan lurks, not to give life thereto ;
But to the end that from this Counter-mure,
More covertly hee may discharge more sure
A hundred dangerous Engins, which he darts
Against the Bulwarks of the bravest hearts :
That, in the Sugar (even) of sacred Writ,
Hee may em-pill us with some bane-full bit :
And, that his counterfeit and fained lips,
Laying before us, all our hainous slips,
And God's drad Judgments and just Indignation,
May under-mine our surest Faith's Foundation.
But, let us heare now what he saith. O *Saul*,
What frantick furie art thou mov'd with-all,
To now re-knit my broken thred of life?
To interrupt my rest? And 'mid the strife
Of struggling Mortals, in the World's affairs
(By powr-full Charms) to re-entoyl my Cares?
Inquir'st thou what 's to come? O wretched Prince!
Too much, too-soon (what I fore-told long since) :
Death 's at thy door ; to-morrow Thou and Thine
Even all shall fall before the Philistine ;
And great-good *David* shall possesse thy Throne,
As God hath said to be gain-said by none.

How Sathan comes to tell things to come.

Th' Author of Lies (against his guise) tels true ;
Not that at-once hee Selfly all fore-knew,
Or had revolv'd the leaves of Destinie
(The Childe alonely of Eternitie) ;
But rather through his busie observation
Of circumstance, and often iteration
Of reading of our Fortunes and our Fals,
In the close Book of clear Conjecturals,
With a far-seeing Spirit, hits often right ;
Not much unlike a skilfull Galenite,
Who (when the *Crisis* comes) dares even foretell
Whether the Patient shall do ill or well.
Or, as the Star-wise sometimes calculates
(By an Eclipse) the death of Potentates ;
And (by the stern aspects of greatest Stars)
Prognosticates of Famine, Plague, and Wars.

Saul's death.

As hee foretold, in brief, so fell it out ;
Brave *Jonathan* and his two brethren stout
Are slain in fight ; and *Saul* himselfe forlorn,
Lest, Captive, hee be made the Pagan scorn,
Hee kils him-self ; and, of his Fortune froward,
To seem not conquer'd, shews himselfe a Coward.

Against selfe-killing.

For, 'tis not courage (whatsoe'r men say)
But Cowardise, to make one's Self away.
'Tis even to turn our back at Fear's alarms ;
'Tis (basely-faint) to yeeld up all our Arms.
O extreme Rage! O barbarous Cruelty,
All at one blow, t' offend God's Majestie,
The State, the Magistrate, Thy Selfe (in fine) :
Th' one, in destroying the dear work divine
Of his almighty Hands ; the next, in reaving
Thy needfull Service, it should be receiving ;
The third, in rash-usurping his Commission ;
And last Thy Selfe, in thine own Self's perdition,
When (by two Deaths) one voluntary wound
Doth both thy body and thy soule confound.
But *Ishbosheth* (his dear Son) yet retains
His place a space, and *David* onely raigns
In happy *Juda*. Yet, yer long (discreet)
Hee makes th' whole Kingdom's wracked ribs to meet :
And so Hee rules on th' holy Mount (a mirror)
His people's Joy, the Pagan's onely Terror.

Comparison.

If ever, standing on the sandy shore,
Y' have thought to count the rowling waves that roar
Each after other on the *British* Coast,
When *Eolus* sends forth his Northern Poast ;
Wave upon wave, Surge upon surge doth fould,
Sea swallows sea, so thickly-quickly roul'd,
That (number-lesse) their number so doth mount,
That it confounds th' Accompter and th' Accompt :
So *David's* Vertues when I think to number,
Their multitude doth all my Wits incumber ;
That Ocean swallows mee : and mazed so,
In the vast Forrest where his Praises grow,
I know not what high Fir, Oak, Chest-nut-Tree,
(Rather) what Brasil, Cedar, Ebonie
My *Muse* may chuse (*Amphion*-like) to build
With curious touch of Fingers Quaver-skild
(Durst shee presume to take so much upon-her)
A Temple sacred unto *David's* honour.

Epitome of *David's* vertues.

Others shall sing his mind's true constancie,
In oft long exiles tri'd so thorowly :
His life compos'd after the life and likenesse
Of sacred Patterns : his milde gracious meeknesse

*** Nabal.**

Tow'rds railing *Shimei*, and the * Churlish Gull :
His lovely eyes, and face so beautifull.
Some other shall his equity record,
And how the edge of his impartiall sword
Is ever ready for the Reprobate,
To hew them downe ; and help the Desolate :
How hee no Law, but God's drad Law enacts ;
How he respects not persons, but their facts :
How brave a Triumph of Self's-wrath he showes,
Killing the killers of his deadly Foes.
Some other shall unto th' Empereall Pole
The holy fervour of his zeal extoll :
How for the wandring Ark hee doth provide
A certain place for ever to abide :
And how for ever every his designe
Is ordered all by th' Oracle Divine.
Upon the wings of mine (self-tasked) Rime,
Through the cleer Welkin of our Western clime,
Ile onely bear his *Musick* and his *Mars*
(His holy *Songs*, and his triumphant *Wars*) :
Loe there the sacred Mark whereat I aime ;
And yet this Theam I shall but mince and maim,
So many Yarnes I still am fain to strike
Into this Web of mine intended WEEK.

Of his valour and victories.

The *Twelve* stout *Labours* of th' *Amphitrioniade*
(Strongest of Men) are justly magnifi'd:
Yet, what were They but a rude Massacre
Of Birds, and Beasts, and Monsters here and there?
Not Hoasts of Men and Armies overthrown;
But idle Conquests; Combats One to One:
Where boist'rous Limbs, and sinnews strongly knit,
Did much availe with little ayd of Wit.
Bears, Lions, Gyants, foyl'd in single fight,
Are but th' Essayes of our redoubted Knight:
Under his Arms sick *Aram* deadly droops;
Unto his pow'r the strength of *Edom* stoops;
Stout *Amalek* even trembles at his name;
Proud *Ammon's* scorn he doth returne with shame;
Subdueth *Soba;* foyls the *Moabite;*
Wholly extirps the down-trod *Jebusite;*
And (still victorious) every month, almost,
Combats and Conquers the *Philistian* Hoast;
So that, *Alcide's* massie Club scarce raught
So many blows, as *David* Battels fought.

Pompey.

Th' expert great *Captain, who the *Pontiks* quaild,
Won in strange Wars; in Civill fights he faild:
But *David* thrives in all; and fortunate,
Triumphs no lesse of *Saul's* intestine hate,
Of *Ishbosheth's* and *Absalon's* designes,
Then of strong *Aram*, and stout *Philistines*.
Good-Fortune alwayes blows not in the Poop
Of valiant *Cæsar*, shee defeats his Troup,
Slayes his Lievtenants; and (among his Friends)
Stabb'd full of Wounds, at length his Life she ends:
But *David* alwayes feels Heav'n's gracious hand;
Whether in person Hee himselfe command
His royall Hoast; or whether (in his stead)
By valiant *Joab* his brave Troups be led;
And happinesse, closing his aged eye,
Ev'n to his Toomb consorts him constantly.
Fair victory, with Him (even from the first)
Did pitch her Tent: his Infancy she nurst
With noble Hopes, his stronger years she fed
With stately *Tropheis*, and his hoary head
She crowns & comforts with (her cheerfull Balms)
Triumphant *Laurels* and victorious *Palms*.
The Mountains stoop to make him easie way;
And *Euphrates*, before him, dryes away:
To Him great *Jordan* a small leap doth seem;
Without assault, strong Cities yeeld to Him:
Th' Engine alone of His far-fear'd Renown
Beats (Thunder-like) Gates, Bars, and Bulwarks down;
Gad's goodly Vales, in a gore Pond hee drenches;
Philistian Fires, with their own bloud he quenches:
And then in *Gob* (pursuing still his Foes)
His wrath's just Tempest on fell Giants throws.
O strong, great *Worthies* (will some one day say,
When your huge Bones they plough-up in the clay)
But, stronger, greater, and more WORTHY Hee,
Whose Heav'n-lent Force & Fortune made you be
(Maugre your might, your massie spears & shields)
The fatt'ning dung-hill of those fruitfull Fields.

His enemies, scarcely so soon he threats
As overthrows, and utterly defeats.
On *David's* head, God doth not spin good hap;
But pours it down abundant in his Lap:
And Hee (good Subject) with his Kingdom, ever
T' increase th' Immortall Kingdom doth endevour.
His swelling Standards never stir abroad,
Till hee have call'd upon th' Almighty God;
Hee never conquers but (in heav'nly Songs)
Hee yeelds the Honour where it right belongs:
And evermore th' Eternal's sacred praise
(With Harp and Voyce) to the bright Stars doth raise.

His Po[e]sie.

Scarce was hee borne, when in his Cradle, prest
The Nightingale to build her tender nest:
The Bee within his sacred mouth seeks room
To arch the Chambers of her Honey-comb:
And th' heav'nly *Muse*, under his roof descending
(As in the Summer with a train down-bending,
Wee see some *Meteor*, winged brightly-fair
With twinkling rayes, glide through the crystall Aire,
And suddenly, after long-seeming flight,
To seem amid the new-shav'n Fields to light)
Him softly in her Ivory arms shee folds,
His smiling face she smilingly beholds:
Shee kisses him, and with her *Nectar* kisses
Into his Soule shee breathes a Heav'n of Blisses?
Then laies him in her lap: and while shee brings
Her Babe a-sleep, this *Lullabie* she sings.

Urania's Lullaby.

Live, live (sweet-Babe) the Miracle of Mine,
Live ever Saint, and grow thou all Divine:
With this Celestiall Winde, where-with I fill
Thy blessed bosom, all the World full-fill:
May thy sweet Voyce, in Peace, resound as far
And speed as fair as thy drad Arm in War:
Bottom nor Bank, thy Fame's Sea never bound:
With double Laurels be thy Temples crown'd.
See (Heav'n-sprung spirit) see how th' allured North,
Of thy Child's-cry (shrill sweetly warbling forth)
Al-ready tastes the learned, dainty pleasures.
See, see (young Father of all sacred Measures)
See how, to hear thy sweet harmonious sound,
About thy Cradle here are thronging (round)
Woods, but with ears: Flouds, but their fury stopping:
Tigres, but tame: Mountains, but alwayes hopping:
See how the Heav'ns, rapt with so sweet a tongue,
To list to thine, leave their own Dance and Song.
O Idiot's shame, and Envie of the Learned!
O Verse right-worthy to be ay eterned!
O richest Arras, artificiall wrought
With liveliest Colours of Conceipt-full Thought!
O royall Garden of the rarest Flowrs
Sprung from an Aprill of spirituall Showers!
O Miracle! whose star-bright beaming Head
When I behold, even mine own Crown I dread.

Excellency of the Psalmes of *David*.

Never else-where did plenteous Eloquence,
In every part with such magnificence
Set forth her Beauties, in so sundry fashions
Of Robes and Jewels (suting sundry passions)

As in thy Songs: Now like a Queen (for Cost)
In swelling Tissues, rarely-rich imbost
With precious stones: neat, City-like, anon,
Fine Cloth, or silk, or Chamlet puts shee on:
Anon, more like some handsome Shepheardesse,
In courser Clothes shee doth her cleanly dresse:
What-e're she wear, Wooll, Silk, or Gold, or Gems,
Or Course, or Fine; still like her Self she seems;
Fair, modest, cheerfull, fitting time and place,
Illustring all even with a heav'n-like grace.
Like proud loud *Tigris* (ever-swiftly roul'd)
Now, through the Plains thou pour'st a Floud of gold:
Now, like thy *Jordan*, (or *Meander*-like)
Round-winding nimbly with a many-Creek,
Thou run'st to meet thy self's pure streams behind thee,
Mazing the Meads wher thou dost turn & wind thee.
Anon, like *Cedron*, through a straighter Quill,
Thou strainest out a little Brook or Rill,
But yet so sweet, that it shall ever be
Th' immortall *Nectar* to Posterity:
So cleer, that *Poësie* (whose pleasure is
To bathe in Seas of Heav'nly Mysteries)
Her chastest feathers in the same shall dip,
And deaw withall her choycest workmanship:
And so devout, that with no other Water
Devoutest Souls shall quench their thirst hereafter.
Of sacred *Bards* Thou art the double Mount,
Of faith-full Spirits th' Interpreter profound:
Of contrite Hearts the cleer Anatomy:
Of every Sore the Shop for remedy;
Zeal's Tinder-box: a Learned Table, giving
To spirituall eyes, not painted *Christ*, but living.
O divine Volume, *Sion's* cleer dear Voyce,
Saints' rich exchequer, full of comforts choice:
O, sooner shall sad *Boreas* take his wing
At *Nilus'* head, and boyst'rous *Auster* spring
From th' ycie flouds of *Iseland*, then thy Fame
Shall be forgot, or Honour fail thy Name:
Thou shalt survive throughout all Generations,
And (plyant) learn the language of all Nations:
Nought but thine Airs through air & sea shal sound,
In high-built Temples shall thy Songs resound,
Thy sacred Verse shall cleer God's cloudy face,
And, in thy steps the noblest Wits shall trace.
Grosse Vulgar, hence; with hands profanely vile,
So holy things presume not to defile,
Touch not these sacred stops, these silver strings:
This Kingly Harp is onely meet for Kings.
And so behold, toward the farthest North,
Ah see, I see upon the Banks of *FORTH*
(Whose forceful stream runs smoothly serpenting)
A valiant, learned, and religious King,
Whose sacred Art retuneth excellent
This rarely-sweet celestiall Instrument:
And *David's* Truchman, rightly doth resound
(At the World's end) his eloquence renown'd.
Dombertan's Clyde stands still to hear his voyce:
Stone-rowling *Tay* seems thereat to rejoyce;
The trembling *Cyclads*, in great *Lummond*-Lake,
After his sound their lusty gambols shake;
The (Trees-brood) Bar-geese, mid th' *Hebridian* wave,
Unto his Tune their far-flown wings do wave;
And I my selfe in my pide **Pleid* a-slope,
With Tune-akild foot after his Harp do hop.
Thus, full of God, th' Heav'n *Sirene* (Prophet-wise)
Pours-forth a Torrent of *mel*-Melodies,
In DAVID's praise. But DAVID's foule defect
Was yet un-seen, un-censur'd, un-suspect.
Oft in fair Flowrs the banefull Serpent sleeps:
Somtimes (we see) the bravest Courser trips;
And somtimes *David's* Deaf unto the Word
Of the World's Ruler, th' everlasting Lord;
His Song sweet fervor slakes, his Soul's pure Fire
Is dampt and dimm'd with smoak of foule desire,
His Harp is layd aside, hee leaves his Layes,
And after his fair Neighbour's Wife hee neighs.
Fair *Bersabé's* his Flame, even *Bersabé*
In whose chaste bosom (to that very day)
Honour and Love had happy dwelt together,
In quiet life, without offence of either:
But, her proud Beauty now, and her Eyes' force,
Began to draw the Bill of their Divorce;
Honour gives place to Love: and by degrees
Fear from her heart, shame from her fore-head flees.
The Presence-chamber, the High street, the Temple,
These Theaters are not sufficient ample
To shew her Beauties, if but Silk them hide:
She must have windows each-where open wide — *Bersabe* bathing.
About her Garden-Baths, the while therein
She basks & bathes her smooth Snow-whiter skin:
And one-while set in a black Jet-like Chair,
Perfumes, and combes, and curls her golden hair:
Another-while under the Crystall brinks,
Her Alabastrine well-shapt Limbs shee shrinks
Like to a Lilly sunk into a glasse:
Like soft loose *Venus* (as they paint the Lasse)
Born in the Seas, when with her eyes' sweet-flames,
Tonnies and *Triton*, shee at once inflames:
Or like an Ivorie Image of a *Grace*,
Neatly inclos'd in a thin Crystall Case:
Another-while, unto the bottom dives,
And wantonly with th' under Fishes strives:
For, in the bottom of this liquid Yce,
Made of *Musdick* work, with quaint device
The cunning work-man had contrived trim
Carpes, Pikes, and Dolphins, seeming even to swim.
Ishai's great son, too-idly, walking hie — *David* gazing.
Upon a Tarras, this bright star doth spy;
And sudden dazled with the splendor bright,
Fares like a Prisoner, who new brought to light
From a *Cymmerian*, dark, deep dungeon,
Feels his sight smitten with a radiant Sun.
But too-too-soon re-cleer'd, he sees (alas)
Th' admired Tracts of a bewitching Face.
Her sparkling Eye is like the Morning Star;
Her lips two snips of crimsin Sattin are:

*A kind of light mantle made of a thin checkerd Cloth, worne by the Hil-men in *Scotland*: and now much used with us for Saddle clothes.

Her teeth as white as burnisht silver seem
(Or *Orient* Pearls, the rarest in esteem):
Her Cheeks and Chin, and all her flesh like Snows
Sweet intermixed with Vermilion Rose,
And all her sundry Treasures selfly swell,
Proud, so to see their naked selves excell.
What living Rance, what rapting Ivorie
Swims in these streams? O what new Victorie
Triumphs of all my TROPHEIS? O cleer Therms,
If so your Waves be cold; what is it warms,
Nay burns my heart? If hot (I pray) whence comes
This shivering winter that my soule benums,
Freezes my Senses, and dis-selfs me so
With drouzy Poppey, not my self to know?
O peer-lesse Beauty, meerly beautifull;
(Unknown) to me th' art most un-mercifull:
Alas! I dye, I dye (O dismall lot!)
Both for I see thee, and I see thee not
But a-far-off, and under water too:
O feeble Power, and O (what shall I doe?)
Weak Kingly-State! sith that a silly Woman
Stooping my Crown, can my soule's Homage summon.
But, O Imperiall power! Imperiall State!
Could (happy) I give Beautie's Check the Mate.

Simile. Thus spake the King: and, like a sparkle small
That by mischance doth into powder fall,
Hee 's all a-fire; and pensive, studies nought,
But how t' accomplish his lascivious thought:
Which soon he compast; sinks himself therein:
Forgetteth *David;* addeth Sin to Sin:

Simile. And, lustfull, playes like a young lusty Rider
(A wilfull Gallant not a skilfull Guider)
Who, proud of his Horse pride, still puts him to 't:
With wand and spur, layes on (with hand and foot)
The too-free Beast; which, but too-fast before
Ran to his ruine, stumbling evermore
At every stone, till at the last hee break
Against some Rock his and his Rider's neck.
For, fearing not Adulterie's fact, but fame;
A jealous Husband's Fury for the same:
And lessening of a Pleasure shar'd to twain;
He (treach'rous) makes her valiant Spouse be slain.
The Lord is mov'd: and, just, begins to stretch
His Wrath's keen dart at this disloyall wretch:
When *Nathan* (then bright Brand of Zeal & Faith)
Comes to the King, and modest-boldly saith:

The Prophet *Nathan's* Parable, reproving *David.* Vouchsafe my Liege (that our chief Justice art)
To list a-while to a most hainous part.
First to the fault give ear: then give consent
To give the faulty his due punishment.
Of late a Subject of thine owne, whose flocks
Powl'd all Mount *Liban's* pleasant plenteous locks;
And to whose Heards could hardly full suffice
The flowry Verge that longst all *Jordan* lies;
Making a feast unto a st[r]anger-Guest,
None of his own abundant Fatlings drest;
But (privy Thiefe) from a poor neighbour by
(His faithfull Friend) hee takes feloniously
A goodly Lamb: although he had no more
But even that one: whereby hee set such store,
That every day of his own hand it fed,
And every night it coucht upon his bed,
Supt of his Cup, his pleasant morsels pickt,
And even the moisture from his lips it lickt.
Nay more my Lord. No more (replyes the King,
Deeply incenst) 'Tis more then time this thing
Were seen into; and so outrageous Crimes,
So insolent, had need be curb'd betimes:
What ever Wretch hath done this Villany
Shall Dye the Death; and not alonely Dye,
But let the horror of so foul a Fact
A more then common punishment exact.
O painted Toomb (then answer'd sacred *Nathan*)
That hast God in thy Mouth, in thy Minde Sathan:
Thou blam'st in other thine own Fault denounc't
And unawares hast 'gainst thy selfe pronounc't
Sentence of Death, O King, no King (as then)
Of thy desires: Thou art the very man:
Yea thou art hee, that with a wanton Theft
Hath just *Uriah's* onely Lamb bereft:
And him, O horror! (Sin with Sin is further'd)
Him w^th^ the sword of *Ammon* hast thou murther'd.
Bright beautie's eye, like to a glorious Sun,
Hurts the sore eye that looks too-much there-on:
Thy wanton-eye, gazing upon that eye,
Hath given an entrance too-too-foolishly
Unto that Dwarfe, that Divell (is it not?)
Which out of sloth, within us is begot;
Who entring first but Guest-wise in a room,
Doth shortly Master of the house become;
And makes a Saint (a sweet, milde minded man)
That 'gainst his Life's Foe would not lift his hand,
To plot the death of his dear faith-full Friend,
That for his Love a thousand lives would spend.
Ah! shak'st thou not? is not thy Soule in trouble
(O brittle dust, vain shadow, empty bubble!)
At God's drad wrath, which quick doth calcinize
The marble Mountains and the Ocean dries?
No, thou shalt know the weight of God's right hand
Thou, for example t' other Kings shalt stand.
Death, speedy death, of that adult'rous Fruit,
Which even al-ready makes his Mother rue 't,
Shall vex thy Soule, and make thee feele (indeed)
Forbidden pleasure doth repentance breed.
Ah shame-less beast! sith thy brute Lust (forlorn)
Hath not the Wife of thy best Friend forborn,
Thy Sons (dis-natur'd) shall defile thy bed
Incestiously; thy fair Wives (ravished)
Shall doublely thy lust-full seed receive:
Thy Concubines (which thou behinde shalt leave)
The wanton Rapes of thine own Race shall be:
It shall befall that in thy Family,
With an un-kinsman's kisse (un-loving Lover)
The Brother shall his Sister's shame discover:
Thou shalt be both Father and Father-in-law
To thine own bloud. Thy Children (past all aw

Of God or Man) shall by their insolence
Even justifie thy bloudy foule offence.
Thou sinn'dst in secret : but *Sol's* blushing eye
Shall be eye-witnesse of their villanie :
All *Israel* shall see the same : and then,
The Heav'n-sunk Cities in *Asphaltis* Fen,
Out of the stinking Lake their heads shall show,
Glad, by thy Sons, to be out-sinned so.
Thou, thou (inhumane) didst the Death conspire
Of good *Uriah* (worthy better Hire),
Thou cruell didst it : therefore, Homicide,
Cowardly treason, cursed Paricide,
Un-kinde Rebellion, ever shall remain
Thy house-hold Guests, thy house with bloud to stain.
Thine own against thine own shall thrill their darts :
Thy Son from thee shall steal thy people's hearts :
Against thy Self hee shall thy Subjects arm,
And give thine age many a fierce alarm,
Till hanged by th' hair 'twixt Earth, and Sky
(His gallows' pride, shame of the World's bright Eye)
Thine owne Leivtenant, at a crimson spout,
His guilty Soule shall with his Lance let-out,
And (if I fail not) O what Tempest fell
Beats on the head of harm-lesse *Israel!*

The Plague of Pestilence.

Alas! how many a guiltlesse *Abramide*
Dyes in three daies, through the too-curious Pride!
In hate of thee, th' Air (thick and sloathfull) breeds
No slow Disease ; both young and old it speeds ;
All are indifferent : For through all the Land
It spreads, almost in turning of a hand :
To the so-sick, hard seem the softest plumes :
Flames from his eies, from 's mouth coms Jakes-like fumes :
His head, his neck ; his bulk, his legs doth tire ;
Outward, all water : inward, all a-fire :
With a deep Cough his spungy Lungs he wastes :
Black Bloud and Choler both at once he casts :
His voyce's passage is with Biles-belayd,
His Soul's Interpreter, rough, foul, and flayd :
Thought of the Grief its rigor oft augments
'Twixt Hope and Fear it hath no long suspense :
With the Disease Death joyntly traverseth :
The infection's stroke is even the stroke of Death.
Art yeelds to th' anguish : Reason stoops to rage :
Physician's skill, himselfe doth still engage.
The streets too still : the Town all out of Town :
All Dead or Fled : unto the hallowed ground
The howling Widow (though she lov'd him dear)
Yet dares not follow her dead Husband's Beer,
Each mourns his losse, each his own case complains
Pel-mel the living with the dead remains.

Simile.

As a good-natur'd and well-nurtur'd Childe,
Found in a fault (by 's Master sharply milde)
Blushing and bleaking, betwixt shame and fear,
With down-cast eies laden with many a tear,
More with sad gesture, then with words, doth crave
An humble Pardon of his Censor grave :

David's repentance.

So *David*, hearing th' holy Prophet's Threat,
Hee apprehends God's Judgments dradly great ;
And (thrill'd with fear) flies for his sole defence
To pearly Tears, Mournings, and sad Laments :
Off goes his Gold ; his glory treads hee down,
His Sword, his Scepter, and his precious Crown :
He fasts, he prayes, he weeps, he grieves, he grones,
His hainous sins he bitterly bemones :
And, in a Cave hard-by, he roareth out
A sigh-full Song, so dolefully devout,
That ev'n the Stone doth groan, and pierc't withall,
Lets its salt tears with his sad tears to fall.
Ay-gracious Lord (thus sings he night and day)

Psal. 51.

Wash, wash my Soule in thy deep Mercie's Sea :
O Mercy, Mercy Lord, aloud he cries ;
(And Mercy, Mercy, still the Rock replies).

Application to *France*.

O God, my God, sith for our grievous Sin
(Which will-full wee so long have weltred in)
Thou powr'st the Torrents of thy Vengeance down
On th' *Azure* Field with *Golden Lillies* sow'n :
Sith every moment thy just Anger drad
Roars, thunders, lightens on our guilty head :
Sith Famine, Plague, and War (with bloudy hand)
Doe all at once make havock of this Land :
Make us make use of all these Rods aright ;
That wee may quench with our Tears'-water quite
Thine Ire-full Fire : our former Vices spurn ;
And, true-reform'd, Justice to Mercy turn.

The like to *England*, now for many years together grievously afflicted with the plague.

And so, O Father, (*Fountain of all* Good
Ocean of Justice, Mercie's *bound-lesse* Floud)
Since, for Our Sins, *exceeding all the rest,*
As most ingratefull, though most rarely blest,
After so long Long-Sufferance *of* Thine :
So-many Warnings *of thy* Word *divine :*
So-many Threatnings *of thy dreadfull* Hand :
So-many Dangers *scapt by* Sea *and* Land :
So-many Blessings *in so good a* King :
So-many Blossoms *of that fruit-full* Spring :
So-many Foes *abroad ; and* False *at home :*
So-many Rescues *from the rage of* Rome ;
So-many Shields *against so many Shot :*
So-many Mercies *in that* Powder-Plot
(*So light regarded and so soon forgot*).

Since, for Our Sins *so many and so great,*
So little mov'd with Promise *or with* Threat,
Thou, now at last (*as a just jealous* God)
Strik'st us thy Selfe with thine immediate Rod,
Thy Rod *of* PESTILENCE : *whose rage-full smart,*
With deadly pangs piercing the strongest heart,
Tokens *of* Terror *leaves us where it lights :*
And so infects us (*or at least affrights*)
That Neighbour neighbour, Brother brother *shuns ;*
The tendrest Mother *dares not see her* Sons ;
The neerest Friend *his dearest* Friend *doth flye ;*
Yea, scarce the Wife *dares close her* Husband's *eye.*
For, through th' Example *of our* Vicious *life,*
As Sin *breeds* Sin, *and* Husband *marr's the* Wife,

Simile.

Sister *prouds* Sister, Brother *hardens* Brother,
And one Companion *doth corrupt another :*

So, through Contagion *of this dire* Disease,
It (justly) doth thy heav'nly Justice *please,*
To cause us thus each other to infect:
Though This wee fly, and that too nigh affect.
Since, for our Sins, *which hang so fast upon-us,*
So dreadfully thy Furie *frowneth on-us;*
Sith still thou Strikest, *and still Threat'nest more,*
More grievous Wounds then we have felt before:
O gracious Father, give us grace (in fine)
To make our Profit *of these* Rods *of thine;*
*That, true-*Converted *by thy milde* Correction,
Wee may abandon every foule Affection:
That Humblenesse *may flaring* Pride *dis-plume;*
That Temperance *may* Surfeiting *consume:*
That Chastity *may chase our wanton* Lust:
That Diligence *may wear-off* Slothfull *rust:*

That Love *may live, in* Wrath *and* Envie's *place:*
That Bountie's *hand may* Avarice *deface:*
That Truth *may put* Lying *and* Fraud *to flight:*
That Faith *and* Zeal *may keep thy* Sabbaths *right:*
That Reverence *of thy dread* Name *may banish*
Blasphemous Oaths; *and all* Profaneness *vanish.*
Since for our sins (as well in Court as Cottage)
Of all Degrees, all Sexes, Youth and Dotage,
Of Clarks and Clowns; Rich, Poor; and great and small,
Thy fearfull Vengeance *hangeth over all;*
O Touch us all with Horror for our Crimes:
O Teach us all to turn to thee betimes:
O Turn us (Lord) and wee shall turned be:
Give what thou bidst, and bid what pleaseth thee:
Give us Repentance; *that thou mayst* repent
Our present Plague, *and future* punishment.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 6, '*Seem-Samuel*' = seemingly Samuel.
,, 30, '*Aspes*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*,—obscure.
,, 60, '*Musdicks*'—sic. So also p. 227, l. 60—the early form of 'mosaics.'
,, 135, '*Tercell*' = male of the goshawk.
,, 136, '*seres*' = claws.
,, 155, '*acquite*' = acquit or requite.
,, 168, '*Minions*'—see Glossarial Index for a full note on this deteriorated word.
,, 224, '*Hobby*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 227, '*Too-sad*' = too heavy—an excellent example of this meaning of 'sad.'
,, 229, '*Crooper*' = crupper.
,, 247, '*Pheer*' = companion, mate.
,, 262, '*Dandiprat*' = dwarf, insignificant fellow.
,, 263, '*palted*' = pelted.
,, 290, '*Ethnick's*' = heathen's.
,, 300, '*Coombs*' = valleys: also sharp ridges.
,, 309, '*Caraque*' = great ship. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 348, '*ferk*' = jerk?
,, 354, '*Isaacian*' = descendant of Isaac.
,, 425, '*eftsoones*' = immediately.
,, 497, '*thrill*' = pierce. See on ll. 1234, 1278.
,, 529, '*spid-him*' = sped him.
,, 533, '*Curre*' = dog.
,, 575, '*Avoydes*' = withdraws, retires.
,, 584, '*Aspicks*' = serpents.
,, 659, '*stound*' = a moment.
,, 683, '*Sprinkle*' = sprinkler—as the rose of a water-can, or as the holy-water brush.
,, 696, '*Palfraies*' = palfreys, steeds.
,, 767, '*em-pill*'—odd verb-form = give pills to.
,, 787, '*alonely*' = only—fine word.
,, 793, '*Galenite*' = disciple of Galen the ancient physician.

Line 839, '*Brasil*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 855, '*facts*' = acts, deeds.
,, 890, '*raught*' = reached.
,, 978, '*artificiall*' = with art, skilfully.
,, 991, '*Chamlet*' = a variegated stuff; but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 1031, '*trace*' = tread, follow.
,, 1039, '*religious King*' = James VI. of Scotland, I. of England. His Majesty's verse-version of the 'Psalms' belonged rather to the Earl of Stirling. See Index of Names, *s.n.*
,, 1042, '*Truckman*' = interpreter.
,, 1044, '*Dombertan's*' = Dumbarton's.
,, 1046, '*Cyclads*' = Cyclades; *ib.* '*Lummond-Lake*' = Loch Lomond.
,, 1050, '*pide*' = pied, parti-coloured: *ib.* '*Pleid*' = plaid. See a full note on this and related margin-note in Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 1053, '*mel-Melodies*' = sweet or honey-Melodies.
,, 1085, '*Tonnies*' = tunnies or tunneys.
,, 1095, '*Tarras*' = terrace.
,, 1110, '*Rance*' = a kind of marble. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 1112, '*Therms*' = springs.
,, 1155, '*Powl'd*' = polled.
,, 1174, '*Fact*' = act, deed, as before.
,, 1234, '*thrill*' = hurl.
,, 1244, '*Abramide*' = descendants of Abram.
,, 1256, '*Biles*' = boils.
,, 1272, '*bleaking*' = sickly, pallid.
,, 1278, '*Thrill'd*' = pierced. Cf. on l. 1234.
,, 1364, '*Give what thou bidst,*' etc.—a reminiscence of St. Augustine's well-known saying.

G.

The Magnificence.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE FOURTH DAY OF THE II. WEEKE, OF *BARTAS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Death-summon'd DAVID, *in his sacred Throne*
Instals (*instructs*) *his young Son* SALOMON:
His (*please-God*) *Choice of* WISDOM, *wins him* Honor,
And Health, *and* Wealth (*at once*) *to wait upon her:*
His wondrous Doom, *quick* Babe's *Claim to decide:*
Mis-Matches *taxt, in His with* PHARAONIDE:
Their pompous Nuptials: *Seav'n Heav'n*-Masquers *there.*
The glorious TEMPLE, Builded *richly-rare.*
Salem's *Renown drawes* Saba *to his Court:*
King JAMES, *to His brings* BARTAS, *in like sort.*

HAppy are you (O You delicious Wits)
That stint your Studies, as your *Fury* fits:
That in long Labours (full of pleasing pain)
Exhaust not wholly all your learned brain:
That changing Note, now light, and grave anon,
Handle the Theam that first you light upon:
That, here in *Sonnets*, there in *Epigrams*,
Evaporate your sweet Soule-boyling Flames.
But my dear Honor, and my sacred Vows,
And Heav'n's decree (made in that Higher-House)
Hold mee fast fetter'd (like a Gally-slave)
To this hard Task. No other care I have,
Nought else I dream of; neither (night nor day)
Ayme at ought else, or look I other way:
But (alwaies busie) like a Mil-stone seem
Still turned round with the same rapid stream. Simile.
Thence is't that oft (maugre *Apollo's* grace)
I humme so harsh; and in my Works inchase
Lame, crawling Lines, according to the Fire,
Which (more or lesse) the whirling *Poles* inspire:
And also mingle (Linsie-woolsie-wise)
This gold-ground Tissue with too-mean supplies.
You, all the year long, do not spend your wing;
But during onely your delightfull Spring
(Like Nightingales) from bush to bush you play,
From tune to tune, from Myrtle spray to spray;
But I, too-bold, and like the Swallow right,
Not finding where to rest mee, at one flight
A bound-lesse ground-lesse Sea of Times I passe,
With *Auster* now, anon with *Boreas.*
Your quick Career is pleasant, short, and eath;
At each Land's-end you sit you down and breathe
On some green bank; or, to refresh you, finde
Some Rosie-arbour, from the Sun and winde:
But end-lesse is my Course; for, now I glide
On Yce; then (dazled) head-long down I slyde:
Now up I climb: then through the Woods I crawl,
I stray, I stumble, somtimes down I fall.
And, as base Mortar serveth to unite Simile.
Red, white, gray Marble, Jasper, Galactite:
So, to connex my queint Discourse, somtimes
I mix loose, limping, and ill-polisht Rimes.
Yet will I not this Work of mine give o're:
The Labour 's great, my courage yet is more;
My heart 's not yet all voyd of sacred heat:
There 's nothing glorious but is hard to get.
Hils were not seen but for the Vales betwixt
The deep indentings artificiall mixt

Amid *Musdicks* (for more ornament)
Have prizes, sizes, and dyes different.
And O! God grant, the greatest spot you spy
In all my Frame, may be but as the Fly,
Which on her ruff (whiter then whitest snows)
To whiten white, the fairest Virgin sowes;
(*Or like the Velvet on her brow; or, like*
The dunker Mole on Venus' *dainty Cheeke*)
And that a few faults may but lustre bring
To my high furies where I sweetest sing.
DAVID wext old and cold; and 's vitall Lamp,
Lacking its oyle of Native moist, grew damp
(But by degrees); when with a dying voyce
(But lively vigour of Discretion's choyce)
Hee thus instructs his young Son SALOMON,
And (as Heav'n cals) instals him in his Throne.

David's instructions to his Son *Salomon.*

Whom, with-out Force, Uproar, or Rivaling,
Nature and Law, and Fortune make a King;
Even hee (my Son) must be both *Just* and *Wise*,
If long hee look to *Rule* and *Royaltie:*
But hee, whom onely Fortune's Favour rears
Unto a Kingdome, by some new-found stairs;
Hee must appeare more then a Man, and cast
By rarest Worth to make his Crown sit fast.
My SALOMON, thou knowst thou art my Yongest:
Thou knowst besides, out of what bed thou sprungest:
Thou seest what love all *Israel* bears thy Brother;
To honour Thee, what wrong I do to other:
Yea, even to Nature and our Native Law;
'Tis thy part therefore in all points to draw
To full perfection; and with rare effect,
Of Noblest Vertues hide thy Birth's defect.

A King (first of all) ought to be Religious.

Thou, *Israel's* King, serve the great King of All,
And onely on his conduct's pedestall
Found thine affaires: upon his *Sacred Lore*
Thine eyes and minde be fixed evermore:
The barking rage of bold Blasphemers hate;
Thy Soveraign's maners (Vice-Roy) imitate.
Nor think the thickness of thy Palace wals,
Thine iron-gates, and high gold-seeled Hals,
Can let his eye to spy (in every part)
The darkest Closets of thy mazie Heart.

Valorous.

If Birth or Fate (my Son) had made thee Prince
Of *Idumeans* or of *Philistins*,
If *Pharaoh's* Title had befall'n to thee,
If the *Medes'* Myter bowed at thy knee,
Wert thou a *Sophy;* yet with Vertue's luster
Thou ought'st (at least) thy Greatnesse to illuster:
But, to command the Seed of *Abraham*,
The *Holy Nation* to controule and tame,
To bear a *Josuah's* or a *Samson's* load,
To be God's Vice-Roy, needs a *Demi-God.*

Impartiall in bestowing preferments.

Before old Servants give not new the start
(King's-Art consists in Action more then Art.)

Simile.

Old Wine excelleth new: Nor (giddily)
Will a good Husband grub a goodly Tree
In his faire Orchard's midst, whose fruitfull store
Hath grac't his Table twenty years and more;
To plant a graft, yer e'r hee taste the same,
Save with the teeth of a (perhaps) false Fame.

Impatient of parasites and flatterers.

These Parasites are ev'n the Pearls and Rings
(Pearls, said I? Perils) in the ears of Kings:
For O, what Mischief but their Wiles can work?
Sith ev'n within us (to their ayd) doth lurk
A smoother Soother, ev'n our own *Self's-Love*
(A malady that nothing can remove)
Which with these strangers, secretly combin'd
In League offensive (to the firmest Minde)
Perswades the Coward, hee is *Wisely*-meek;
The Drunkard, *Stout:* the Perjure, *Politick;*
The cruell Tyrant, a *just* Prince they call;
Sober the Sott: the Lavish *Liberall:*
And, quick-nos'd Beagles, senting right his Lore
(Trans-form'd into him) ev'n his Faults adore.

To banish Atheists and all notoriously wicked persons from his presence.

Flye then those Monsters: and give no accesse
To men infamous for their wickednesse:
Endure no Atheist, brook no Sorcerer
Within thy Court, nor Thief, nor Murderer:
Lest the contagion of their banefull breath
Poyson the publick fountain, and to death
Infect Thy manners (more of force then Law)
The spring, whence Subjects good or bad wil draw.

To over-rule his own passions and affections.

Rule thine affects, thy fury, and thy fear;
Hee 's no true King, who no self's-sway doth bear:
Not what thou couldst, but what thou shouldst effect:
And, to thy lawes, first thine own self subject.
For, ay the Subject will (fear set a-side)
Through thick and thin, having his King for guide.

To be milde and gracious.

Shew thy Self gracious, affable and meek;
And be not (proud) to those gay godlings like,
But once a year from their gilt Boxes ta'en,
To impetrate the Heav'n's long wisht-for rain.

To be faithfull of his promise.

To fail his Word, a King doth ill beseem;
Who breaks his faith, no faith is held with him,
Deceipt 's deceived: Injustice meets unjust:
Disloyall Prince armes Subjects with distrust;
And neighbour States will in their Leagues commend
A Lion, rather then a Fox, for Friend.

To be readier to reward then punish.

Be prodigall of Vertue's just reward:
Of punishments be sparing (with regard)
Arm thou thy brest with rarest Fortitude;
Things eminent are ever most pursu'd:
On highest Places, most disgraces threat;
The roughest windes on widest gates do beat.

Not to be quarrellous, yet quick and courageous in a just cause.

Toyl not the World with war's ambitious spite:
But if thine Honour must maintain thy Right,
Then shew thee DAVID'S Son; and, wisely-bold,
Follow 't as hot, as thou began'st it cold:
Watch, Work, Devise, and with unweary limb,
Wade thorough Foords, and over Chanels swim.

His exercise in warre.

Let tufted Planes for pleasant shades suffice
In heat; in Cold, thy Fire be exercise:
A Targe thy Table, and a Turf thy Bed;
Let not thy Mouth be over-dainty fed:
Let labour be thy sauce, thy Cask thy Cup;
Whence for thy *Nectar* some ditch-water sup:

Let Drums, and Trumpets, and shrill Fifes, & Flutes
Serve thee for Citterns, Virginals, and Lutes:
Trot up a Hill; run a whole Field for Race;
Leap a large Dike; Tosse a long Pike, a space:
Perfume thy head with dust and sweat; appear
Captain and Souldier. Souldiers are on fire,
Having their King (before them marching forth)
Fellow in fortune, witnesse of their Worth.

In peace not to be over-studious: yet, to understand the Principles of all Prince-fit Sciences.

I should inflame thy heart with learning's love;
Save that I know what divine habits move
Thy profound Spirit: onely, let th' ornament
Of Letters wait on th' Art of *Regiment:*
And take good heed, lest as excesse of humour
In Plants, becomes their Flowring Life's consumer;
So too-much Study, and delight in Arts,
Quench the quick vigour of thy Spirituall parts,
Make thee too-pensive, over-dull thy Senses,
And draw thy Mind from Publick cares of Princes.
With a swift-winged soule, the Course survay
Of Night's dim Taper and the Torch of Day:
Sound round the Cels of the Ocean dradly-deep;
Measure the Mountains' snowie tops and steep:
Ferret all Corners of this neather Ball;
But to admire the Maker's Art in all,
His Power and Prudence: and, resemble not

Simile.

Some simple Courtier, or the silly Sot
That in the base-Court all his time hath spent,
In gazing on the goodly Battlement,
The chamfred Pillers, Plinths, and Antique Bosses,
Medals, Ascents, Statues, and strange Colosses;
Amaz'd and musing upon every piece
Of th' uniforme, fair stately Frontispice;
Too-too-self-rapt (through too-self-humouring)
Losing himselfe, while others finde the King.

The principall and peculiar office of a King.

Hold-even the ballance, with clean hands, clos'd eyes,
Revenge severely Publike Injuries:
Remit thine Own. Hear the Cries, see the Tears
Of all distressed poor Petitioners.
Sit (oft) thy self in Open Audience:
Who would not be a Judge, should be no Prince.
For, *Justice* Scepter and the Martiall Sword
Ought never sever, by the sacred Word.
Spare not the Great; neither despise the Small:

Simile.

Let not thy Lawes be like the Spider's Caul,
Where little Flies are caught and kild; but great
Passe at their Pleasure, and pull down their Net.
Away with Shepheards that their Flocks deface;
Chuse Magistrates that may adorn their Place;
Such as fear God, such as will judge uprightly:
Men by the servants judge the Master lightly.
Give to the vertuous; but thy Crown-demain
Diminish not: give still to give again;
For there too-deep to dip, is Prodigalitie;
And to dry-up the Springs of Liberalitie.

Hic labor, hoc opus.

But above all (for God's sake) Son, beware,
Be not intrapt in Women's wily snare.
I fear, alas (good Lord, supremely sage,
Avert from mine th' effect of this Præsage)
Alas! I fear that this sweet Poyson will
My house here-after with all Idols fill.
But, if that neither vertue's sacred love,
Nor fear of Shame thy wanton Minde can move
To watch in Armes against the Charms of those;
At least, be warned by thy Father's Woes.
Fare-well my Son: th' Almighty cals me hence:
I passe, by Death, to Life's most excellence;
And, to go Raign in Heav'n (from world-cares free)
The Crown of *Israel* I resign to thee.
O thou that often (for a Prince's Sin)
Transport'st the Scepter, even from Kin to Kin,
From Land to Land; let it remain with Mine:
And, of my Sons' Sons (in successive Line)
Let that All-Powerfull dear-drad Prince descend,
Whose glorious Kingdome never shall have end:
Whose yron Rod shall Satan's Rule undoe;
Whom *Jacob* trusts in: whom I thirst for too.
DAVID deceast: His Son (him tracking right)

Initium Regni Salomon.

With heart and voyce worships the God of might;
Enters his Kingdome by the Gate of Piety;
Makes Hymns and Psalms in laud of the true Deity:
Offers in *Gibeon;* where, in Spirit he sees

His vision.

(While his Sense sleeps) the God of Majesties,
The Lord of Hoasts: who crown'd with radiant flames,
Offers him choyce of these four lovely Dames:
First, *Glory*, shaking in her hand a pike

Description of Glory.

(Not Maid-like Marching, but brave Souldier-like)
Among the Stars her stately head shee bears,
A silver Trumpet shril, a-slope shee wears,
Whose Winde is praise, and whose *Stentorian* sound
Doth far and wide o'r all the world rebound.
Her wide-side Robes of Tissue passing price,
All Story-wrought with bloudy Victories,
Triumphs & Tropheis, Arches, Crowns and Rings:
And, at her feet, there sigh a thousand Kings.
Not far from her, comes *Wealth*, all rich-bedight

Of Riches.

In *Rhëa's, Thetis, Pluto's* Treasures bright:
The glittering stuff which doth about her fold
Is rough with rubies, stiffe with beaten gold.
With either hand from hollow steans shee pours
Pactolian surges and *Argolian* showrs.
Fortune and Thrift, and Wakefulnesse and Care,
And Diligence, her daily Servants are.
Then cheerfull *Health*, whose brow no wrinkle bears,

Of Health.

Whose cheek no palenesse, in whose eye no tears;
But like a childe, shee's pleasant, quick, and plump,
Shee seems to fly, to skip, to daunce, & jump:
And Life's bright Brand in her white hand doth shine:
Th' *Arabian* Bird's rare plumage (platted fine)
Serves her for Sur-coat: and her seemly train,
Mirth, Exercise and Temperance sustain.
Last, *Wisdom* coms, with sober countenance:

Wisedome.

To th' ever-Bowrs her oft a-loft t' advance,
The light Mamuques wing-lesse wings she has:
Her gesture cool, as comely-grave her pase:
Where e'r shee go, she never goes without
Compasse and Rule, Measure and Weights about:

And by her side (at a rich Belt of hers)
The Glasse of Nature and her-Self shee wears.
Having beheld their Beauties bright, the Prince
Seems rapt al-ready even to Heav'n from hence:
Sees a whole *Eden* round about him shine;
And 'mid so many Benefits divine,
Doubts which to chuse. At length hee thus begun:
O Lord (saith hee) what hath thy Servant done,
That so great blessings I should take or touch,
Or thou shouldst daign to honour me so much?
Thou dost prevent my Merit; or (dear Father)
Delights to Conquer even my malice rather.
Fair *Victorie's* a noble Gift: and nought
Is more desired, or is sweeter thought,
Then even to quench our Furie's thirst with bloud,
In just Revenge on those that wrong our Good:
But oft (alas) foul *insolence* comes after;
And, the long Custome of inhumane Slaughter,
Transforms in time the mildest Conquerors
To Tygres, Panthers, Lions, Bears, and Boars.
Happy seems He, whose count-less Heards for pasture
Dis-robe (alone) mount *Carmel's* moatly Vesture:
For whom alone a whole rich Country, torn
With timely Tools, brings forth both wine and corn:
That hath soft *Serans* yellow Spoyls, the Gems,
And precious stones of the *Arabian* streams,
The Mines of *Ophir*, th' *Extidorian* Fruits,
The *Saban* odours, and the *Tyrian* Sutes.
But yet wee see, where Plenty chiefly swayes,
There Pride increases, Industry decayes:
Rich men adore their Gold: whoso aspires
To lift to Heav'n his sight and Soule's Desires,
Hee must be poor (at least-wise like the Poor)
Riches and Fear are fellows evermore.
I would live long, and I would gladly see
My Nephews' Nephews, and their Progenie:
But the long Cares I fear, and cumbers rife,
Which commonly accompany long-Life.
Who well lives, long lives: for this Age of ours
Should not be numbred by years, daies and hours;
But by our brave Exploits: and this Mortality
Is not a moment, to that Immortality.
But in respect of Lady *Wisedom's* grace
(Even at their best) the rest are all but base.
Salomon's choyce. *Honour* is but a puffe; *Life* but a vapour;
Wealth but a Wish; *Health* but a sconce of paper:
A glistring *Scepter* but a Maple twig;
Gold, drosse; *Pearls*, dust; now-ever bright and big.
She's God's own Mirror, she's a Light, whose glance
Springs from the Lightning of his Countenance:
She's mildest Heav'n's most sacred influence;
Never decayes her beauties' excellence;
Aye like her-Self: and shee doth alwayes trace
Not onely the same path, but the same pace.
Without her, *Honour*, *Health*, and *Wealth* would prove
Three Poysons to mee. *Wisedom* (from above)
Is th' onely *Moderatrix*, spring, and guide,
Organ and Honour of all Gifts beside.
Her, her I like, her onely (Lord) I crave,
Her company for ever let mee have:
Let mee for ever from her sacred lip,
The *Ambrosiall* Nard, and Rosiall *Nectar* sip:
In every Cause, let me consult with her:
And, when I Judge, be shee my Counsellour.
Let, with her staffe, my yet-Youth govern well
In Pastures fair the Flock of *Israel:*
A compt-lesse Flock, a Flock so great (indeed)
As of a Shepheard sent from Heav'n had need.
Lord, give her mee, alas! I pine, I die;
Or if I live, I live her **Flame-bred-Flie:* **Pyrausta.*
And (new *Farfalla*) in her radiant shine,
Too-bold, I burn these tender wings of mine.
Hold, take her to thee, said the Lord: and sith
No beauty else thy soule enamoureth;
For ready hand-maids to attend upon her,
Ile give thee also *Health*, and *Wealth*, and *Honour;*
(For 'tis not meet, so High-descended Queen,
So great a Lady, should alone be seen)
The rather, that my bounty may invite
Thee, serving Her, to serve Mee day and night.
King SALOMON, awaked, plainly knew
That this divine strange *Vision* never grew
From the sweet Temper of his sound Complexion:
But that it was some Peece of more Perfection,
Some sacred Picture admirably drawn
With Heav'nly pencill, by an Angel's hand.
For (happy) Hee had (without Art) the Arts,
And Learning (without learning) in all parts:
A more then humane Knowledge beautifies
His princely actions; up to Heav'n he flies,
Hee dyves to Hel, hee sounds the Deep, hee enters
To th' inmost Cels of the World's lowest Centers.
The secret Riddles of the sacred Writ
Are plain to him; and his deep-piercing Wit,
Upon few Words of the Heav'n-prompted stile,
In a few Dayes, large Volumes can compile.
Hee (learned) sees the Sun's Eclipse, *sans* terror;
Hee knowes the Planets' never erring Error:
And whether Nature, or some Angel move
Their Sphears, at once with triple Dance above:
Whether the Sun self-shine; his Sister, not;
Whether Spring, Winter, Autumn, Summer hot,
Be the Sun's Sons: what kinde of mounting vapor
Kindles the Comet, and the long-tail'd Taper:
What boystrous lungs the roaring whirlers blown:
What burning wings the Lightning rides upon;
What Curb the Ocean in his bounds doth keep:
What pow'r night's Princesse pours upon the Deep:
Whether the Heav'n's sweet-sweating Kisse appear
To be Pearl's parent, and the Oyster's Pheer;
And whether, dusk, it makes them dim withall;
Cleer, breeds the cleer; and stormy, brings the pale:
Whether from Sea the Amber-greece be sent;
Or be some Fishes' pleasant excrement.
He knows, why th' Earth 's immoveable & round,
The lees of Nature, Center of the Mound:

His excellent Wisedome and Understanding in all things.

Hee knows her measure. And hee knows beside,
How *Coloquintida* (duely apply'd)
Within the darknesse of the Conduit-Pipes,
Amid the winding of our in-ward Tripes,
Can so discreetly the *White humour* take;
Rhewbarb, the *Yellow*; *Hellebore*, the *Black*:
And, whether That in our weak Bulks be wrought,
By drawing 't to them; or by driving 't out.
In brief, from th' Hysop to the Cedar-Tree,
Hee knows the Vertue of all Plants that be.
Hee knows the Reason why the Wolf's fell tooth
Gives a horse swiftnesse; and his footing, sloth:
Why the Sex-changing, fierce *Hyena's* eye
Puts curstest Curs to silence suddenly:
Why th' irefull Elephant becommeth tame
At the approaching of the fleecie Lamb:
Why th' eye-bold Eagle never fears the flash
Or force of Lightning, nor the Thunder-clash:
Why the wilde Fen-Goose (which keeps warme her egs
With her broad feet under her heatfull legs,
And tongue-lesse, cries) as wing-lim'd, cannot fly,
Except shee (glad) Seas briny glasse descry.
Hee knoweth also, whether that our stone
Be caked Earth, or exhalation;
Whether the Metals (that we daily see)
Be made of Sulphur and of Mercury;
Or, of some Liquor by long Cold condenst,
And by the Heat well purified and cleans'd;
Or, of a certaine sharp and cindrous humor,
Or whether hee that made the Waving Tumor;
The motly Earth; and th' Heav'nly Sphears refin'd;
All-mighty, made them such as now we finde.
Hee comprehends from whence it is proceeding,
That spotted *Jasper*-stones can staunch our bleeding:
Saphires, cure eyes, the *Topas* to resist
The rage of Lust; of drink the *Amethist*:
And also, why the clearest *Diamant*
(*Jealous*) impugns the thefts of th' *Adamant*.
Tunes, Measures, Numbers, and Proportions
Of Bodies with their Shadows, als' hee kons;
And (fill'd with *Nectar*-deaws, which Heaven drips)
The Bees have made honey within his lips.
But he imbraceth much more earnestly
The gainfull Practice then cold Theory:
Nor reaks hee so of a Sophistick pride
Of prattling knowledge (too-self-magnifi'd)
As of that goodly Art to govern well
The sacred Helms of *Church* and *Common-weal*,
And happily to entertain in either,
A harmony of Great and Small together.
Especially Hee's a good *Justicer*,
And to the Laws doth life and strength confer.
And, as the highest of *Bigaurian* Hils
Aye bears his head up-right, and never yeelds
To either side, scorns Winde and Rain and Snow,
Abides all weathers with a cheerfull brow;
Laughs at a Storm, and bravely tramples under
His steddy knees, the proud, loud-rowling Thunder:
So hee's a Judge inflexibly-upright,
No Love, nor Hatred of the guilty wight
(What e'r hee wear for Calling, small or great)
His Venging blade can either blunt or whet;
Hee spurneth Favours, and he scorneth Fears;
And under foot hee treadeth private tears:
Gold's radiant Lustre never blears his Eye;
Nor is hee led through Ignorance a-wry.
His Voyce is held an Oracle of all;
The soule of Laws hee wisely can exhale:
In doubtfull Cases he can subtilize,
And wyliest pleaders' hearts anatomize.
Scarce fifteen times had *Ceres* (since his Birth)
With her gilt Tresses glorifi'd the Earth;
When hee decides, by happy Wisdom's meanes
The famous quarrell of two crafty Queans.

The controversie betweene the two Harlots for the live Childe.

Is 't possible, O Earth (thus cries the first)
But that (alas) thou shouldst for anger burst,
And swallow quick this execrable Quean!
Is 't possible (O gracious Soveraign)
That comming new from doing such a deed
So horrible, she shamelesse dares proceed
T' approach thy sight, thy sacred Throne t' abuse,
Not begging pardon, but ev'n bent t' accuse?
Last night, with surfeit and with sleep sur-cloyd,
This care-lesse Step-dam her own Child o'r-layd:
And softly then (finding it cold and dead)
Layes it by mee, and takes mine in the stead.
Here, old, bold strumpet, take thy bastard brat,
Hence with thy Carion, and restore me that,
Restore mee mine, my lovely living Boy,
My hope, my hap, my love, my life, my joy.
O cruell chance! O sacrilegious!
Shall thy foule lips my little Angell busse?
At thy fond prattling, shall hee prett'ly smile?
And tug, and touze thy greasie locks the-while?
And all his Child-hood fill thy soule with glee?
And, grown a man, sustaine thine age and thee?
While wretched I have onely, for my share,
His Birth's hard Travell, and my burthen's Care,
His rest-lesse rocking, wiping, washing, wringing;
And to appease his wayward Cries with singing?
O most unhappy of all Women-kinde!
O Child-lesse Mother! O why is my Minde
More passion-stirred, then my hand is strong?
But rather then Ile pocket up this wrong,
To be reveng'd, Ile venture two for one,
Ile have thy life although it cost mine owne.
O filthy Bitch! Vile Witch (sayes th' other tho)
O! who would think that Wine could mad one so?
O impudent! though God thou fearst not, fear
The King's cleer judgement, who God's place doth bear.
Art not content t' have call'd (or rather cry'd)
Mee Whore, and Thief, Drunkard, and Paricide:
But thou wilt also have my Childe, my dear
(Whom with so strong a knot Love links so neer)
My Babe, my Blisse? Yea marry (Minks) and shall:
Who takes my Childe, shall take my life with-all.

Just *David's* just Son, for thy Father's sake,
For his dear love, for all that he did make
Of thee a Child, when hee (re-childing) sought
With childish sport to still thy cryes, and taught
(Or 'gan to teach) with language soft and weak,
Thy tender tongue some easie tearme to speak:
Or, when (all bloudy, breath-lesse, hot hee came)
Laden with spoyles of Kings hee overcame,
Hee ran t' imbrace thee, rockt thee in his Targe,
And when thou cry'dst, upon his shoulder large
Did set thee up, while thou his beard didst tug,
Playd'st with his nose, about his neck didst hug,
Gap'st on his glittering Helm, and smil'dst to see
Another SALOMON there smile on thee:
And underneath his dancing Plume didst play
Like Bird in bush; sporting from spray to spray;
I doe adjure thee to attend my Plea:
By the sweet name of thy dear *Bersabé*,
Who, in the night, shivering for cold, so oft,
Hath bow'd her self over thy Cradle soft;
Who both the bottles of her *Nectar* white
Hath spent upon thee, hundred times a night;
Who on thy head hath set her pearly Crown,
And in thy life liv'd more then in her Owne;
I doe adjure thee (O great King) by all
That in the World woe sacred count or call,
To doe me Right: and if, too-milde, alas,
Too mercifull thou wilt not Sentence passe
Of just revenge for my received wrong;
Yet, reave mee not what doth to mee belong,
What liberall Nature hath bestow'd on mee,
What I am seis'd-of (without thank to thee);
For pitty do not my heart blood deprive,
Make me not Childless; having Child a-live.
While both, at once, thus to the King they cry,
'Tis mine, 'tis mine: thou ly'st; and thou dost lye:
The partiall People divers Verdict spend;
Some favour th' one, others the other friend:
As when two Gamesters hazzard (in a trice)
Simile. Fields, Vine-yards, Castles, on the Chance of Dice,
The Standers-by, diversly stirr'd with-in,
Wish, some that This, & some that That may win:
Waver twixt Hope and Fear: and every one's
Mov'd, with the moving of the guilefull Bones.
Onely, the King demurrs: his prudent ears
Finde, like, both reasons, both complaints, both tears:
The infant's face could not discipher whether
Of both should be the very Mother: neither
Could calculation of their ages, cleer
The Judge's doubt, nor any proof appear.
Then, thus He weighs (but as in dreaming wise);
Th' industrious Judge, when all proofs fail him, flies
Unto Conjectures drawn (the probablest)
Out of the Book of Natur's learned brest;
Or to the Rack: Now, Mother's love (thinks hee)
Is Nature's own unchangeable Decree:
And there's no Torture that exceeds the pains
Which a kinde Mother in her Childe sustains.

Then (as awake) Come, Come, no more a-doo,
Dispatch (saith he) Cleave the quick Childe in two, — The doubt admirably decided.
Look that the Sword be sharp; in such a case,
Needs must our Pitty give our Justice place:
Justice (ye see) can judge him whole to neither:
Divide him therefore, and give half to either.
O difficult! but thus the King descries
Their hearts' deep secrets: all discover'd lies,
The vizor's off; their Tongues, sincerely prest
With true instinct, their very Thoughts exprest;
Be't (said the Stepdam) so, sith 't must be so;
Divide him justly from the top to toe.
No (said the other) rather, I renounce
My right in him, take thou him all at once,
Enjoy him all; Ile rather have him thine
A-live, and whole, then dead and mangled, mine.
Thine (quoth the King) he's thine by Birth (I see)
Thine by thy Love, and thine by my Decree.
Now, as wth Gold grows in the self-same Mine — Simile.
Much *Chrysocholle*, and also Silver fine;
So supreme *Honour*, and *Wealth* (matcht by none) — The wonderfull Prosperity of *Salomon* & his people.
Second the *Wisdom* of great SALOMON.
He far and neer commands by Land and Seas;
A hundred Crowns do homage unto His;
His neerest Bounds, *Nile's* Sea and *Sidon* seem,
And *Euphrates* bows his moyst horns to Him;
Peru, they say (supposing *Ophir* so)
By yeerly Fleets into his *Fisk* doth flow;
In *Sion* Gold's as common as the Sand;
As Pebles, Pearles; Through-out all *Jury* Land,
There seems an Ocean of all happinesse
To over-flow; and all do all possesse;
Each under his own Vine and his own Tree,
His Grapes and Figs may gather quietly.
Thus hee abounds in Bliss; not so to change ill
Man into Beast, but make of Man an Angel;
To praise th' Immortall, who to him hath given
Even here a Taste of the delights of Heav'n.
This great, wise, wealthy, and well-spoken King
His sweet renown o'r all the World doth ring;
The *Tyrian*, for Confederate desires him;
Pharaoh for Son; th' Alien no lesse admires him
Than his own Subject; and his eyes' sweet flames,
As far as *Nilus*, fire the flower of Dames.
O SALOMON, seest thou not (O mis-hap!) — Mis-Matches justly taxed.
This Marriage is no Marriage, but a Trap?
That such a mongrell Match of differing Creed,
Of mortall quarrels is th' immortall seed;
That Ox and Asse can never well be broke
To draw one Plough together in one yoke?
Who-ever weds a Miscreant, forth-with
Divorceth God: our Faith still wavereth;
It needs an Aide and not a Tempter nigh,
Not th' instrument of th' old Deceiver slie,
Not deadly poyson in our Coach to couch,
Sleep in our bosome, and our breast to touch,
And breathe into us (in a kinde of kissing)
An Ir-religion of the Serpent's hissing.

She that from *Egypt* comes (O King) is none
Flesh of thy Flesh, nor yet Bone of thy Bone:
But a strange Bone, a barbarous Rib, a Peece
Impoysoned all with *Memphian* Leprosies.
But, thou wilt say, thy Love hath stript yer-while
Her spotted suit of Idol-serving *Nile:*
And clad her all, in Innocence, in white;
Becomn by Faith a true born *Abramite.*
It might be so: and to that side I take,
The rather, for that *sacred Beauties'* sake,
Where-of shee is a figure. Yet, I fear
Her Train will stain thy Kingdome every-where,
Corrupt thy Court: and God will be offended
To have his People with strange People blended;
The mighty Lord, who hath precisely said,
You shall not theirs, nor they your daughters wed.

A pleasant description of Love's fruitfull Grove.

Under the gentle *Equinoctiall Line,*
Fair amorous Nature waters freshly-fine
A little *Grove* clad in eternall green,
Where all the year long lusty *May* is seen,
Suiting the Lawns in all her pomp and pride
Of lively Colours, lovely varifi'd:
There smiles the ground, the starry-flowers each one,
There mount the more, the more th' are trod upon:
There all grows toyl-less; or if tild it were,
Sweet *Zephyrus* is th' onely Husband there.
There *Auster* never roars, nor Hail dis-leaves
Th' immortall Grove, nor any branch bereaves.
There the straight Palm-Tree stoopeth in the Calm
To kiss his Spouse, his loyall Female Palm:
There with soft whispers whistling all the yeer
The broad-leav'd Plane-tree Courts the Plaine his Pheer;
The Poplar wooes the Poplar, & the Vine
About the Elme her slender armes doth twine;
Th' Ivie about the Oak: there all doth prove,
That there all springs, all grows, all lives in *Love*
Opinion's Porter, and the Gate shee bars
'Gainst *Covetise*, cold *Age*, and sullen *Cares*,
Except they leave-off and lay down before
Their troublous load of *Reason* at the doore;
But opens wide, to let-in Bashfull-Boldness,
Dumb-speaking Signs, Chill-Heat, & Kindled-coldness,
Smooth-soothing vows, deep sorrows soon appeas'd,
Tears sudden dry'd, fell Angers quickly pleas'd,
Smiles, Wylie-Gulles, queint witty-pretty Toyes,
Soft *Idlenesse*, and ground-less bound-less Joyes,
Sweet *Pleasure* plunged over head and ears
In sugred *Nectar*, immateriall Fears,
Hoarse Wakes, late Walks, Pain-pleasing kindly cruell,
Aspiring *Hope* (*Desire's* immortall fuell)
Licentious Loosness, Prodigall Expence,
Inchaunting Songs, deep Sighs, and sweet Laments.
These frolick *Lovelings* fraighted Nests do make
The balmy Trees' o'r-laden Boughs to crack;
Beauty layes, *Fancie* sits, th' inflamed heat
Of *Love* doth hatch their Couvies nicely-neat:
Some are but kindled yet, some quick appeare,
Some on their backs carrie their Cradles dear,
Some douny-clad, some (fledger) take a twig
To pearch-upon, some hop from sprig to sprig:
One, in the fresh shade of an Apple-Tree
Lets hang its Quiver, while soft-pantingly
'T exhales hot Vapour: one, against a Sparrow
Tries his stiff Bow and Gyant-stooping Arrow:
Another slie sets lime-twigs for the Wren,
Finch, Linot, Tit-mouse, Wag-tail (Cock & Hen):
See, see how some their idle wings forsake,
And (turn'd of Flyers, Riders) one doth take
A Thrush, another on a Parret rides,
This mounts a Peacock, that a Swan bestrides,
That manageth a Pheasant: this doth make
The Ring-Dove turn; that brings the Culver back:
See how a number of this wanton Frie
Do fondly chase the gawdie Butter-flie:
Som with their flowrie Hat, som with their hands
Som w^th^ sweet Rose-boughs, som w^th^ Myrtle wands:
But, th' horned Bird, with nimble turns, beguiles
And scapes the snares of all these Loves a-whiles.
Leave wags (Cries *Venus*) leave this wanton Play:
For so, in stead of Butter-Flyes, you may,
You may (my Chicks) a Childe of *Venus* strike:
For, some of mine have Horns and all alike.
This said, eftsoones two twins whose gold-head darts
Are never steeped but in Royall hearts;
Come, Brother dear (said either) come let 's to 't,
Let 's each a shaft at yon two bosoms shoot.
Their winged words th' effect ensues as wight,
Two or three steps they make to take their flight,
And quick-thick shaking on their sinnewie side
Their long strong sarcels, richly triple-di'd
Gold-Azure-Crimsin; th' one aloft doth soar
To *Palestine*, th' other to *Nilus'* shore.

PHARONIDA.

Pharo's fair daughter (wonder of her Time)
Then in the blooming of her beautie's Prime,
Was queintly dressing of her Tress-full head
Which round about her to the ground did spread:
And, in a rich gold-seeled Cabinet,
Three Noble Maids attend her in the seat.
One with a piece of double-dented Box
Combs out at length her goodly golden locks:
Another 'noynts them with Perfumes of price:
Th' other with bodkin, or with fingers nice,
Frizzles and Furls in Curls and Rings a-part;
The rest, loose dangling without seeming Art,
Wave too and fro, with cunning negligence
Gracing the more her Beauties' excellence:
When, arm'd with Arrows, burning brightly keen,
Swift Swallow-like, one of these Twins comes in;
And, with his left wing hiding still his Bow,
Into her bosom shot, I wot not how.
My side! my heart (the Royall Maid cries out)
O! I am slain: But, searching all about,
When shee perceiv'd no bloud, nor bruise; alas
It is no wound; but, sleeping on the grasse,
Some snake (saith shee) hath crept into mee quick,
It gnawes my heart: ah, help mee, I am sick:

Love's first Feaver.

Have mee to bed: eigh mee, a friesing-frying,
A burning cold torments mee living-dying.
O cruell Boy, alas, how mickle Gall
Thy baenfull shaft mingles thy Mell withall!
The Royall Maid, which with her Mates was wont
Smile, skip and dance on Field's inammeld front,
Love's solenesse, sadnesse, and Self-privacie;
Sighes, sobs & throbs, & yet shee knows not why:
The sumptuous pride of massie *Piramides*
Presents her eyes with Towrs of *Jebusides;*
In *Nile's* cleer Crystall shee doth *Jordan* see;
In *Memphis, Salem;* and un-warily
Her hand (unbidden) in her Samplar sets
The King of *Juda's* Name and Counterfeits.
Who, medi'ting the Sacred TEMPL'S plot,
By th' other Twin at the same time is shot:
The shaft sticks fast, the wound 's within his veins:
Sleep cannot bring a-sleep his pleasing pains;
PHARONIDA 'S his heart, PHARONIDA
Is all his Theam to talk-of, night and day;
With-in his soule a civill War hee feeds:
Th' all-seeing Sun now early backs his Steeds,
Now mounts his Mid-day, and then setteth soon:
But still his Love stands at the hot high Noon.
He rides not his brave Coursers (as hee wont)
Nor reads, nor writes, nor in his Throne doth moūt
To hear the Widow's Cause; neglects his Court,
Neglects his Rule; Love rules him in such sort.
You prudent Legats, Agents for this Marriage,
Of Rings and Tablets you may spare the Carriage:
For, witty Love hath with his lovely shaft
In either's heart grav'n other's lively Draught;
Each lives in other, and they have (O strange!)
Made of their burning hearts a happy Change.
Better abroad, then home, their hearts' delight;
Yet long their bodies to their hoasts t' unite.
Which soon ensues: the Virgin 's shortly had
From Mother's armes imbracing gladly-sad;
And th' aged Father, weeping as he spake,
Bids thus adieu when shee her leave doth take;
Sweet Daughter dear, *Osiris* be thy guide,
And loving *Isis* blesse thee and thy Bride
With golden fruit; and dayly without cease
Your mutuall Loves may as your years increase.
Wives, Maids & Children, yoūg & old each-wher,
With looks & vows from Turrets follow her;
Calm *Nilus* calmer then it wont is grow'n,
Her Ships have merry windes, the Seas have none;
Her footing makes the ground all fragrant-fresh;
Her sight re-flowres th' *Arabian* Wilderness;
Jury rejoyces, and in all the way
Nothing but Trumpets, Fifes and Timbrels play;
The flowr-crown'd People, swarming on the Green,
Crie still, *God save, God save, God save the Queen;*
May shee be like a scion, pale and sick
Through th' over-shading of a Sire too thick;
Which being transplanted, free, sweet aire doth sup,
To th' sweating Clouds her grovie top sends up,
And prospers so in the strange soyl, that (till'd)
Her golden Apples all the Orchard gild.
No streets are seen in rich JERUSALEM:
For, under-foot fine scarlet paveth them,
Silks hang the sides, and over-head they hold
Archt Canapies of glistring Cloth of gold.
They throng, they thrust, an ebbing-flowing Tide,
A Sea of Folk follows th' adored Bride:
The joyfull Ladies from their windows shed
Sweet showrs of flowrs upon her radiant head;
Yet jealous, lest (dy'd in their native grain)
Her Rosie Cheeks should Natur's Roses stain.
But loe, at last, th' honour of Majestie,
Glory of Kings, King SALOMON draws nigh:
Loe, now both Lovers enter-glancing sweet
(Like Sun and Moon, when at full view they meet
In the mid-month) with amorous raye's reflection
Send mutuall Welcoms from their deep affection:
Both a-like young, like beautifull, like brave,
Both grac't a-like; so like, that whoso have
Not neer observ'd their heads' unlikenesses,
Think them two *Adons*, or two *Venusses*.
These novice Lovers at their first arrive
Are bashfull both; their passions strangely strive:
The soule's sweet Fire his ruby flames doth flush
Into their Faces in a modest blush:
Their tongues are ti'd, their star-bright eye seems vail'd
With shame-fac't Cipres; all their senses fail'd.
But, pompous *Hymen*, whither am I brought?
Am not I (heathen) under th' happy Vault
Where all the Gods, with glorious mirth enhanc't,
At *Thetis'* Nuptials ate, and drank, and danc't?
Here, th' *Idumeans'* mighty *Jove* treads under
His tripping feet, his bright-light burning Thunder. *Salomon's nuptials.*
A-while he layes his Majesty aside,
To court, and sport, and revell with his Bride;
King, playes the Courtier; Soveraign, Suter 'coms;
And seems but equall with his Chamber-Grooms:
But yet, what e'r hee doe, or can devise,
Disguised glory shineth in his eyes.
Here, many a *Phœbus*, and here many a *Muse*
On Heav'nly Layes so rarely-sweet doe use
Their golden bowes, that with the rapting sound
Th' Arches & Columns wel-nigh dance the Round.
Here many a *Juno*, many a *Pallas* here,
Here many a *Venus* and *Diana* cleer
Catch many a gallant Lord, according as
Wealth, Beauty, Honour, their affection drawes.
Here, many a *Hebē* fair, here more then one
Quick-serving *Chiron* neatly waits upon
The Beds and Boords, and pliant bears about
The bowles of *Nectar* quickly turned out;
And th' over-burdned Tables bend with weight
Of their *Ambrosiall* over-filled fraight.
Here, many a *Mars* un-bloudy Combats fights;
Here, many a *Hermes* findes out new delights;

Here, many a horned *Satyr*, many a *Pan*,
Here, *Wood-Nymphs*, *Flood-Nymphs*, many a *Faëry Fawn*
With lusty frisks and lively bounds bring-in
Th' Antike, *Morisho*, and the *Mattachins:*
For, even God's Servants (God knows how) have supt
The surgred baen of *Pagan* Rites corrupt.
But, with so many lively Types, at will,
His rich rare Arras shall some other fill.:
Of all the sports, Ile onely chuse one *Measure*,
One stately *Mask* compos'd of sage-sweet pleasure;
A *Dance* so chaste, so sacred, and so grave
(And yet so gracefull, and so lofty-brave)
As may beseem (except I mee abuse)
Great SALOMON, and my celestiall *Muse*.
The Tables voided of their various Cates,
They rise at once: and, suiting their Estates,
Each takes a Dame, and then to Dance they come
Into a stately, rich, round-arched Room,
So large and lightsom, that it right they call
The Universall, or *the World's great Hall*.
O what delight, to see so rich a show
Of Lords and Ladies dancing in a row
All in a Round, reaching so far and wide
O'r all the Hall to foot-it side by side!
Their eyes' sweet splendor seems a *Pharos* bright,
With clinquant Rayes their Body's clothed light:
'Tis not a Dance, but rather a smooth sliding,
All move alike, after the Musick's guiding:
Their Tune-skill'd feet in so true Time doe fall,
That one would swear one Spirit doth bear them all:
They poste un-moving; and, though swift the passe,
'Tis not perceiv'd: of hundred thousand pase,
One single back they: Round on Round they dance,
And, as they traverse, cast a fruitfull glance.

The MASK of Planets.

Just in the middle of the Hall; *a-sloap*
(Even from the floor unto the very top)
A broad rich *Baldrick* there extendeth round,
In-laid with gold upon an asure ground;
Where (cover'd all with Flames) in wondrous art
Five *Lords*, two *Ladies* dance; but each a-part.

Saturn.

Here trips an Old-man in a Mantle dy'd
Deep Leaden-hue, and round about him ty'd
With a Snake-girdle biting off her tail.
Within his Robes' stuff (in a winding trail)
Creeps Mandrake, Comin, Rue and Hellebore;
With lively figures of the Bear and Boar,
Camell, and Asse (about to bray well-nigh):
There the *Strimonian* Fowl seems ev'n to cry;
The Peacock, even to prank. For Tablet fine
About his neck hangs a great Cornaline,
Where some rare Artist (curiousing upon 't)
Hath deeply cut Time's triple-formed Front:
His pase is heavie, and his face severe;
His Body here, but yet his Minde else-where.

Jupiter.

There the Lord *Zedec* him more spritely bears,
Milde, fair and pleasant: on his back he wears
Tin-colour'd Tissue, figur'd all with Oaks,
Ears, Violets, Lillies, Olives, Apricocks;
Bordred with Pheasants, Eagles winged-black,
And Elephants with Turrets on their back;
Pointed with Diamonds, powdred and imbost
With Emeralds, perfum'd with wondrous Cost.

Mars.

The third leads quicker on the selfesame Arch
His *Pyrrhik* Gallard, like a star-like March:
His face is fiery; Many an Amethist,
And many a Jasper of the perfectest
Doth brightly glister in the double gilt
Of the rich Pommell, and the precious Hilt
Of his huge Fauchin, bow'd from hand to heel.;
His boystrous body shines in burnisht Steel:
His Shield flames bright with gold, imbossed high
With Wolves and Horse seem-running swiftly by,
And frieng'd about with sprigs of Scamamony,
And of *Euphorbium*, forged cunningly.

Venus.

But, O fair Faëry, who art thou, whose eyes
Inflame the Seas, the Ayre, the Earth, and Skies?
Tell us, what art thou, O thou fairest Fair,
That trimm'st the Trammels of thy golden hair
With Myrtle, Thyme and Roses; and thy Brest
Gird'st with a rich and odoriferous **Cest*,
Where all the wanton brood of sweetest Loves
Doe nestle close; on whom the Turtle-Doves,
Pigeons, and Sparrows day and night attend,
Cooing and wooing wheresoe'r thou wend:
Whose Robe 's imbroidered w^th^ Pomgranat boughs,
Button'd with Saphires, edg'd with Beryll rowes:
Whose capering foot, about the starry floor,
The Dance-guide Prince now follows, now 's before?
Art thou not Shee, that with a chaste-sweet flame
Did'st both our Brides' hearts into one heart frame?

*A Spous- bel.

Mercury.

And, was not Hee, that with so curious steps,
Next after thee, so nimbly turns and leaps;
Say, was not Hee the witty Messenger,
Their eloquent and quick Interpreter?
How strange a suit! His medly Mantle seems
Scarlet, Wave-laced with Quick-silver streams;
And th' end of every Lace, for tuft, hath on
A precious Porphyre, or an Agate stone:
A crie of Hounds have here a Deer in Chase;
There a false Fox, here a swift Kid they trace:
There Larks and Linots, and sweet Nightingals
(Fain'd upon fained Trees) with wings and tails
Loose hanging, seem to swell their little throats,
And with their warbling, shame the Cornet's notes.
Light Fumitory, Parsly, Burnet's blade,
And winding leafe his crispy Locks beshade:
Hee 's light and lively, all in Turns and Tricks;
In his great Round, hee many small doth mix:
His giddy course seems wandring in disorder;
And yet there 's found, in this disorder, order.

Avoyd base Vulgar, back Profane, stand-by;
These sacred Revels are not for your eye:
Come gentle Gentles, Noble Spirits, draw neer,
Preasse through the Preasse, come take your places here,
To see at full the Bride-groom and the Bride,
A lovely Pair, exactly beautifi'd

With rare perfections, passing all the rest,
Sole-happy Causes of this sumptuous Feast.
Loe where they come: O what a splendor bright
Mine eyes do dazle! O thou primer Light!
Sun of the Sun, thy Rayes' keen point rebate,
Thy dread-spread Fire a little temperate;
O, dart (direct) on thy fair Spouse a-space
Thine eyes' pure light, the lustre of thy Face;
For, I no longer can endure it, I
Am burnt to ashes: O, I faint, I dye.
But, blessed Couple, sith (alas) I may-not
Behold you both unmasked (nay, I can-not)
Yet in these Verses let mee tell (I pray)
Your Dance, your Courting, and your rich array.
Luna. The Queen 's adorn'd down to her very heels
In her fair hair (whence still sweet deaw distils)
Halfe hanging down; the rest in rings and curls,
Platted with strings of great, round, orient Pearls:
Her gown is Damask of a Silver-ground,
With Silver Seas all deeply-frienged round;
With Gourds & Moon-wort branched richly-fair,
Flourisht with beasts that onely eat the Ayre.
But why, my *Muse*, with pencill so precise,
Seek'st thou to paint all her rich Rarities?
Of all the Beauties, Graces, Honours, Riches,
Wherewith rich Heav'n these Maskers all inriches,
Shee 's even the Mother; and then, as a Glasse,
On the Beholders their effects shee casts.
Sol. A Garland, braided with the Flowry foulds
Of yellow Citrons, Turn-Sols, Mary-Golds,
Beset with Bal'nites, Rubites, Chrysolites,
The royall Bride-groom's radiant brows be-dights:
His saffron'd Ruffe is edged richly-neat
With burning Carbuncles, and every set
Wrought rarely-fine with branches (draw'n upon)
Of Laurell, Cedar, Balm, and Cinnamon:
On his Gold-grounded Robe the Swan so white
Seems to his honour some new Song t' indite.
The Phenix there builds both her nest and tomb;
The Crocodile out of the waves doth come;
Th' amazed Reaper down his sickle flings;
And sudden Fear grafts to his Ancles wings.
There the fierce Lion, from his furious eye,
His mouth and nostrils, fiery Flames lets-flie;
Seems with his whisking train his rage to whet;
And, wrath-full ramping, ready even to set
Upon a Heard of fragrant Leopards;
When loe, the Cock (that light his rage regards)
A purple Plume timbers his stately Crest;
On his high Gorget and broad hardy Brest
A rich Coat-Armour (*Or* and *Azure*) shines,
A friendge of raveld gold about his Loins,
In lieu of Bases. Beard as red as bloud,
A short Beak bending like the Eagle's brood;
Green-yellow Eyes, where Terrour's Tent is pight,
A Martiall gait, and spurred as a Knight;
Into two arches his proud Train divides,
With painted wings hee claps his cheerfull sides,
Sounds his shrill Trumpet, and seems with his sight
The Lion's courage to have daunted quite.
These happy Lovers, with a practis'd pase,
Forward and backward and a-side doe trace;
They seem to dance the *Spanish Pavane* right:
And yet their Dance, so quick and lively-light,
Doth never pass the Baldrick's bounds (at all)
Which grav'n with Star-beasts over-thwarts the Hall.
When the brave Bride-groom tow'rds Mount *Silo* traces,
A thousand Flowrs spring in his spritefull pases:
When towards Mount *Olivet* he slides, there grows
Under his feet a thousand Frosty Snowes:
For, the Floor, beaten with his Measures ever,
Seems like the Footing of the nimble Weaver.
This lovely Couple now kisse, now recoil:
Now with a lowring eye, now with a smile:
Now Face to Face they Dance, now side by side,
With Course un-equall; and the tender Bride,
Receives strange Changes in her Countenance,
After her Lover's divers-seeming glance.
If unawares some, Envious, come between
Her and her Love, then is shee sad be-seen,
Shee shuts her eye, shee seems ev'n to depart;
Such force hath true Love in a noble heart.
But all that 's nothing to their Musick choyce;
Tuning the warbles of their Angell-Voyce
To Foot and Violl, and Care-charming Lute,
In amorous Ditty thus doe they dispute;

O "Bright-ey'd Virgin! O how fair thou art! The Epithalamy.
"O how I love thee, My Snow-winged Dove!
"O how I love thee! Thou hast rapt my heart.
"For thee I Die: For thee I Live, my Love.

"How fair art thou, my Dear! How dear to mee!
"Dear Soule (awake) I faint, I sink, I swoun
"At thy dear Sight: and when I sleep, for Thee
"Within my brest stil wakes my sharp-sweet woũd.

"My Love, what Odours thy sweet Tress it yeelds!
"What Amber-greece, what Incense breath'st thou out
"From purple fillets! and what Myrrh distils
"Still from thy Fingers, ring'd with gold about!

"Sweet-heart, how sweet is th' odour of thy praise!
"O what sweet airs doth thy sweet air deliver
"Unto my Burning Soule! What hony Layes
"Flow from thy throat! thy throat a golden River.

"Among the Flowrs, my Flowr's a Rose, a Lily:
"A Rose, a Lilly; this a Bud, that blow'n:
"This fragrant Flowr first of all gather will-I,
"Smell to it, kisse it, wear it as mine owne.

"Among the Trees, my Love 's an Apple-Tree,
"Thy fruitfull Stem bears Flowr & Fruit together:
"I 'll smell thy Flowr, thy Fruit shall nourish mee,
"And in thy shadow will I rest for ever."

While *Hesperus* in Asure Waggon brought
Millions of Tapers over all the Vault,

These gorgeous Revels to sweet Rest give place,
And the Earth's *Venus* doth Heav'ns *Venus* trace.
These Spousals past the King doth nothing minde
But *The Lord's House;* there is his care confin'd:
His Checker 's open, hee no cost respects;
The building of the TEMPLE. But sets a-worke the wittiest Architects.
Millions of hands be busie labouring,
Through all the Woods, wedges, and beetles ring:
The tufted tops of sacred *Libanon*,
To climb Mount *Sion*, down the stream are gone:
Forrests are saw'd in Transoms, Beams and Somers,
Great Rocks made little, what wth Saws & Hämers:
The sturdy Quar-man with steel-headed Cones
And massie Sledges slenteth out the stones,
Digs through the bowels of th' Earth baked stiff,
Cuts a wide Window through a horned Cliff
Of ruddy Porphyre, or white Alabaster,
And masters Marble, which no time can master.
One melts the White-stone with the force of Fire;
Another, leveld by the *Lesbian* Squire,
Deep under ground (for the Foundation) joyns
Well-polisht Marble, in long massie Coins;
Such, both for stuff, and for rare artifice,
As might beseem some royall Frontispice.
This heaws a Chapter; that a Frize doth frame:
This carves a Cornich; that prepares a Jambe:
This forms a Plynth; that fits an Architrave:
This planes a Plank; and that the same doth grave:
Gives life to Cedars dead, and cunningly
Makes Wood to move, to sigh and speak well-nigh:
And others, rearing high the sacred Wall,
By their bold Labours Heav'n it selfe appall:
Cheerly they work, and plie it in such sort
Simile. As if they thought long Summer-dayes too-short.
As in Grape-Harvest, with unweary pains,
A willing Troup of merry-singing Swains
With crooked hooks the strouting Clusters cut,
In Frails and Flaskets them as quickly put,
Run bow'd with burdens to the fragrant Fat,
Tumble them in, and after pit-a-pat
Up to the Waste; and, dancing in the Must,
To th' under-Tub a flowry showr doe thrust;
They work a-vie, to th' ele their Work doth grow,
Who saw 't i' th' Morning, scarce at Night can know
It for the same: and God himselfe doth seem
T' have ta'en to task this Work, and work for them
While in the Night sweet Sleep restores with rest
The weary limbs of Work-men over-prest.
Great King, whence came this Courage, *Titan*-like,
So many Hils to heap upon a rick?
What mighty Rowlers, and what massie Cars
Could bring so far so many monstrous Quars?
And what huge strength of hanging vaults embow'd
Bears such a weight above the winged Cloud?
If on the Out-side I doe cast mine eye,
The Stones are joyn'd so artificially,
That if the Mason had not checkerd fine
*Syrian. *Syre's* Alabaster with hard Serpentine,
And hundred Marbles no lesse fair then firm:
The whole, a whole Quar one might rightly tearm.
If I look In, then scorn I all with-out;
Surpassing Riches shineth all about:
Floor, Sides and Seeling cover'd triple-fold,
Stone lin'd with Cedar, Cedar limn'd with Gold:
And all the Parget carv'd and branched trim
With Flowrs and Fruits, and winged Cherubim.
I over-passe the sacred Implements,
In worth far passing all these Ornaments;
The Art answers to the stuff, the stuff to th' use.
O perfect Artist! thou for Mould did'st chuse
The World's *Idëa:* For, as first the same
Was sever'd in a Three-fould divers Frame,
And God Almighty rightly did Ordain
One all Divine, one Heav'nly, one Terrene;
Decking with Vertues one, with Stars another,
With Flowrs, & Fruits, & Beasts, & Birds, the other:
And plaid the Painter, when he did so gild
The turning globes, blew'd seas, & green'd the field,
Gave precious Stones so many-coloured luster,
Enameld Flowrs, made Metals beam and glister;
The Carver, when he cut in leaves and stems
Of plants, such veins, such figures, files and hems:
The Founder, when hee cast so many Forms
Of winged Fowls, of Fish, of Beasts, of Worms.
Thou dost divide this *Sacred House* in Three;
Th' HOLY OF HOLIES, wherein none may bee
But God, the Cherubins, and (once a year)
The *Sacred Figure* of Perfection dear,
Of God's eternall Son (Sin's sin-lesse check)
The everlasting true MELCHISEDEC:
The fair *mid*-TEMPLE, which is ope alone
To Sun-bright *Levits*, who on *Israel* shone
With Rayes of Doctrine; and who, feeding well
On the *Lawe's* Hony, seem in Heav'n to dwell;
And th' utter PORCH, the People's residence,
The Vulgar's Ile, the World of Elements;
And various Artist honour'st all the Parts
With *Myron's*, *Phidias'*, and *Appelles'* Arts.
This Pattern pleas'd thee so, th' hast fram'd by it
Th' eternall Watch-births of thy sacred Wit:
Thy pithy Book of *Proverbs*, richly-grave,
Unto the PORCH may right relation have;
For that it gives us Oeconomick Lawes,
Rules Politick, and private civill Sawes;
And (for the most) those Lessons generall
At Humane matters ayme the most of all.
Ecclesiastes the *Mid*-TEMPLE seems:
It treadeth down what ever Flesh esteems
Fair, pleasant, precious, glorious, good or great;
Drawes us from earth, and us in Heav'n doth seat:
And, all the World proclaiming *Vain of Vains*,
Man's happinesse in God's true Fear maintains.
SANCTUM-SANCTORUM in thy *Song of Songs*,
Where, in *Mysterious* Verse (as meet belongs)
Thou marriest *Jacob* to Heav'n's glorious King,
Where thou (devoted) dost divinely sing

CHRIST's and his CHURCHE's *Epithalamy:*
Where (sweetly-rapt in sacred Extasie)
The faithfull Soule talks with her God immense,
Hears his sweet Voyce, her selfe doth quintessence
In the pure flames of his sweet-piercing eyes
(The Cabinets where Grace and glory lies),
Enjoyes her Joy, in her chaste bed doth kisse
His holy lips (the Love of loves) her Blisse.

Dedication of the Temple.

When hee had finisht and had furnisht full
The *House of God*, so rich, so beautifull;
O God, said *Salomon*, great *Onely-Trine!*
Which of this *Mystick* sacred House of Thine
Hast made mee Builder; build mee in the same
A living Stone. For thy dear DAVID's name,
On DAVID's branches DAVID's blisse revive;
That on his Throne his Issue still may thrive.
O All-comprising, None-comprised Prince,
Which art in Heav'n by thy Magnificence,
In Hell by Justice, each-where by thy Powr's,
Dwell here, dear Father, by thy Grace (to Ours).
If, in a doubtfull Case, one needs must swear,
Loose thou the Knot, and punish thou severe
Th' audacious Perjure; that hence-forth none chance
Tax thee of Malice, or of Ignorance.
If our dis-flowred Trees, our Fields Hail-torn,
Our empty Ears, our light and blasted Corn,
Presage us Famine; If, with ten-fold chain,
Thy hand hath lockt the Water-gates of Rain;
And, tow'rds this House wee, humbled, cast our eie,
Hear us, O Lord, hear our complaint and crie.
If, Captives, wee in a strange Land bewail,
If in the Wars our Force and Fortune fail;
And, tow'rds this House we, humbled, cast our eye,
Hear us, O Lord, hear our complaint and crie.
If Strangers, mov'd with rumour of thy Miracles,
Come here to Offer, to consult thine Oracles,
And in this House do kneel religiously;
Hear them, O Lord, hear their complaint and crie:
Hear them from Heav'n; and, by thy Favours prest,
Draw to thy TEMPLE, North, South, East, and West.

The passe-Man *Wisedome* of th' *Isaacian* Prince,
A light so bright, set in such eminence
(Un-hideable by envious Arrogance,
Under the Bushell of black Ignorance)
Shines every where, illusters every place:
Among the rest it Lightens in the Face
Of the fair Princesse, that with prudent hand
The soft *Arabian* Scepter doth command;

The Queen of *Saba*.

The Queen of *Saba*, where continuall Spring
Red Cinnamon, Incense and Myrrhe doth bring;
Where private men do Prince-like Treasures hold,
Where Pots be Silver, Bedsteads beaten Gold;
Where Wals are rough-cast w^th^ the richest Stones,
Cast in Devices, Emblems, Scutchions.
Yet leaving all this Greatnesse of her owne,
Shee comes to view the State of SALOMON,
To hear his Wisedome, and to see his Citie,
Refuge of Vertues, School of Faith and Pitie.

A just reproofe of all obstinate *Recusants*.

You that do shut your eyes against the rayes
Of glorious Light, which shineth in our dayes;
Whose spirits, self-obstin'd in old musty Error,
Repulse the *Truth* (*th' Almightie's sacred Mirror*)
Which day & night at your deaf Doors doth knock;
Whose stubbornnesse will not at all un-lock
The sacred *Bible*, nor so much as look
(To talk with God) into his holy Book:
O, fear you not, that this great Princesse shall
Of thank-less Sloth one day condemne you all?
Who (both a Woman, Queen, and Pagan born)
Ease, Pleasures, Treasures, doth despise and scorn;
To passe with great pains, and with great expence,
Long weary Journeys full of diffidence,
And nobly travels to another Land
To hear the words but of a (mortall) Man?
Her Time 's not lost: there (rapt) shee doth contemple
The sumptuous beauties of a stately TEMPLE,
The lofty Towrs of hundred Towns in one,
A pompous Palace, and a Peer-lesse Throne,
Wals rich without; furnisht in richer sort:
Number of Servants doth adorne the Court,
But more their Order. There, no noise is heard,
Each his owne Office onely doth regard:
And (in one instant) as the quaverings
Of a quick Thumb move all the divers strings
Of a sweet Guittern; and, its skill to grace,
Causeth a Treble sound, a Mean, a Base:
So SALOMON, discreetly with a beck,
A wink, a word, doth all the Troups direct:
Each of his Servants hath his proper Lesson,
And (after his Degree) each hath his fashion.
This Queen, yer parting from her fragrant Iles,
Arm'd her with Riddles and with witty Wiles,
T' appose the King; and she resolves shee will
With curious Questions sift and sound his Skill.
But loe what *Oedipus!* The Law-learn'd Sage,
Which at the Bar hath almost spent his age,
Cannot so soon a common Doubt decide,
Where Statutes, Customs, and Book-Cases guide,
As hee dissolves her *Gordian*-knots, and sees
Through all her nights, and ev'n at pleasure frees
Such doubts, as doubt-less might have taskt, t' untwist,
The *Brachman*, *Druide*, and *Gymnosophist:*
And knowing, Good becoms more Good, the more
It is en-common'd, hee applies therefore
T' instruct her in the Faith; and (envious-idle)
His brains' rich Talent buries not in Idle.
Alas, I pity you: alas (quoth Hee)
Poor Soules besotted in Idolatry,
Who worship Gold and Silver, Stocks and Stones,
Men's Workmanship, and Fiends' Illusions;
And, who (by your sage *Magies'* Lore mis-led)
So-many Godlings have imagined;
Madame, there is but one sole God, most-High,
The Eternall King; nay, self-Eternitie,
Infinite, All in all, yet out of all,
Of Ends the End, of Firsts Originall,

Of Lights the Light, Essence surpassing Essence,
Of Pow'rs pure Act, of Acts the very Puissance;
Cause of all Causes, Ocean of all Good,
The Life of Life, and of all Beauty Floud;
None-seen All-Seer, Starr's-guide, Sight of Seeing,
The Uni-form, which gives all forms their Beeing.
God, and One, is all One: whoso the Unitie
Denies, hee (Atheist) disannuls Divinity:
Th' Unity dwels in God, i' th' Fiend the Twine;
The greater World hath but one Sun to shine,
The lesser but one Soule, both but one God,
In Essence One, in Person *Trinely*-odde.
Of this great Frame, the parts so due-devis'd,
This Bodie, tun'd so, measur'd, sympathiz'd,
This TEMPLE, where such Wealth and Order meet,
This Art in every part cannot proceed
But from one Pattern; and that but from one
Author of all, who all preserves alone.
Else should wee see in set Batalions
A hundred thousand furious Partisans;
The World would nurse civill intestine Wars,
And wrack it selfe in it self's factious Jars.
Besides, God is an infinite Divinity:
And who can think of more then one Infinity?
Seeing the one restrains the other's might,
Or rather reaves its name and beeing quite.
Therefore (O Pagans) why do you confine
The infinite in narrow Walls of Lime?
Why shut you him in a base Trunk or Tree;
Why paint you Whom no mortall eye can see?
Why offer you your carnall services
Unto the Lord, who a meer Spirit is?
  Why then doe you (said shee) by our example,
Inclose th' Immortall in this earthly TEMPLE?
Lock him within an *Arke*? and, worse then wee,
Feed him with Fumes, and bloudy Butchery?
  This *Sacred House* so fair (reply'd hee then)
Is not to contain God, but godly men
Which worship him: and we doe not suppose
That Hee, whose Arms do Heav'n & Earth inclose,
Is closed in a *Chest*; but th' ancient Pact,
The solemne Cov'nant, and the sure Contract,
Which leagues us with our God, & each w^th^ other,
And (holy Bond) holds Heav'n and Earth together:
As for our *Incense*, *Washings*, *Sacrifices*,
They are not (as is thought) Our vain Devices;
But, God 's their Author, and himselfe Ordains
These Elements, whereby hee entertains
And feeds our understanding in the hope
Of his dear Son (of all These things the Scope);
Setting before us th' Onely Sacrifice,
Which in CHRIST's Bloud shall wash-out all our vice.
Come then, O Lord, Come thou Lawes finisher,
Great King, great Prophet, great Self's Offerer:
Come, come thou thrice Great Refuge of our State
Come, thou our Ransome, Judge and Advocate:
Milde Lamb, Salve-Serpent, Lion generous,
Un-challeng'd Umpire betwixt Heav'n and Us,
Come thou the Truth, the Substance and the End
Of all our Offrings (whither all doth tend):
Come O MESSIAS, and doe now begin
To Reign in *Sion*, to triumph o'r Sin;
And, worshipped in Spirit and Truth, restore
Upon the Earth the Golden age of yore:
Accept this Queen, as of all Heathen Princes
The dear First-Fruits; take on thee our Offences,
That, stript of *Adam's* sinfull sute, in fine
With sacred Angels wee in Heav'n may shine.
  The Queen, nigh sunk in an amazefull Swoun,
Bespake him thus; My Lord, prattling renown
Is wont in flying to increase so far,
That shee proclaims things greater then they are;
And, rarest Spirits resemble Pictures right, Simile.
Whereof the rarest seem more exquisite
Far-off, then neer; but, so far as thy Fame
Excels all Kings, thy Vertues passe the same:
Thy peer-less Praise stoops to thy Learned tongue,
And envious bruit hath done thy Wisdome wrong.
  So may I say, even so (O SCOTTISH King) Application to the King's Majesty.
Thy winged Fame, which far and wide doth ring,
From th' edge of *Spaine* hath made mee ventrously
To crosse the Seas, thy *Britain's* end to see:
Where (Lord!) what saw I? nay, what saw I not?
O King (Heav'n-chosen, for some speciall Plot)
World's Miracle, O Oracle of Princes?
I saw so much, my Soule mistrusts my Senses.
A gray-beard's Wisdome in an amber-bush,
A *Mars*-like Courage in a Maid-like blush,
A settled Judgement with a supple Wit,
A quick Discourse, profound and pleasing yet;
Virgil and *Tully*, in one spirit infus'd,
And all Heav'n's Gifts into one Head diffus'd.
  Persist, O King, glory on glory mount;
And as thy Vertues thine owne Fame surmount,
So let thy future passe thy former more,
And goe-before those that have gone-before:
Excell thy selfe; and, brave, grave, godly Prince,
Confirm my Song's eternall Evidence.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 6, '*quick*' = living. Cf. l. 75.
,, 7, '*taxt*' = adjudged, accused: *ib.* '*Pharonide*' = Pharonida. See l. 733, etc.
,, 42, '*eath*' = easy.
,, 51, '*Galactite*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 52, '*connex*' = connect, bind together.
,, 67, '*dunker*' = little?
,, 99, '*gold-seeled*' = gold-ceilinged.
,, 100, '*let*' = hinder.
,, 101, '*masie Heart*' = heart full of mazes, as a garden-labyrinth.
,, 106, '*Sophy*' = wise great ruler.
,, 115, '*Husband*' = husbandman.
,, 142, '*affects*' = affections, passions.
,, 151, '*impetrate*' = entreat.
,, 172, '*Targe*' = shield.
,, 174, '*Cask*' = helmet.
,, 187, '*Regiment*' = government.
,, 204, '*chamfred*' = furrowed, hollowed, or grooved.
,, 252, '*tracking*' = tracing, following in footsteps—*frequenter*.
,, 266, '*wide-side Robes*.' So John Davies of Hereford in 'Humour's Heauen on Earth' (p. 6, st. 4 of our edn. of Davies):—

> 'Poliphagus a sute of Saten ware,
> Made wide and side.' = wide and long.

,, 274, '*steans*' = stone vessels or jars of baked clay.
,, 284, '*Sur-coat*' = over-coat.
,, 288, '*Mamuques*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 302, '*prevent*' = anticipate.
,, 316, '*Sereans*' = Cereans? or Syrians?—but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 337, '*sconce*' = lantern.
,, 361, '*Flame-bred Flie*' = Pyrausta (πυραυστής, as in margin), also pyralis (πυραλίς) a winged insect that was supposed to live in fire. Pliny, *N. H.* II, 36, 42, § 119, *et alibi.*
,, 362, '*Farfalla*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 452, '*reaks*' = recks, reckons.
,, 499, '*busse*' = kiss and embrace.
,, 522, '*Minks*' = miss, 'fine lady'?
,, 567, '*Bones*'—the material of which the 'dice' were made.
,, 601, '*Chrysocholle*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 609, '*Fisk*' = query 'fist,' *i.e.* hand?

Line 632, '*Miscreant*' = infidel, heathen or unbeliever.
,, 665, '*Husband*' = husbandman, as before.
,, 695, '*Couvies*' = coveys.
,, 711, '*Culver*' = wood-pigeon or dove generally.
,, 729, '*sarcels*' = pinion of a hawk's wing.
,, 742, '*furls*' = rolls or twists up.
,, 759, '*Mell*' = honey.
,, 835, '*Adons*' = Adonis. See Glossarial Index for full note on this in relation to an early notice of Shakespeare by Thomas Edwards.
,, 873, '*Morisko . . . Mattachine.*' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 895, '*clinquant.*' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 906, '*Baldrick.*' *Ibid.*
,, 919, '*Cornaline.*' *Ibid.*
,, 920, '*curiousing*'—note this verb-form.
,, 938, '*Fauchin*' = falchion.
,, 942, '*Scammony.*' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 947, '*Trammels*'—nets. See Glossarial Index for parallels.
,, 974, '*Burnet's blade.*' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 1007, '*beasts that onely eat the Ayre*' = chameleons.
,, 1034, '*timbers*' = strengthens and adorns.
,, 1108, '*Transoms*' = cross-beams: but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for this and other technical terms.
,, 1111, '*slenteth*' = slitteth. Cf. p. 242, l. 188.
,, 1119, '*Coins*' = coigns.
,, 1134, '*strouting*'—see full note in Glossarial Index, with parallel from Herrick.
,, 1135, '*Frails*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*; *ib. Flaskets.—Ibid.*
,, 1136, '*Fat*' = vat.
,, 1140, '*a-vie*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 1149, '*Quars*' = quarries.
,, 1162, '*Parget.*' See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 1192, '*utter*' = outer.
,, 1254, '*Isaacian*' = descendant of Isaac—*frequenter.*
,, 1258, '*illusters*' = makes illustrious, transfigures.
,, 1274, '*self-obstin'd*' = self-obstinate.
,, 1288, '*contemple*' = contemplate, *r.g.*
,, 1306, '*appose*' = pose.
,, 1335, '*uni-form*' = one-form.
,, 1407, '*bruit*' = report.
,, 1413, '*Plot*' = design.
,, 1416, '*amber-bush*' = yellow-beard. G.

The Schisme.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE FOURTH DAY OF THE II. WEEKE, OF *BARTAS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Rejecting Old, Young-Counsail'd rash ROBOAM
Loseth Ten Tribes, *which fall to* JEROBOAM.
Hee, Godding Calves, *makes* Israel *to Sin:*
His Scepter therefore shortly fails his Kin.
BA'Z', ZIMRI, OMRI, ACHAB (*worst of all*)
With JEZABEL. Elias *conquers* Ba'l:
Commands the Clouds: rapt-up *to Heav'n*, alive,
Elisha's Works: his bones *the dead revive.*
SAMARIA'S *tragick* Siege. *A Storm at Sea,*
For Jona's *sake: repentant* NINIVE.

The misery of a State distracted by factions into Civill Wars.

HEre sing I ISAAC'S civill Brawls and Broils;
Jacob's Revolt: their Cities sack, their Spoils;
Their cursed Wrack, their *Godded Calves:* the *rent*
Of th' *Hebrew Tribes* from th' *Isheau's* Regiment.
Ah! see we not, some seek the like in *France?*
With rage-full swords of civill Variance,
To share the sacred *Gaulian* Diadem?
Application. To strip the *Lillies* from their native stem?
And (as it were) to *Cantonize* the State
Whose Law did aw Imperiall *Rhine* (of late)
Tiber and *Iber* too; and under whom
Even silver *Jordan's* captive flouds did foam.
Deprecation. But, let not us, good Lord, O let not us
Serve servilely a hundred Kinglings thus,
In stead of one great Monarch: never let
The lawfull Heir from his owne Throne be beat;
This Scepter yearly to be new possest;
Nor every Town to be a Tyrant's nest:
Keep all intire, re-stablish prudent Reign,
Restore the Sword to *Justice'* hand again;
That, blest with Peace, thy blessed Praise (O Lord)
My thankfull Layes may more and more record.
A Parliament or Assembly of the Estates of Israel. THE GENERALL *States* of *Israel*, gathered all,
By thousands now, within strong *Sichem's* Wall;
All joyntly name ROBOAM for their King,
But (strictly stout) his Pow'r thus limiting:
The People capitulate with their new King. Command (say they) and Rule in *Abram's* Fold,
Not as a Wolf, but as Shepheard should:
Slacken the reans of our late Servitude:
Lighten our gall'd backs of those Burthens rude,
Those heavie Imposts of thy Father (fierce);
Represse the rapin of thine Officers:
So, wee will serve thee, life and goods at-once:
If other-wise; thy service wee renounce.
Here-with amaz'd, the moody Prince, in post
Sends for those Ancients which had swayed most
His Father's Counsails: and hee *seems* to crave
Their sage Advices, in a case so grave.
The Counsell of the ancient Nobles. God hath not made, say they (jumping together)
Subjects for Kings, but Kings for Subjects rather:
Then, let not thine (already in distresse)
Be gnaw'n by others; by thy self much lesse.

What boots a Head, with-out the Hand and Foot?
What is a Scepter, and no Subjects to't?
The greater Milt, the Body pines the more:
The Checker's fatting makes the People poor:
A Prince's Wealth in Subjects' Wealth is set:
The Bank of Thrift, where gold doth gold beget:
Where the good Prince comes never but at need:
For, he is prais'd for a good Heard (indeed)
Whose Flock is fat and fair, with frolick bounds
Frisking and skipping up and down the Douns.
Among the Beasts fullest of furious gall,
The Vulgar's fiercest, wildest, worst of all;
Hydra with thousand heads, and thousand stings,
Yet soon agreed to war against their Kings.
If then you wish, their barking rage to cease
Cast them a bone; by an abatement, cease
Their wringing Yoke, thy pitty let them prove:
And ground thy Greatnesse on thy People's love.
Or, if thou (fell) wilt needs feed on their yce,
Yet use no threats, nor give them flat Denies:
But, to establish thy yet-new estate,
Give them some hope, and let them feed on that:
And (wisely) minde thy Father's *Saying* sage,
That *A soft answer* (soon) *appeaseth rage.*

Roboam, leaving their sound advice, leaneth rather to the young fury of his Minions & Flatterers.

ROBOAM, scorning these old Senators,
Leans to his Yonglings, Minions, Flatterers
(Birds of a feather) that with one accord
Cry-out, importune, and perswade their Lord,
Not sillily to be by such disturb'd,
Nor let him-selfe so simply to be curb'd;
But, to represse, presse, and oppresse the more
These Male-contents, but too-well us'd before;
With yron teeth to bruise their idle bones,
To suck their Marrow out; and (for the nonce)
Their rebell Pride to fetter (as it were)
And lock their Fury in the stocks of Fear,
And to shake-off (on th' other side) and shun
Those Gray-beards' old and cold direction,
Their sawcy censures, snibbing his Minority;
Where-by (too-proud) they trip at his Authority,
Usurp his place; and (too-too-malapert)
Would teach a wiser then themselves his part:
To know that hee 's a King; and that hee took
Even in the womb, as th' outwards limbs and look,
So th' inward graces, the Discretion
And deep fore-sight of prudent SALOMON;
And, in the shop of Nature, learn'd (long since)
The Art of *State*, the Office of a Prince.
Wisdome (fond King) her sacred Seat erects
In hoary brains; and Day the Day directs:
Th' Old-man-fore-sees a-far; by *past* events
Hee (prudent) ponders *future* accidents;
The Young-man knowes not (new-com, as it were)
This wily World, but as a Passenger;
And, more with Courage then with Counsail's guide,
Barely beholds things on the outer side.
Yet, to the last thou lean'st; and, frowning fell,
Check'st thus the Sons of noble *Israel:*

Ah! rebell Slaves! you, you will Rule your King: The King's rashnesse threatning rigour.
You 'l be his Carvers: you will clip his wing:
You 'l hold the sacred Helm, controule the Crown:
You 'l rate his State, and turn all up-side-down.
But, know you (varlets) whom you dally-with?
My little finger over-balanceth
My Father's loynes: hee did but rub you light,
I 'l flay your backs; hee bow'd, I 'l break yee quite.
Hee threatned Rods (or gentle Whips of cord)
But I will have your carrion shoulders goar'd
With scourges tang'd with rowels: and my Name
Shall make you quake, if you but hear the same.
As rapid streams, incountring in their way Simile.
With close-driv'n piles of some new bank or bay,
Or steady pillers of a Bridge built new,
Which last-past Summer never saw, nor knew;
Swell, roar, and rage far fiercer then they wont,
And with their foam defile the Welkin's front:
So yerst griev'd *Isaac*, now grown desperate,
With loud proud tearms doth thus expostulate;
Why? what have wee to doe (what part? what place?) The Revolt of the ten Tribes.
With *Bohsian Iskay's* avaricious race?
Goe, Reign (proud *Juda*) where thou wilt; for wee
Nill bear the burthen of thy Tyranny;
Goe, use else-where thy cruell threats and braves;
Wee are thy Brethren, wee, and not thy Slaves.
Thus cry the People, and th' ill-counsail'd *King*
Un-kingly yeelds to their rude mutining:
And flies eft-soons with some few *Benjamites*,
The zealous *Levites*, and the *Judaïtes:*
The rest revolt, and chuse for Soveraign
A shame-lesse, faith-lesse, bold and busie-brain,
An *Ephraimite*, who (double-false) doth fall
Both from his King and from his God withall. Jeroboam.
For, hee fore-sees, that if th' *Isacians* still
(As Law injoyn'd) should mount on *Sion* Hill
To sacrifice; with beauty of that *Temple*,
Their Prince's sight, the Doctrine and example
Of sacred *Levites*, then would soon be taken,
And drawn aboord the Bark they had forsaken.
To rent the Church therefore hee doth devise,
And God's true Spouse doth Harlot-like disguise;
Will have them henceforth worship God the Lord
Under the Form of Hay-fed *Calves* (abhor'd)
In *Dan* and *Bethel:* brings up Service new:
Profane, usurping sacred *Aaron's* Dew.
But, how (ingrate) requit'st thou God, in this?
Hee, of a Servant, made thee King of His;
Thou, of a God, mak'st him a horned Steer:
Sett'st Altar against Altar; and, the deer,
Cleer Star of *Truth* beclouding with the vail
Of thine Ambition, mak'st all *Israel* fail,
And fall with-all into the Gulfe of Death.
So deep (alas!) that from thence-forth, un-eath
Could th' operation of so many Miracles,
In their hard hearts reprint the *Sacred Oracles.*
One-day (the while this Priest-King sacrifiz'd)
To 's clov'n-foot God in *Bethel* (self-devis'd)

A zealous Prophet from the Lord there came,
Who boldly thus his brutish rage doth blame:
O odious House, O execrable Cell,
O Satan's Forge, O impious Shop of Hell!
Accursed Altar, that so braves and boasts
Against the Altar of the Lord of Hoasts!
Behold, from *David* shall a King return
That on thy stones thy own Priests' bones shall burn:
Thus saith the Lord; and this shall be the Signe
(Prodigiously to seal his Word in mine)
Thou now in th' instant shalt in sunder shatter,
And in the Ayre shall thy vile cinders scatter.
Take, take the Sot, said then th' ungodly Prince,
And (as hee spake in rage-full vehemence)
Reacht-out his arm: but, instantly the same
So strangely with'red and so numb became,
And God so rustied every joynt, that there
(But as the Body stird) it could not stir:
Th' unsacred Altar sudden slent in twain;
And th' ashes flying through th' un-hallowed Fane,
Blinde the blinde Priests; as in the Summer (oft)
Simile. The light, white Dust (driv'n by the Winde aloft)
Whirling about, offends the tendrest eye,
And makes the Shepheards (with-out cause) to cry.
O holy Prophet (prayes the Tyrant then)
Dear man of God, restore my hand again:
His hand is heal'd. But (obstinate in ill)
In His Calf-service Hee persevers still;
Still runs his race, still every day impairs,
And of his Sins makes all his Sons his heirs.
The King of *Juda* little better proves,
His Father's by-paths so *Abijam* loves;
The People, pliant to their Prince's guise,
Forget their God, and his drad Law despise.
God, notwithstanding (of his speciall grace)
Entails the *Scepter* to the sacred race
Of his dear *David*: and hee bindes with boughs
Of glorious Laurels their victorious brows;
And evermore (how-ever Tyrants rave)
Some form of Church in *Sion* hee will have.
Asa. *Asa*, *Abijam's* Son, *Jehosophat*
The son of *Asa* (rightly zealous) hate
All Idol-gods: and, warring with successe,
Dung *Isaac's* Fields with Forrain carcases.
In *Asa's* ayd fights th' arm armi-potent,
Which shakes the Heav'ns, rakes Hils, and Rocks doth rent,
Against black *Zerah's* overdaring boast,
That with drad deluge of a Million-Hoast
O'r-flow'd all *Juda*; and, all sacking (fell)
Transported *Africk* into *Israel*:
He fights for his; who, seeing th' *Ammonite*,
The *Idumean*, and proud *Moabite*,
In battell 'ray, caus'd all his Hoast to sing
This Song aloud, them thus encouraging:
Sa, sa (my hearts) let 's cheerly to the charge;
Having for Captain, for Defence and Targe,
That glorious Prince to whom the raging Sea
Hath heretofore, in foaming pride, giv'n way:
Who, with a sigh (or with a whistle, rather)
Can call the North, South, East, and West together:
Who, at a beck, or with a wink, commands
Millions of millions of bright-winged-bands:
Who with a breath, brings (in an instant) under
The proudest Pow'rs: whose arrows are the Thunder.
While yet they sang, fell *Discord* reaching-far, Description of Discord.
Hi[e]s to the *Heathen* that encamped are:
Clean through her mantle (tatterd all in flakes)
Appears her brest all-over gnaw'n with Snakes,
Her skin is scarr'd, her teeth (for rage) doe gnash,
The Basilisk with-in her eyes doth flash;
And, one by one, shee plucks-off (in despight)
Her hairs (no hairs, but hissing Serpents right)
And, one by one shee severally bestowes 'em
Through all the Camp, in every Captain's bosom;
Blowes every vein full of her furious mood,
Burns every Souldier with the thirst of bloud:
And, with the same blade that she died once
In valiant *Gedeon's* (Brother-slaught'red) Sons,
Shee sets the Brother to assail the Brother,
The Son the Sire, and dearest friends each-other.
The swords, new draw'n against their Enemies, Miraculous slaughter of the Heathen by their mutuall swords divided among themselves.
Now (new revolted) hack their owne Allies:
And *Mars* so mads them in their mutuall Jar,
That strange, turns civill; civill, houshold War:
Proud *Edom* heaws *Moab* and the *Ammonite*;
Ammon hunts *Edom* and the *Moabite*;
Moab assaults *Ammon* and *Edom* too;
And each of them wars first with th' other two,
Then with themselves: then *Ammon Ammon* thrils,
Moab wounds *Moab*, *Edom Edom* kils.
From Hoast to Hoast, blind-fold Despair, in each,
Disports her selfe; those that are one in speech,
Under one Colours, of one very coat,
Combat each other, cut each other's throat.
Rage-full confusion every-where commands: The confusion of such a Camp so together by the ears.
Against his Captain the Lievtenant stands,
The Corporall upon his Serjant flies,
And basest Boyes against their Masters rise.
Nay, drad *Bellona* passeth fiercely further,
Th' own Uncle doth his owne dear Nephew murther,
The Nephew th' Uncle with the like repayes,
Cosen thrils Cosen, Kins-man Kins-man slayes:
Yea, even the Father kils his Son most cruell,
And from one belly springs a bloudy Duell;
Twins fiercely fight: and while each woundeth other,
And drawes the life-bloud of his half-selfe Brother,
Feels not his owne to fail, till in the place
Both fall; as like in fury as in face:
But, strength at length (not stomack) fals in either;
And, as together born, they dye together.
The faithfull Hoast draws neer, and gladly goes
Viewing the bodies of their breath-lesse Foes.
Men, Camels, Horse (some saddled, some with-out)
Pikes, Quivers, Darts, lye mingled all about
The bloudy Field; and from the Mountains nigh
The Rav'ns begin with their pork-porking cry:

Here seems an arm, a Gyant late did ow,
As if it would to a Dwarf's shoulder grow:
A Prince's hand there (known by precious signes)
Unto the arm of a base Porter joyns;
An Old-man's head here to a Stripling's neck;
And there lean buttocks to a brawny back:
Here of a body justly cloven in two,
The bloudy tripes are trailing to and fro;
There, five red fingers of a hand cut-off
Gripe still the truncheon of a steeled staff;
And, there (at once, all broached on one Lance)
Lye three brave Horse-men in a deadly Transe.
Chariots, unfurnisht and unharnest, stood,
Over the spoaks, up to the naves in bloud:
Th' *Engaddian* Snowes melt in vermilion streams,
And (now no marvell) *Jarvel* warmly steams
Stopt with dead bodies; so, that never-more
It should have seen the Ocean (as before)
Nor paid the Tribute that his Duty craves,
Save that the crimson holp the crystall waves.
Praysed be God (said *Juda*) praysed be
The Lord of Hoasts, the King of Majesty,
That moawes his Foes; that doth his own protect,
That holds so dear the bloud of his Elect;
That fights for us, and teacheth us to fight,
Conquer, and triumph o'r the *Pagans's* might;
And (finally) doth punish Tyrants fell,
With their owne swords, to save His *Israel*.
Wicked generation of the wicked.
But, notwithstanding *Jeroboam's* Plot,
His third Successor yet succeeds him not;
A barbarous Fury reigneth in his Race,
His bloudy Scepter shifteth hands apace;
Nadab his son, and all his seed beside,
Feels cursed *Baasha's* cruell Paricide;
And *Baasha's* issue is by *Zimri* slain,
Zimri by *Zimri*: then doth *Omri* reign,
Omri, accursed for his owne transgression,
But more accursed for the foule succession
Of such a Son as *Achab* (sold to Sin)
That boldly brings *Sidonian* Idols in,
Builds unto *Baal*; and, of all Kings the worst,
Weds *Jezebal*, addes Drunkennesse to Thirst.
2. Simile.
Blinde Superstition 's like a drop of Oyle
Still spreading, till it all a Garment spoyl:
Or, like a spark, fall'n in a floor of Mat,
Which soon inflameth all the Chamber; that,
Fires the whole House; the House, the Town about;
Consuming all, and never going-out,
Till Goods, and Bodies, Towrs and Temples high,
All in a Toomb of their own ashes lie:
When one begins (how little be 't) to stray
From the divine Law's little-beaten way,
We cursed fall into the black Abysse
Of all foule Errors: Every Sin that is
Donns sacred Mask; and, monsters most abhord,
Killing the Saints, we think to please the Lord,
As *Achab* did; who vanquisht with the spel,
Speech, grace, and face of painted *Jezabel*,
Presumes to lay his sacrilegious hand
On th' Oyled Priests that in God's presence stand:
Of honest Men his Towns depopulates,
Lessens the Number of his Noble States,
T' augment his Lands; and, with the bloud of His,
Writes th' Instruments of his new purchases.
But slain (at last) by th' Hoast of *Benhadad*,
His Son* succeeds him, (and almost as bad)
*Ahaziah.
Hee breaks his neck, and leaves his fatall place,
To 's brother *Joram*, last of *Achab's* race;
An odious race, th' alliance of whose bloud
Corrupts the Heirs of *Josaphat* the good.
Causing his Son (charm'd with *Athalia's* wile)
In 's Brother's bloud his armed arms to file,
And *Ahasiah's* giddy brain t' infect
With the damn'd Error of *Samarian* Sect.
But though these Kings did openly oppugn,
And stubbornly the King of Heav'n impugn;
Though *Abrah'm's* issue (now degenerate)
Did but too-neer their Princes imitate;
Though over all, a *Chaos* of confusion,
A Hell of Horror, Murder, and Delusion,
A Sea of Sins (contempt of God and Good)
Cover'd these Kingdoms (as another Floud);
God left not yet that Age without his Oracles:
A hundred Prophets, strong in word and miracles,
Resist their rage, and from sad drowning keep
The wracked planks on th' Idol-Ocean deep.
Cleer Summer Noons need not a candle-light;
Simile.
Nor sound, Physician; but clean opposite:
So, in our Soules, the more Sin's Flouds doe flow,
The more God makes his Mercie's Gulfe to grow.
For his Embassage in sad *Achab's* dayes,
Elijah the Prophet.
Thesbite Elijah did th' Almighty raise;
Who, burning-bold in spirit and speech, cryes-out,
In *Achab's* ears, and all his Court about;
O impious *Achab*, fear'st thou not (quoth hee)
The sulph'ry flames and Thunder-bolts that be
Already roaring in the dreadfull fist
Of God the Lord, that doth the proud resist,
Revengeth wrongs, th' outrageous *Heathen's* Hammer,
Terror of Terrors, and all Tyrants' Tamer;
Dost thou not know, He threats to *Israel*
A Heav'n of Brasse, if they his grace repell,
Reject his Love, and get them other Loves,
Whoring about with forrain Gods, in Groves?
God cannot lie: his dreadfull Threatnings ever
Draw dreadfull Judgements (if our Sin persever):
As the Lord lives, this Thirsty yawning Plain
In seav'n six month's drinks not a drop of Rain.
No sooner spoken, but a present view,
Description of the extreme Drought in Israel for three years and a halfe.
The Heav'ns begin to change their wonted hew;
Th' Ayre deadly thick, doth quickly vanish quite;
To a sad Day succeeds a sadder Night:
A bloudy vapour and a burning cloud,
By day, begirt the Sun, (all coaly-brow'd):
By night, the Moon denies to fading Flowrs
Her silver sweat, and pearly-purled showrs:

The Welkin 's studded with new Blazing-Stars,
Flame-darting Lances, fiery Crowns and Cars,
Kids, Lions, Bears, wrapt in prodigious Beams,
Dreadfull to see: and *Phabus* (as it seems)
Weary of travell in so hot a time,
Rests all the while in boyling *Cancer's* clime.
Hils, lately hid with snow, now burn amain:
May hath no Deaw, nor February Rain:
Sad *Atlas* Nieces, and the *Hunter's* Star
Have like effect as the *Canicular:*
Zephire is mute, and not a breath is felt,
But hectick *Auster's*, which doth all things swelt,
And (panting-short) puffs every-where upon
The with'red Plains of wicked *Shomeron;*
Th' unsavory breath of Serpents crawling o're
The *Lybians'* pest-full and un-blest-full shore.

The miserable effects thereof.

Now Herbs to fail, and Flowrs to fall began;
Myrtles and Bays for want of moist grew wan:
With open mouth the Earth the aide doth crave
Of black-blew Clouds: cleer *Kishon's* rapid wave
Wars now no more with Bridges arched round;
Soreck, for shame, now hides him under ground:
Mokmur, whose murmur troubled with the noise
The sleeping Shepheards, hath not stream, nor voice,
Cedron 's not *Cedron*, but (late) *Cedron's* bed,
And *Jordan's* Current is as dry, as dead:
The beam-brow'd Stag, & strong-neckt Bull do lie
On pale-fac't banks of *Arnon* (also drie)
But, neither sup, nor see the Crystall Wave,
Over the which so often swom they have:
The lusty Courser, that late scorn'd the ground,
Now lank and lean, with crest and courage downd,
With rugged tongue out of his chained mouth,
With hollow-flanks panting for inward drouth,
Rouling his Bit, but with a feeble rumor,
Would sweat for faintness, but he wanteth humour:
The Towr-back't Camel, that best brooketh Thirst,
And on his bunch could have transported yerst
Neer a whole Houshold, now is able scant
To bear himselfe, hee is so feebly-faint.
Both young and old, both of the base and best,
Feel a fell *Ætna* in their thirstie brest:
To temper which, they breathe, but to their woe:
For, for pure ayre, they sup into them, so,
A putride, thick, and pestilentiall fume,
Which stuffs their Lights, and doth their lives consume.
There 's not a Puddle (though it strangely stink)
But dry the draw 't, Sea-Water 's dainty Drink:
And fusty-Bottles, from beyond-Sea, (South)
Bring *Nile* to *Somer*, for the King's own mouth.
For, though the Lord th' whole Land of *Syria* smites,
Th' heat of his anger on *Samaria* lights
With greatest force; whose furious Prince implies
The Prophet Cause of all these miseries.
Therefore, hee fearing *Achab's* ragefull hate,
Down to Brook *Cherith's* hollow banks him gate;
Where, for his Cooks, Caters, and Wayters tho,
From the foure windes the winged people goe.

Thence, to *Sereptha;* where hee craves the ayde
Of a poor Widow: who thus mildely said,
Alas! fain would I, but (God wot) my store
Is but of bread for one meal, and no more:
Yet, give mee (saith hee) give mee some (I pray);
Who soweth sparing, sparing reapeth aye:
Sure, a good turn shall never guerdon want;
A Gift to Needlings is not given, but lent:
'Tis a Well of Wealth, which doth perpetuall run:
A fruitfull Field which thousand yeelds for one.
While thus he said, and staid; the Widow glad,
Gives to him frankly all the bread shee had:
Shee lost not by 't: for, all the *Famin*-while,
That rag'd in *Tyre*, her little Flowr and Oyle
Decreased not, yet had shee plenty still,
For her and hers to feed in time their fill.
At length befell fell Death to take-away
Her onely Son, and with her Son her Joy:
Shee prayes her Guest, and hee implores his God,
And stretching him upon the breath-less Lad,
Thus cries aloud: Vouchsafe mee, Lord, this boon,
Restore this child's soule, which (it seems) too-soon
Thou hast bereft: O! let it not be said,
That here for nought I have so oft been fed:
Let not my presence be each-where abhorr'd;
Nor Charity with thee to want Reward.
As a small seedling of that fruitfull Worm,
Which (of it selfe) fine shining Sleaves doth form,
By the warm comfort of a Virgin brest,
Begins to quicken, creepeth (as the rest)
Re-spins a-fresh, and, in her witty loom,
Makes of her corps her corps a precious Toomb:
This Childe (no Man, but Man's pale Module now)
With death i' th' bosom, horror on the brow,
The bait of Worms, the booty of the Beer,
At sacred words begins his eye to rear;
Swimming in Death, his pow'rs do re-assemble,
His spirits (rewarm'd) with-in his artir's tremble;
Hee fetcht a sigh; then lively rising too,
Talks, walks, and eats, as hee was wont to do.
Fain would the Mother have besought the Seer
T' have past the rest of his cold Old-age here:
But th' holy Spirit him sudden hence doth bring
Unto *Samaria* to th' incensed King;
Who rates him thus: O Basilisk! O Bane!
Art not thou hee that sow'st the *Isaacian* Plain
With Trouble-Tares? Seditious, hast not thou
Profan'd the Lawes of our Fore-fathers now?
Broken all Orders, and the Altars bann'd
Of th' holy Gods, Protectors of our Land?
Since thy fond Preaching did here first begin,
More and more heavie hath Heav'n's anger bin
Upon us all; and *Ba'l*, blasphem'd by thee,
Hath since that season never left us free
From grievous Plagues: it is a Hell wee feel,
Our Heav'n is Brass, our Earth is all of Steel.
No, no, O King (if I the Truth shall tell)
Thou, thou art hee that troublest *Israel.*

The like Imputation, in our dayes the blinde Popelings and profane Worldlings have laid upon the Gospel and the preachers thereof.

Thou (give mee leave) thou & thy Grand-sires, mad
After strange Gods in every Grove to gad,
Have left the true, wise, wondrous (all-abroad)
Omnipotent, victorious, glorious God:
Such shall you prove him; if you dare oppone
All your *Ba'l*-Prophets against mee—but one.
Content, quoth *Achab*. Then to *Carmel's* top
The Schismick Priests were quickly called up:
Unto their *Ba'l* an Altar build they there;
To God, the Prophet doth another rear:
Both have their Beast; and by their prayer must prove
Whose God is GOD, by Fire from Heav'n above.
The People's eyes, and ears, and mindes are bent
Upon these Marvails, to observe th' event
(Marvails, which might well cleer the difference
That had so long depended in suspence
'Twixt *Israel* and *Juda*; and direct
Simile. Th' Earth how to serve Heav'n's sacred Architect)
As when two Buls, inflamed fiercely-fell
Met front to front, their forked arms do mell.
The feeble Heards of Heifers in a maze,
'Twixt hope and fear, unfeeding, stand at gaze,
To see the fight, and censure which do prove
The valiantest, that hee may be their Love.
Baal's Priests. *Ba'l's* bawling Priests call and cry out for life,
They gash their flesh, with Launcet and with knife;
They, cruell, make their bloud to spin about
(As Claret wine from a pierc't Piece doth spout)
And, madly shaking heads, leggs, sides and arms.
They, howling chaunt these *Dithyrambik* charms;
Help, Help, O *Ba'l*, O *Ba'l*, attend our cryes,
Ba'l, heare us *Ba'l*, O *Ba'l*, bow down thine eyes:
O Stratian, Clarian, Elutherian Pow'rs,
Panomphæan God, approve us thine, thee ours:
O *Epicarpian!* O *Epistatirian*,
Phyxian, Feretrian, O *Exacestirian*,
Xenian, Messapian, O *Lebradean* BA'L,
O *Assabine*, BA'L-SAMEN hear our Call.
Elijah, that their bloudy Rites abhord,
And knowes aright the service of the Lord,
T' appease his wrath hee doth not scarre his skin;
Nor with self-wounds presume his grace to win,
Nor makes himselfe unfitting for his function,
By selfly stripes (as causing more compunction)
Nor, thrild with bodkins, raves in frantick-wise,
And in a furie seems to prophetize;
But offers God his heart, in stead of bloud:
His speech is sober, and as milde his mood.
Ironia. Cry loud, quoth hee: your God is yet perchance
In a deep sleep, or doth in Arms advance
Against his Foes (th' *Egyptian* Deities)
Or is consulting how to keep the Flies
From off his Altar. But, O *Israel!*
Alas! why yoak'st thou God with *Ba'l* (or *Bell*)?
Alas! how long thus wilt thou halt 'twixt either,
And fondly mix Darnell and Wheat together
In thy Faith's Field? If *Ba'l* be God indeed,
Then boldly serve him, seek him sole at need:
But, if blew Sea, and winged Firmament,
Th' all-bearing Earth, and Storm-breed Element,
Be but the least works of th' Almighty hand
Of *Jacob's* God: If Heav'n, Ayre, Sea, and Land,
And all in all, and all in every one,
By his owne finger be sustain'd alone:
If hee have cast those cursed Nations out,
Which yerst defil'd this fair, fat Land about;
To give it thee, to plant thee in their place,
Why him alone do'st thou not aye imbrace,
And serve him onely in thy Soule and Heart,
Who in his Love brooks none to share a part?
The cord un-twisted weakens: and who serves
Two Lords at-once, to lose them both deserves.
Ba'l dead (thou seest) hears not his Servants call,
Much less can grant them their Desires at all:
But, *Jacob's* God, JEHOVA, ELOHIM,
Never deceives their hope that trust in him.
Hear me therefore, O Lord, and from above
With sacred Fire (thy Soveraign pow'r to prove)
Consume this Bullock, and shew by the same
That thou art GOD, and I thy Servant am:
And to thy Fold (thy *Church's* Lap) repeal
Thy wandring Flock, thy chosen *Israel*.
As fals a Meteor in a Summer Even, Simile.
A sudden Flash comes flaming down from Heav'n,
Licks drie the Dikes, and instantly, at once,
Burns all to Ashes, both the Altar-stones,
And th' Offred Bullock: and the People fall
In zealous furie on the Priests of *Ba'l*;
And, by *Elijah's* prayer, soon obtain
Rain, which so often they had askt in vain.
For, what is it *Elijah* cannot doe?
If he be hungry, Fowls, and Angels too,
Become his Stewards. Fears hee th' armed Bands
Of a fell Tyrant? from their bloudy hands
To rescue him, Heav'n (his confederate)
Consumes with Fire them and their fierie hate.
Or, would hee passe a Brook that brooks no Bay,
Nor Bridge, nor Bank? The Water gives him way.
Or, irks him Earth? To Heav'n alive hee hies,
And (saving *Henoch*) onely hee not-dies.
Elijah taken up alive into Heaven. This Man of God, discoursing with his heir
Of th' upper Kingdome, and of God's Affair,
A sudden whirl-winde, with a whiffing Fire,
And flaming Chariot rapts him up intire.
Burns not, but 'fines; and doth (in fashion strange)
By death-less Death, mortall immortall change.
A long-tail'd squib, a flaming ridge, for rut
Seems seen a while, where the bright Coach hath cut.
This sacred Rape, nigh rapt *Eliska* too:
Who, taking up his Tutor's Mantle, though,
Follows as far as well hee could with eye
The fire-snort Palfreys, through the sparkling Sky;
Crying, my father, father mine fare-well,
The Chariots and the Horse of *Israel*.
The *Thisbian* Prophet hangs not in the Air,
Amid the Meteors to be tossed there,

As Mists, and Rains, and Hail, and hoarie Plumes,
And other Fierie many-formed Fumes:
Amid the Air tumultuous Satan roules;
And not the Saints, the happy, Heav'nly Soules.
Nor is he nailed to some shining Wheel,
Ixion-like continually to reel;
For CHRIST his flesh, transfigur'd, and divine,
Mounted above the Arches *Crystalline:*
And where CHRIST is, from pain and passion free,
There (after death) shall all his Chosen be.
Elijah therefore climbs th' *Emperiall Pole;*
Where, ever-blest in body and in soule,
Contemns this World, becoms an Angel bright,
And doth him firm to the TRINE-ONE unite.
But how, or why should Hee this vantage have
Yer CHRIST (right call'd the *first-fruits* of the Grave)?
O happy passage! O sweet, sacred Flight!
O blessed Rape! thou raptest so my sprite
In this Dispute, and mak'st my weaker wit
So many wayes to cast-about for it,
That (I confess) the more I doe contend,
I more admire, and less I comprehend.
For lack of wings, then, biding here below
With his Successor, I proceed to show,
How, soon as hee took-up his Cloak (to bear it)
Within *Elisha* shin'd *Elijah's* Spirit;
Elizeus, or *Elisha.* By pow'r whereof, immediatly hee cleaves
An un-couth way through *Jordan's* rapid waves;
Past hope hee gives to the *Sunamian* Wife
A Son; and soon restores him dead to life:
With sudden blindness smites the *Syrian* Troup,
The which in *Dothan* did him round incoup:
Increaseth bread, and of a pound of Oyle
Fils all the Vessels in a town that while:
His hoary head (in *Bethel*) laught to scorn,
Is veng'd by Bears, on forty children torn:
Naaman's cleans'd; and for foule *Simonie*,
Gehazi's punisht with his Leprosie:
Mends bitter Broath, hee maketh Iron swim
As porie Cork, upon the Water's brim.
Rich *Jericho's* (somtimes) *sal*-peetry soyl,
Through brinie springs that did about it boyl,
Brought forth no fruit, & her un-wholsom Brooks
Voyded the Town of Folk, the Fields of Flocks:
The Towns-men, therefore, thus besought the Seer,
Thou seest our Citie's situation here
Is passing pleasant; but the ground is naught,
The Water worse: we pray thee mend the fault,
Sweeten our Rivers: make them pleasanter,
Our Hils more green, our Plains more fertiler.
The Prophet cals but for a Cruse of Salt
(O strangest cure!) to cure the brynie fault
Of all their Floods: and, casting that in one
Foul stinking Spring, heals all their streams anon:
Not for an hour, or for a day, or twain,
But to this Day they sweet and sound remain.
Their Valley, walled with bald Hils before,
But even a horror to behold, of-yore;
Is now an *Eden*, and th' All circling Sun,
For fruitfull Beauty; sees no Paragon.
There (labour-less) mounts the victorious Palm,
There (and but there) grows the all-healing Balm,
There ripes the rare cheer-cheek Myrobalan,
Minde-gladding Fruit, that can un-old a Man.
O skilfull Husbands, give your fattest Plains
Five or six earths; spare neither cost nor pains,
To water them; rid them of weeds and stones,
With Muck and Marle batten and baste their bones;
Unlesse God blesse your Labour and your Land,
You plough the Sea, and sow upon the sand.
This, *Jury* knows; a Soyl somtimes (at least)
Sole Paradise of all the proudest East:
But now the brutest and most barren place,
The curse of God, and all the World's disgrace;
And also *Greece*, on whom Heav'n's (yerst so good)
Rain nothing now but their drad Furie's Floud.
The grace of God is a most sure Revenue,
A Sea of Wealth, that ever shall continue,
A never-failing Field, which needs not ay
The cool of Night, nor comfort of the Day.
What shall I say? This sacred Personage
Not onely profits to his proper Age;
But, after life, life in his bones hee leaves,
And dead, the dead hee raiseth from their graves.
Nor is *Elisha* famous more for Miracles,
Then for the Truth of his so often Oracles:
Hee shows the Palms and Foils of *Israel*,
Benhadad's death, the Reign of *Hasael:*
Beyond all hope, and passing all appearance,
Dejected *Joram's* neer relief hee warrants.
For, now the *Syrian*, with insulting Powrs,
So strict besiegeth the *Samarian* Towrs,
That even al-ready in each nook agrising,
Fell, wall-break (all-break) *Famine* ill-advising
Howls hideously: even the bare bones are seen
(As sharp as knives) thorow the empty skin
Of the best bred: and each-man seems (almost)
No man indeed but a pale ghastly Ghost.
Some snatch the bread from their own Babes, that pine;
Some eat the Draff that was ordain'd for Swine,
Some do defile them with forbidden flesh,
Som bite the grass their hunger to refresh;
Some, gold for Bird's-dung (weight for weight) exchange:
Some, of their Boots make them a Banquet strange,
Some fry the Hay-dust, and it savory finde:
Some, Almond-shels and Nut-shels gladly grinde,
Some mince their Father's Wils, in Parchment writ,
And so devoure their birth-right at a bit.
The King, when (weary) hee would rest awhile,
Dreams of the dainties he hath had yer-while,
Smacks, swallows, grindes both with his teeth and jaws;
But, onely winde his beguil'd belly draws:
And, then awaking, of his own spare Dyet
Robs his own breast, to keep his Captains quiet,

The siege and Famine of Samaria.

Hee is importun'd here and there about ;
Above the rest, a Woman shrieketh out
In mournfull manner, with dis-sheveled haire ;
Her face dispight, her fashion shews despaire.
Mothers eat their own Children.
O ! stay my Liege, hear, hear a grievous thing ;
Justice, great *Yorum*, Justice, gentle King.
O no, not Justice : (did I Justice crave ?)
Fondling, in Justice thou canst nothing have
But a just death ; nay, but a Torture fell ;
Nay, but a Torment like the pains of Hell.
Yet, even this Plea is worse then death to me :
Then grant mee Justice, Justice let it be.
For (O !) what horror can restrain desire
Of just revenge, when it is once a-fire ?
My Lord, I bargain'd, and (to binde the Pact)
By solemne Oath I sealed the Contract ;
Contract, indeed cruell, yet could not be
Infring'd, or broken, without cruelty.
(Tell it, O Tongue : why stayst thou so upon-it ?
Dar'st thou not say-it, having dar'd, and don-it ?
Not having fear'd heav'n's King, how canst thou fear
An earthly King ? (Then, thus) my liege) while-yer
I, and my Neighbour desp'rately agreed,
Joyntly to eat, successively our seed ;
Our own dear Children : and (O luck-lesse Lot !)
Mine first of all, is destin'd to the Pot ;
Forth-with I catch him, and I snatch him to mee
Up in my arms : hee straight begins to woe-mee,
Stroaks, colls, and hugs me, with his arms & thighs ;
And, smiling sweet Mam-mam, mam-mam, he cries,
Then kisses mee : and with a thousand toyes,
Thinks to delight mee with his wonted joyes.
I look away ; and, with my hand addrest,
Bury my knife within his tender brest ;
And, as a Tygresse, or the Dam of Bears,
A Fawn, or Kid in hundred gobbets tears,
I tear him quick, dresse him, and on our Table
I set him : Oh ! ('t is now no time to fable)
I taste him first, I first the feast begin,
His bloud (my bloud) runs round about my Chin,
My Childe returns, re-breeding in my Womb ;
And of my Flesh my Flesh is shamefull Tomb :
Soon cloyd (alas !) but little could I eat :
And up again that little strives to get.
But shee, shee layes it in, shee greedy pyles it ;
And all night long shee sits to gourmandize-it :
Not for her fill so much of such (think I)
As to prolong the more my misery :
O God, said shee (and smiles in eating it)
What a sweet morsell ! what a dainty bit !
Blest be the brest that nurc't such meat for mee ;
But more the Womb that bare it, so to be.
So (to be brief) my Son is eat : But hers
Alive and lusty in her armes shee bears.
Why should her pity, rather her despite,
Doe both her Faith, Mee, and my Son, un-right ?
Ah ! for her belly, rather then her Boy,
Shee playd this prank (and robd mee of my Joy).
Shee did it not of tender heart to save him ;
But, greedy-gut, that she alone might have him.
Therefore, O King, doe Justice in this case :
Nor crave I pardon of thy Princely grace
For mine Offence ; (such an Offence, I know,
As yet grim *Minos* never judg'd below)
For if I should, how should I do, for meat ;
Not having now another Childe to eat ?
No : this is all I crave before I dye,
That I may taste but of her son's sweet thigh :
Or, that (at least) mine eye, more just then cruell,
May see him slain by her, my Horror's fuell.
But, if you weigh not mine unfained tears
(Indeed un-worthy) : yet vouchsafe your ears
To the loud Plaints of my lamenting Son ;
Who, with strange murmurs rumbling up & down,
Seems in my bowels as reviv'd to groan,
And to your Highnesse, thus to make his moan ;
Sir, will you suffer, without all revenge,
Men's cursed Malice boldly to infringe
Law, Faith, and Justice, Vows, and Oaths, and all ;
As buzzing Flies tear Cob-webs on a wall ?
Ah ! shall I then descend alone below ?
Dye un-reveng'd ? foster my cruell Foe ?
And then, cast-forth in foulest Excrement,
Infect the Aire, offend the Element ;
The while her Darling, on his Hobby-horse
About the Hall shall ride, and prance, and course ;
And imitate men's actions (as an Ape)
Build paper-Towrs, make Puppets, sit in Lap ?
No : let him die, let him (as I) be cut,
Let him (as I) be in two Bellies put :
Full-fill the Pact ; that so our wretched mothers
Their guilt & grief, may either's match w^th^ others.
The King, less mov'd with pity then with horror,
Thunders these words, raging in threat-full terror ;
Vengeance and mischief on mine own head light,
If curst *Elisha* keep his head this night :
And, as he spake, forth in a rage hee flings,
To execute his bloudy Threatenings.
Sir, said the Prophet, you have seen the scathe
Devouring Famine here performed hath ;
But, by to-morrow this time (God hath said)
Samaria's Gates shall even abound with bread.
Tush, said a Minion of the Court, hard by
(Of surly speech, proud gait, and lofty eye)
Though God should open all Heav'n's windows wide,
It cannot be : Yes, Infidell (reply'd
The zealous Prophet) Thou thy Selfe (in sum)
Shalt see it then : but shalt not taste a crum.
Thus said *Elisha*, and th' Almighty Powr
Perform'd his sayings in that very howr.
Her scarlet Robe *Aurora* had not donn'd,
Nor had shee yet limn'd the *Euphratean* strond
With trembling shine, neither was *Phœbus* yet
Willing to wake out of a drousy Fit,
When pallid FEAR, flyes to the *Pagan* Hoast,
Wilde-staring Hag, shiv'ring, and wav'ring most ;
Description and effects of Fear.

Shee, that her voyce and visage shifts so oft :
Shee that in Counsails strives to lift aloft
Irresolution, to be President
(Canker of Honour, curse of Government) :
Shee that even trembles in her surest Arms,
Starts at a leaf, swouns at report of harms :
Beleeves all, sees all ; and so swayeth all,
That, if shee say, The Firmament doth fall :
There be three Suns : This, or that Mountain sinks :
Paul's *Church doth reel, or the foundation shrinks :*
It is beleev'd, 't is seen : and, seis'd by Her,
The other Senses are as apt to erre.
Clashing of Arms, rattling of yron Cars,
Murmur of Men (a World of Souldiers)
Neighing of Horse, noise of a thousand Drums
With dreadful sound from the next Vale there coms.
The *Syrian* Camp, conceiving that the Troups
Of *Nabathites*, *Hethites*, and *Ethiops*,
Hyr'd by th' *Isaacians*, came from every side,
To raise their Siege, and to repell their pride ;
Fly for their lives, disordered and disperst
(Amid the Mountains) so well-ordered yerst.
One, in his Cap-case leaves-behinde his Treasure :
To bridle 's horse another hath not leasure ;
Another, hungry on the grasse hath set
His break-fast out, but dares not stay to eat.
One thinks him far, that yet hath little gone :
Another wins him in plain ground, anon
Hee breaks his neck into a Pit : another
Hearing the Boughs that brush against each other,
And doubting it to be the Conquerer,
Hee, wretched, dies of th' onely wound of FEAR.
As after tedious and continuall rain,
The honey-Flies haste from their Hives again,
Suck here and there, and bear into their bowr
The sweetest sap of every fragrant flowr :
So from besieg'd *Samaria* each man hies,
Unto the Tents of fear-fled Enemies :
Wherein, such store of corn and wine they pill,
That in one day their hungry Town they fill :
And in the Gate the Croud, that issueth,
Treads th' unbeleeving Courtier down to death ;
So that (at once) even both effects agree
Just with *Elisha's* holy Prophecie.
From this School comes the Prophet *Amethite*,
The twice-born Preacher to the *Ninivite*.

The Shipwrack of *Jonas*.

Jonas, begon : hie, hie thee (said th' Almighty)
To *Ninivé*, that great and wanton City :
Cry day and night, cry out unto them all ;
Yet forty dayes, and Ninivé *shall fall.*
But, 'gainst th' Eternall, *Jonas* shuts his ear,
And ships himself to sail another-where :
Wherefore, the Lord (incensed) stretcht his arm,
To wrack the wretch in sudden fearfull storm.

A lively description of the Storm at Sea.

Now, *Nereus* foams, and now the furious waves
All topsie-turned by th' *Æolian* slaves,
Do mount & roule : Heav'n wars against the waters,
And angry *Thetis* Earth's green bulwarks batters :
A sable ayr so muffles-up the Sky,
That the sad Saylers can no light descry :
Or, if some beam break through their pitchy night,
'Tis but drad flashing of the Lightning's light.
Strike, strike our saile (the Master cryes) amain,
Vaile misne and sprit-sail : but hee cryes in vain ;
For, in his face the blasts so bluster ay,
That his Sea-gibb'rish is straight born away.
Confused cryes of men dismay'd in minde,
Sea's angry noise, loud bellowing of the Winde,
Heav'n's Thunder-claps, the tackles whisteling
(As strange Musicians) dreadfull descant sing.
The Eastern winde drives on the roaring train
Of white-blew billows, and the clouds again
With fresh Seas crosse the Sea, and shee doth send
(In counter-change) a rain with salty-blend.
Heav'ns (head-long) seem in *Thetis'* lap to fall,
Seas scale the skies, and God to arm this All
Against one ship, that skips from stars to ground,
From wave to wave (like *Balloons* windy bound)
While the sad Pilot, on a foamy Mount,
Thinks from the Pole to see Hel's pit profound ;
And, then, cast down unto the sandy shole,
Seems from low Hell to see the lofty Pole ;
And feeling foes within, and eke without,
As many waves, so many deaths doth doubt.
The billows, beating round about the ship,
Unchauk her keel, and all her seams unrip ;
Whereby the waters, entring uncontroul'd,
Ebbing abroad, yet flow apace in hold :
For every Tun the plied Pump doth rid,
A floud breaks in ; the Master mastered
With dread and danger (threatning every-way)
Doubts where to turn him, what to doe, or say,
Which wave to meet, or which salt surge to flye ;
So yeelds his charge, in Sea to live or dye.

Simile.

As, many Canons, 'gainst a Castle bent,
Make many holes, and much the rampire rent,
And shake the wall, but yet the latest shock
Of fire-wing'd Bullets batters down the Rock :
So, many mounts, that muster 'gainst this Sail,
With roaring rage doe this poor ship assail :
But yet the last (with foaming fury swoln,
With boystrous blasts of angry tempests boln)
Springs the main-mast : the mast with boystrous fall
Breaks down the deck, and sore affrights them all.
Pale Idol-like, one stands with arms a-crosse :
One moans himself ; one mourns his children's loss :
One, more then death, this form of death affrights :
Another cals on Heav'n's un-viewed Lights :
One, 'fore his eyes his Ladie's looks beholds :
Another, thus his deadly fear unfolds :
Curst thirst of gold ! O how thou causest care !
My bed of Doun I change for hatches bare :
Rather then rest, this stormy war I chose :
T' inlarge my fields, both land and life I lose :
Like peizlesse plume, born-up by *Boreas'* breath,
With all these wings I soar, to seek my death,

To Heav'n and Hell, by angry *Neptune* led,
Where lest I scape it, all these sails I spread.
Then thus another ; Sure no winde (quoth hee)
Could raise this Storm ; some rarer Prodigie
Hath caus'd this *Chaos* (cause of all our griefe)
Some *Atheist* dog, some Altar-spoyling thief
Lurks in this ship : come (Mates) by lot let 's try
(To save the rest) the man that ought to dy.
'Tis I, quoth *Jonas*, I indeed am cause
Of this black night, and all the fearfull flawes
Of this rough Winter ; I must sole appease
(By my just death) these wrathfull wrack-full Seas.
Then up they heave him straight, & from the waste
Him suddenly into the Sea they cast.
The King of Winds cals home his churlish train,
And *Amphitrité* smooths her front again :
Th' ayr's cloudy Robe returns to Crystall clear,
And smiling Heav'n's bright Torches re-appear
So soon as *Jonas* (to them all appease)
O'r head and ears was soused in the Seas.
Thrice coms hee up, and thrice again goes down
Under the waves (yer hee do wholly drown)
But then hee sinks ; and, wretched, rould along
The sands, and Oase, and rocks, and mud among,
Thus, thus hee cries with lips of zealous faith ;
Mercy, my God, shew mercy, Lord (hee saith).
Then God (who ever hears his children's wish)
Provided straight a great and mighty Fish,
That swilling swallow'd *Jonas* in her womb ;
A living Corps layd in a living Toomb.

Simile. Like as a Roach, or Ruff, or Gudgeon, born
By some swift stream into a Weer (forlorn)
Frisks to and fro, aloft and under dives,
Fed with false hope to free their Captive lives :
The Prophet so (amazed) walks about
This wondrous Fish, to finde an issue out,
This mighty Fish, of Whale-like hugenesse,
Or bigger-bellied, though in body lesse.
Where am I, Lord? (alas!) within what vaults?
In what new Hell dost thou correct my faults?
Strange punishment! my body thou bereav'st
Of mother-earth, which to the dead thou leav'st :
Whither thy wrath drives mee, I doe not know ;
I am depriv'd of air, yet breath and blow ;
My sight is good, yet can I see no sky ;
Wretch, nor in Sea, nor yet a-shore am I ;
Resting, I run ; for, moving is my Cave :
And, quick, I couch within a living Grave.
While thus hee plain'd ; the third day on the sand
The friendly Fish did cast him safe a-land.
And then, as if his weary limbs had been
So long refresht, and rested at an Inne,
Hee seems to flee ; and comn to *Ninivè*,
Your sins have reached up to Heav'n (quoth hee) :
Wo and alas, woe, woe unto you all :
Yet forty dayes and Ninivè *shall fall.*
Thus *Jonas* preacht : but, soon the Citizens,
Sincerely toucht with sense of their foul sins,
Dispatch (in haste) to Heav'n, *Repentance* sad,
Sweet-charming *Prayer*, *Fasting* hairy-clad.
Repentance makes two Torrents of her eyes,
Her humble brow dares scant behold the skies :
Her sobbing breast is beaten blew and black :
Her tender flesh is rent with rugged sack :
Her head (all hoar'd with hearty sorrows past)
With dust and ashes is all over-cast.
Prayer's head, and sides, and feet are set about
With gawdy wings (like *Jove's Arcadian* Scout) :
Her body flaming, from her lips there fumes
Nard, *Incense*, *Mummy*, and all rich perfumes.
Fasting (though faint) her face with joy she cheers,
Strong in her weaknesse, yong in aged years ;
Quick health's preserver, curbing *Cupid's* fits,
Watchfull, purge-humors, and refining wits.
Then *Faith* (Grand-Usher of th' Emperial Court)
Ushers these Legats by a golden Port
Into the *Presence*, and them face to face
Before th' All-Monarch's glorious throne doth place ;
Where (zealous) prostrate on her humble knee,
Thus *Prayer* speaks in Name of all the Three :
God, slow to wrath! O Father, prone to grace!
Lord, sheath again thy vengeance-sword a space.
If at thy beam of Justice thou wilt weigh
The works of men that wander every day :
If thou their metall by that touch-stone try
Which fearfull-sounding from thy mouth doth fly :
If thou shalt summ their sins (which passe the sand)
Before thee, Lord, who shall endure to stand?
Not *Ninivé* alone shall perish then
But all this All be burnt to ashes clean :
And even this day shall thy just wrath prevent
The dreadfull Day of thy last Doom's event.
This world to *Chaos* shall again return ;
And on thine Altars none shall incense burn.
O therefore spare (Lord) spare the *Ninivites*,
Forgive their sins ; and, in their humbled sprites,
From this time forth thy sacred Laws ingrave ;
Destroy them not, but daign them Lord to save :
Look not (alas!) what they have been before ;
But us regard, or thine owne mercy more.
Then, God reacht out his hand, unfolds his frowns,
Disarms his arm of Thunder bruising-Crowns,
Bows graciously his glorious flaming Crest,
And mildely grants, in th' instant, their request.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 4, '*Godding*' = making god of. So 'godded' l. 14.

,, 12, '*Isaac's*' = Israelites.

,, 15, '*Ishean*'=Jessean: *ib.* '*Regiment*'= government.

,, 20, '*Cantonize*' = republicanize?

,, 50, '*jumping*' = agreeing. See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

,, 56, '*Milt*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

,, 92, '*snibbing*' = snubbing.

,, 122, '*tang'd*'—see Glossarial Index *s.v.*

,, 165, '*un-eath*' = not easily.

,, 188, '*slent.*' Cf. p. 236, l. 1111.

,, 258, '*thrils*' = pierces. So l. 271.

,, 285, '*pork-porking*' –imitative word.

,, 296, '*broached*' = spiked.

,, 410, '*Nieces*' = neezes (from cold).

,, 436, '*rumor*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

,, 447, '*Lights*' = lungs.

,, 487, '*Sleaves*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

,, 525, '*Schismick*' = schismatic.

,, 537, '*mell*' = mix or intertwine.

Line 540, '*censure*' = judge, conclude.

,, 550-555. See Index of Names, *s.n.*

,, 661, '*uncouth*' = out of the ordinary order.

,, 673, '*porie*' = full of pores.

,, 674, '*sal-peetry*' = salt-petre-y.

,, 689, '*But to this Day,*' etc.—and still, as I can testify — having pitched my tent by 'Elisha's Spring,' and not only drank of it, but bathed in the full-volumed pool-abounding stream.

,, 696, '*Myrobalan*' = myrrh-balm.

,, 697, '*un-old*' = make youthful.

,, 701, '*batten*' = manure well.

,, 726, '*agrising*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

,, 783, '*gobbets*' = fragments.

,, 902, '*pill*' — poll or spoil.

,, 927, '*misne*' = mizzen: *ib.* '*sprit-sail*'—so named still.

,, 1049, '*Mummy*'—anciently exported for medicinal and other uses.

,, 1055, '*Port*' = gate. G.

The Decay.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE FOURTH DAY OF THE II. WEEKE, OF *BARTAS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Ambitious bitter fruit, fell Achab's *Stock,*
With his proud Queen (a painted Beauty-mock)
Extirpt by JEHU : JEHU'S *line likewise*
Shallum *supplants. King-killing Treacheries*
Succeed a-row, with Wrack of ISRAEL,
Time-suiting Batts: Athalia *Tygresse fell.*
JOASH *well-nurtur'd, natur'd-ill, doth run*
After his kinde: hee kils his Tutor's Son.
ZENACHERIB : *life-lengthned* EZECHIAH :
NABUCHADNEZAR : *Captive* ZEDECHIAH.

Ambition pourtrayed to the life.

HUff-puft AMBITION, Tinder-box of WAR,
Down-fall of Angels, *Adam's* murderer,
Parent of Treasons, Reason's Contradiction,
Earth's Enemy, and the Heav'n's Malediction,
O! how much Bloud hath thy respect-lesse Age
Shed in the World! showred on every Age!
O Scepter's, Throne's, and Crown's insatiate Thirst,
How many Treasons hast thou hatched yerst!
For, O! what is it that hee dares not doe,
Who th' Helm of Empire doth aspire unto?
Hee (to beguile the simple) makes no bone
To swear by God (for, hee beleeves there 's none);
His Sword 's his Title; and who scapes the same,
Shall have a Pistoll, or a poysony Dram:
Hee, fear'd of all, fears all; hee breaks at once
The chains of Nature and of Nations:
Sick of the Father, his kinde heart is woe
The good old man travels to Heav'n so slow:
His own dear Babes (yet Cradled, yet in Clouts)
Haste but too fast; are at his heels hee doubts:
Hee passeth to his promis'd Happinesse
Upon a Bridge of his Friends' Carcases;
And mounts (in fine) the golden Throne by stairs
Built of the Souls of his owne Countrie's heirs.
Yet thou permitt'st it, Lord; nay, with thy wings
Cover'st such Tyrants (even the shame of Kings)
But, not for nothing dost thou them forbear;
Their cruell scalps, a cruell end shall tear:
And, when the Measure of their Sin is full,
Thy hands are yron, though thy feet be wooll.
The Throne of Tyrants totters to and fro;
The bloud-gain'd Scepter lasts not long (we know):
Nail driveth Nail: by Tragick death's device,
Ambitious hearts do play at **Level sice;*
Prov'd but to plain in both the houses Royall
Of Jacob's Issue, but too-too disloyall;
As, if thou further with thy grace divine
My Verse and Vows, shall here appear in time.
GOD NOW no longer could support th' excesse
Of *Achab's* House, whose cursed wickednesse

* A kinde of Christmas play: wherein each hunteth other from his seat. The name seems derived from the French *levez sus*, in English, Arise-up.

Was now top-full: and, Dogs already stood
Fawning and yawning for their promis'd bloud.
Heav'ns haste their work. Now in tumultuous wise
'Gainst *Achab's* Son doe his own Souldiers rise;
Jehu. *Jehu's* their Captain: who foresees, afar,
How-much, dispatch advantageth in War;
And, politick, doubles his Armie's speed
To get before; yea, before *Fame*, indeed.
Joram, surpriz'd in feeble Bulwarks then
(Unfurnished of Victuals and of Men)
And, chiefly wanting royall fortitude,
Un-kingly yeelds unto the Multitude.
Bold *Nimshai's* Son, Sir *Jehu*, what 's this Thing?
What mean these Troups? what would you of the King?
Where shal the bolt of this black thunder fal
Say, bringst thou Peace? or bringst thou war withall?
Said *Joram*, loud: but, *Jehu* louder saith,
No (wretch) no Peace, but bloudy wars and death.
Simile. Then fled the King: and (as a Ship at Sea,
Hearing the Heav'ns to threaten every way,
And Winter-Storms with absent Stars compack,
With th' angry Waters to conspire her wrack,
Strives not to ride it out, or shift abroad,
But plies her Oars, and flies into the Road)
Simile. Hee jerks his Jades, and makes them scour amain
Through thick and thin, both over Hill and Plain.
Which, *Jehu* spying, and well-eying too,
As quick resolveth what he hath to doe;
Cries, Boy, my Bow: then nocks an arrow right,
His left hand meets the head, his breast the right.
As bends his Bow, he bends; lets goe the string:
Through the thin air the winged shaft doth sing
King *Joram's Dirge*; and, to speed the more,
Pierces behinde him, and peeps-out before.
The Prince now hurt (that had before no heart)
Fals present dead, and with his Courtly-Cart
Bruiz'd in the Fall (as had the *Thisbite* said)
The Field of *Naboth* with his bloud beraid:
And *Salem's* King had also there his due,
For joyning hands with so profane a Crew.
Then the proud Victor leads his loyall Troups
Towards the Court (that all in silence droops);
And more for Self-love, then for God's pure seale,
Means to dispatch, th' Earth's burden *Jezabel*.
Jezabel. The Queen had inkling: instantly she sped
To curl the Cockles of her new-bought head:
The Saphyr, Onyx, Garnet, Diamond,
In various forms cut by a curious hand,
Hang nimbly dancing in her hair, as spangles:
Or as the fresh red-yellow Apple dangles
(In Autumn) on the Tree, when to and fro
The Boughs are waved with the winds that blow.
Her pride. The upper garment of the stately Queen,
Is rich gold Tissue, on a ground of green;
Where th' art-full shuttle rarely did encheck
* Changeable. The * cangeant colour of a Mallard's neck:
'Tis figur'd o'r with sundry Flowrs and Fruits,
Birds, Beasts, & Insects, creeping Worms, & Neuts,
Of Gold-Smith's Work: a fringe of Gold about,
With Pearls and Rubies richly-rare set-out,
Borders her Robe: and every part descries
Cunning and Cost, contending for the prize.
Her neat, fit, Startups of green Velvet boe,
Flourisht with silver; and beneath the knee,
Moon-like, indented; butt'ned down the side
With *Orient* Pearls as big as Filberd's pride.
But, besides all her sumptuous equipage Her painting.
(Much fitter for her State then for her age)
Close in her Closet, with her best complexions,
Shee mends her Face's wrinkle-full defections:
Her cheek shee cherries, and her Eye shee cheers,
And fains her (fond) a Wench of fifteen yeers;
Whether she thought to snare the Duke's affection;
Or dazle, with her pompous Pride's reflection,
His daring eyes (as Fowlers with a Glasse,
Make mounting Larks com down to death apace):
Or, were it, that in death shee would be seen
(As 't were) interr'd in *Tyrian* Pomp, a Queen.
Chaste Ladie-Maids, here must I speak to you, A just Invective against those two (predominant) Court Qualities.
That with vile *Painting* spoyl your native hue
(Not to inflame yonglings, with wanton thirst,
But to keep fashion with these times accurst)
When one new ta'en in your seem-beautie's snare,
That day and night to *Hymen* makes his prayer,
At length espies (as who is it but spies?)
Your painted brests, your painted cheeks and eyes,
His Cake is dough; God dild you, hee will none;
Hee leaves his sute, and thus he saith anon:
What shall I doe with such a wanton Wife,
Which night and day would cruciate my life
With jealous pangs? sith every-way shee sets
Her borrow'd snares (not her own hairs) for Nets
To catch her Cuckoos; with loose, light Attires,
Opens the doore unto all lewd Desires:
And, with vile Drugs adultering her Face,
Closely allures th' Adulterer's imbrace.
But, judge the best: suppose (saith hee) I finde
My Lady chaste in body and in minde
(As sure I think): yet, will shee mee respect,
That dares disgrace th' eternall Architect?
That (in her pride) presumes his Work to tax
Of imperfection; to amend his tracts,
To help the Colours which his hand hath laid,
With her frail fingers with foul dirt beraid?
Shall I take her that will spend all I have,
And all her time, in pranking proudly-brave?
How did I dote! the Gold upon her head,
The Lillies of her brests, the Rosie-red
In either cheek, and all her other Riches,
Wherewith she bleareth sight, & sense bewitches,
Is none of hers: it is but borrow'd stuff,
Or stoln, or bought, plain Counterfeit in proof:
My glorious Idol I did so adore,
Is but a Visard, newly varnisht o'r
With spauling Rheums, hot Fumes, and Ceruses:
Fo, phy; such poysons one would loath to kisse:

I wed (at least, I ween to wed) a Lasse
Yong, fresh, and fair : but in a year (alas !)
Or two, at most ; my lovely lively Bride
Is turn'd a Hag, a Fury by my side ;
With hollow, yellow teeth (or none perhaps)
With stinking breath, swart cheeks, and hanging chaps ;
With wrinkled neck ; and stooping as she goes,
With driveling mouth, and with a sniveling nose.
The Queen thus pranked, proudly gets her up
(But sadly though) to her guilt Palace top ;
And, spying *Jehu*, from the window cride :
Art thou there *Zimri*, cursed Paricide ?
Fell master-killer, canst thou chuse but fear
For like offence, like punishment severe ?
Bitch, cryes the *Duke*, art thou there barking still ?
Thou Strumpet, Thou art Cause of all this Ill :
Thou brought'st *Samaria* to Thine Idol-Sin :
Painting and pois'ning first thou broughtest in
To Court and Country, with a thousand mo
Loose *Syrian* vices, which I shame to show.
Thou brought'st-in Wrong, with Rapine and Oppression,
By Perjury supplanting Men's possession
And life withall : yea, Thou hast been the Baen
Of Peers and Seers (at thy proud pleasure slain) :
Thou life of strife, thou Horse-leach sent from hell,
Thou Drouth, thou Dearth, thou Plague of *Israel*,
Now shalt thou dy : Grooms (is there none for me ?)
Quick, cast her down, down with her instantly.

The perfection of Court-ship.

O tickle Faith ! O fickle trust of Court !
These Palace-mice, this busie-idle sort
Of fawning Minions, full of sooths and smiles,
These Carpet-Knights had vow'd and sworn yerwhiles,
Promis'd, protested unto *Jezabel*,
Rav'd, brav'd and bann'd (like *Rodomont* in Hell)
That in her cause they every Man would dy,
And all the World, and Hell and Heav'n defie ;
Now, ycy Fear (shiv'ring in all their bones)
Makes them with Fortune turn their backs at once.
They take their Queen betwixt their traitrous hands,
And hurl her headlong, as the *Duke* commands ;
Whose courser, snorting, stamps in stately scorn
Upon the Corps that whilom Kings had born :
And, to fulfill from point to point the Word
Elijah spake (as Legat of the Lord)
The Dogs about doe greedy feed upon
The rich-perfumed, royall Carrion ;
And Folk by thousands issuing at the Gate,
To see the sight, cry thus (as glad thereat)
Ses, ses, here Dogs, here Bitches, doe not spare
This Bitch that gnaw'd her subjects' bones so bare ;
This cruell Cur, that made you oft becom
Saints' Torturers, and many a Prophet's Tomb ;
This Whore of *Ba'l*, tear her so small, that well
No man may say, Here lyeth *Jezabel*.
Jehu's drad Vengeance doth yet farther flow ;
Curst *Achab's* issue hee doth wholly mow :
Hee slayes (moreover) two and forty men
Of *Ahasiah's* hap-lesse bretheren :
Ba'l's Idol-Clergy hee doth bring to nought,
And his proud Temple turns into a Draught :
Good proofs of zeal. But yet a Diadem,
Desire of Reign, keeps from *Jerusalem*
His service due ; content (at home) by halves
To worship God under the form of Calves.
His Son and Nephews track too-neer his trace ;
And therefore *Shallum* doth unhorse his race :
The murd'rer *Shallum* (after one Month's Reign)
By *Manahem* as murd'rously is slain :
The traytor *Manahem's* wicked-walking Son
By trait'rous *Pekah* unto death is don :
And so on *Pekah*, for *Pekaiah's* death,
Hoshcah's treason, treason quittanceth ;
A proud, ingrate, perfidious, troublous King,
That to Confusion did *Samaria* bring.
Their Towns trans-villag'd, the *Ten Tribes*, transported
To a far Clime (whence never they reverted)
Sojourn in forreign soyl, where *Chobar's* streams
Serve them for *Jordan ; Basan*, *Chison* seems :
While *Assur's* scorn, and scum of *Euphrates*
Dance up and down th' *Isaacian* Palaces,
Drink their best *Nectars*, anchor in their Ports,
And lodge profanely in their strongest Forts.
But, changing air, these change not mind (in *Jury*).
For, though fieree Lions' homicidiall fury
Make them retire under th' Almightie's wing,
Their Country-gods with the true God they ming :
They mix his Service, plow with Asse and Oxe,
Disguise his Church in suits of Flax and Flocks,
Cast (in one wedge) Yron and Gold together :
Jew-Gentiles, both at once : but, both is neither.

Tale of the Bat.

There is a Tale, that once the Hoast of Birds,
And all the Legions of Grove-haunting Heards,
Before the Earth ambitiously did strive,
And counter-plead for the Prerogative :
Now, while the Judge was giving audience,
And either side in their seem-Rights' defence
Was hot and earnest at the noise-full Bar,
The neuter *Bat* stood fluttering still afar :
But shee no sooner hears the Sentence past
On the Beasts' side ; but, shuffling her in haste
Into their Troup, shee them accompanieth,
Shows her large forehead, her long ears, and teeth.
The Cause was (after) by Appeal remov'd
To *Nature's* Court ; who by her Doom approv'd
The others' Plea : then flies the shame-lesse *Bat*
Among the Birds, and with her Chit-chit-chat
Shee seems to sing : and, proud of wings, shee playes
With nimble turnes, & flies a thousand waies.
Hence, beak-less-Bird ; hence winged-Beast, they cride,
Hence, plume-less wings (thus, scorn her either side)
Hence, Harlot, hence ; this ever be thy Dole ;
Be still Day's Prisoner in thy shame-full hole :
May never Sun (vile Monster) shine on thee ;
But th' hate of all, for ever, mayst thou be.

Application.

Such is this People : for, in plenteous show'rs
When God his blessings upon *Isaak* pow'rs
Then are they *Isaak's* Sons ; but, if with thunder
Hee, wrath-full, tear the *Hebrew* Tree in sunder,
These Traytors rake the boughs, and take the fruit ;
And (*Pagans* then) the *Jews* they persecute.
And such are those, whose wily, waxen minde
Takes every Seal, and sails with every Winde ;
Not out of Conscience, but of Carnall Motion,
Of Fear, or Favour, Profit or Promotion :
Those that, to ease their Purse, or please their Prince,
Pern *their Profession, their Religion mince :*
Prince-Protestants, *Prince*-Catholiks ; Precise,
With Such *a Prince ; with other, otherwise :*
Yea, oldest Gangrens *of blinde-burning Zeal*
(*As the* King's Evill) *a new* KING *can heal.*
And those Scene-servers *that so loud have cride*
'Gainst Prelats *sweeping in their silken* Pride,
Their wilfull Dumbnesse, *forcing others dumb*
(*To* Sion's *grievous Losse, and gain of* Rome)
Their Courting, Sporting, *and* Non-residence,
Their Avarice, *their* Sloth *and* Negligence':
Till some fat Morsels in their mouths doe fall ;
And then, as choakt, *and sudden* chang'd *with-all,*
Themselves exceed in all of these, much more
Then the Right-Reverend *whom they taxt before.*
And those Chamæleons *that consort their* Crew ;
In Turky, *Turks : among the* Jews, *a Jew :*
In Spain, *as Spain : as* Luther, *on the* Rhine :
With Calvin *here : and there with* Bellarmine :
Loose, with the Lewd : *among the gracious, grave :*
With Saints, a Saint : and among Knaves, a Knave.
But all such Neuters, *neither hot nor cold,*
Such double Halters *between* GOD *and* GOLD,
Such Luke-warm *Lovers will the* Bride-groom *spue*
Out of his mouth : his mouth hath spoke it true.
O ISRAEL, I pity much thy case :
This Sea of Mischiefs, which in every place
So over-flowes thee, and so domineers ;
It drowns my soule in griefs, mine eyes in tears :
My heart 's through-thrilled with your miseries
Already past ; your Father's Tragedies.
But (O !) I dy ; when in the sacred stem
Of royall JUDA, in *Jerusalem*,
I see fell Discord, from her loathsom Cage,
To blow her poyson with ambitious rage ;
Sion to swim in bloud ; and *Achab's* Daughter
Make *David's* House the Shambles of her slaughter.

Athaliah.

Cursed *Athaliah* (shee was called so)
Knowing her Son, by *Nimshi's* Son, his foe
(For *Joram's* sake) to be dispatcht ; disloyall,
On th' holy Mount usurps the Scepter Royall ;
And, fearing lest the Princes of the Bloud
Would one-day rank her where of right she should,
Shee cuts their throats, hangs, drowns, destroyes them all,
Not sparing any, either great or small ;
No, not the infant in the Cradle lying
Help-lesse (alas !) and lamentably crying
(As if bewailing of his wrongs unknown) ;
No (O extreme !) shee spareth not her own.

Simile.

Like as a Lion, that hath tatter'd here
A goodly Heifer, there a lusty Steer,
There a strong Bull (too-weak for him by halfe)
There a fair Cow, and there a tender Calf ;
Strouts in his Rage, and wallows in his Prey,
And proudly doth his Victory survey ;
The grasse all goary, and the Heard-groom up
Shiv'ring for fear upon a-pine-Tree's top :
So swelleth shee, so growes her proud Despight ;
Nor Aw, nor Law, nor Faith shee reaks, nor Right.
Her Cities are so many Groves of Thieves ;
Her Court a Stew, where not a chaste-one lives ;
Her greatest Lords (giv'n all, to all excesse)
In stead of Prophets in their Palaces
Have Lectures read of Lust and Surfeting,
Of Murder, Magick, and Impoisoning.
While thus she builds her tott'ring Throne upon
Her children's bones, *Jehosheba* saves one,
One Royall Imp, yong *Ioash*, from the pile
(As when a Fire had fiercely rag'd awhile

Simile.

In some fair House, the avaricious Dame
Saves som choice Casquet from the furious flame)

Jehoiada preserveth *Joash.*

Hides him, provides him ; and, when as the Sun
Six times about his Larger Ring hath run,
Jehoiada, her husband, brings him forth
To the chief Captains and the Men of worth ;
Saying ; Behold, O Chiefs of *Juda*, see,
See here your Prince, great *David's* Progeny,
Your rightfull King : if mee you credit light,
Beleeve this Face, his Father's Picture right ;
Beleeve these Priests, which saw him from the first,
Brought to my house, there bred, and fed, and nurs't.
In so just Quarrell, holy Men-at-arms,
Imploy (I pray) your anger and your Arms?
Plant, in the Royall Plot, this Royall Bud ;
Venge *Obed's* bloud on strangers' guilty bloud :
Shake-off, with shouts, with fire & sword together,
This Woman's yoke, this Furie's bondage rather.

Joash.

Then shout the People with a common cry,
Long live King Joash ; *long, and happily :*
God save the King : God save the noble seed
Of our true King ; and ay may They succeed.
This news now bruited in the wanton Court,
Quickly the Queen coms in a braving sort
Towards the Troup ; and spying there anon
The sweet young *Prince* set on a royall Throne,
With Peers attending him on either hand,
And strongly guarded by a gallant Band ;
Ah ! Treason, Treason, then shee cryes aloud :
False *Joiada*, disloyall Priest, and proud,
Thou shalt abide it : O thou House profane !
I 'll lay thee levell with the ground again :
And thou, yong Princox, Puppet as thou art,
Shalt play no longer thy proud Kingling's Part
On such a Kixey stage ; but, quickly stript,
With wiery Rods thou shalt to death be whipt :

And so, goe see thy Brethren, which in Hell
Will welcom thee, that badst not them Farewell.
But suddenly the Guard layes hold on her,
And drags her forth, as 't were a furious Cur,
Out of the sacred Temple; and with scorn,
Her wretched corps is mangled, tugg'd and torn.
Th' High-Priest, inspired with a holy zeal,
In a new League authentikly doth seal
Th' obedient People to their bounteous Prince:
And both, to God; by joynt obedience.

Simile. Now, as a Bear-whelp, taken from the Dam,
Is in a while made gentle, meek and tame
By witty usage; but if once it hap
Hee get som Grove, or thorny Mountain's top,
Then playes hee *Rex:* tears, kils, and all consumes,
And soon again his savage kind assumes:
So *Joash*, while good *Joiada* survives,
For Piety with holy *David* strives;
But, hee once dead, walking his Father's wayes,
*Zacheriah. (Ingrately-false) his Tutor's * son hee slayes.
Him therefore shortly his own servants slay;
His Son, soon after, doth them like repay;
His people, him again: then *Amasiah*
Uzziah follows, *Joatham Uzziah*.

Simile. As one same ground indifferently doth breed
Both food-fit Wheat and dizzie Darnell seed;
*Artemisia. Baen-baening * Mug-wort, and cold Hemlock too;
The fragrant Rose, and the strong-senting Rue:
So, from the Noblest Houses oft there springs
Some monstrous Princes, and some vertuous Kings;
And all-fore-seeing God in the same Line
Doth oft the god-lesse with the godly twine,
The more to grace his Saints, and to disgrace
Tyrants the more, by their own proper Race.
Ahas, betwixt his Son and *Joathan*
(Hee bad, they good) seems a swart *Mauritan*
Betwixt two *Adons: Ezechiah*, plac't
Between his Father and his Son, is grac't
Ezechiah. (Hee good, they bad) 'twixt two Thorns a Rose;
Whereby his Vertue the more vertuous showes.
For, in this Prince, great DAVID, the divine,
Devout, just, valiant, seems again to shine.

Simile. And, as wee see from out the sev'rall Seat
Of th' ASIAN Princes, self-surnamed *Great*
(As the *great Cham*, *great Turk*, *great Russian*,
And if lesse *Great* more glorious *Persian*)
Araxis, *Chesel*, *Volga*, and many moe
Renowned Rivers, Brooks, and Flouds, doe flow,
Falling at once into the *Caspian* Lake
With all their streams his streams so proud to make:

The true pattern of an excellent Prince. So, all the Vertues of the most and best
Of Patriarchs, meet in this Prince's brest:
Pure in Religion, Wise in Counselling,
Stout in Exploiting, Just in Governing;
Un-puft in Sun-shine, un-appall'd in Storms
(Not, as not feeling, but not fearing Harms)
And therefore bravely hee repels the rage
Of proudest Tyrants (living in his Age)
And (ay un-daunted) in his God's behalf
Hazzards at once his Scepter and himself.
For, though (for Neighbours) round about him reigne
Idolaters (that would him gladly gain)
Though Godlings, here of wood, and there of stone,
A Brazen here and there a Golden one,
With Lamps and Tapers, even as bright as Day,
On every side would draw his mind astray:
Though *Assur's* Prince had with his Legions fell
Forrag'd *Samaria*, and in *Israel*
Quencht the small Faith that was; and utterly
Dragg'd the Ten Tribes into Captivity,
So far, that ev'n the tallest Cedar-Tree
In *Libanon* they never since could see:
Yet, EZECHIAH serves not Time; nor Fears
The Tyrant's fury: neither roars with Bears,
Nor howls with Wolves, nor ever turns away;
But, godly-wise, well-knowing that Delay
Gives leaves to Ill; and Danger still doth wait
On lingering, in Matters of such waight;
Hee first of all sets-up th' Almightie's Throne:
And under that, then, hee erects his own.
Th' establishing of God's pure *Law* again,
Is as the Preface of his happy Reigne.
The *Temple* purg'd, th' High-places down hee pashes,
Fels th' hallow'd groves, burns th' Idol-gods to ashes.
Which his own Father serv'd; and *Zeal*-full, brake
The *Brazen Serpent*, *Moses* yerst did make.
For, though it were a very Type of CHRIST,
Though first it were by th' *Holy-Ghost* devis'd,
And not by Man (whose bold blinde fancie's pride
Deforms God's Service, strayes on either side,
Flatters it self in his Inventions vain,
Presumes to school the *Sacred Spirit* again,
Controuls the Word, and (in a word) is hot
In his own fashion to serve God, or not)
Though the Prescript of *Ancient use* defend it,
Though *Multitude*, though *Miracles* commend it
(True Miracles, approved in conclusion,
Without all guile of Men's or Fiends' illusion)
The King yet spares not to destroy the same,
When to occasion of Offence it came;
But, for th' Abuse of a fond People's will,
Takes that away which was not selfly ill;
Much lesse permits hee (thorough all his Land)
One rag, one relique, or one sign to stand
Of *Idolism*, or idle Superstition
Blindly brought-in, without the *Word's Commission*.
This zealous Hate of all Abhomination,
This royall Work of thorough-*Reformation*,
This worthy Action wants not recompence:
God, who his grace by measure doth dispense,
Who honours them that truly honour him,
To EZECHIAH not so much doth seem
His sure Defence, as his Confederate:
His Quarrel 's His, Hee hates who him doe hate,
His fame Hee bears about (both far and nigh)
On the wide wings of Immortality:

His constancy in the service of God, and zealous reformation of all abuses in the same.

To *Gath* Hee guideth his victorious Troup,
Hee makes proud *Gaza* to his Standards stoup,
Strong *Ascalon* Hee razeth to the ground:
And punishing a People wholly drown'd
In Idolism, and all rebellious Sins,
Addes to his Land the Land of *Philistins*.
Yea, furthermore, 'tis Hee that him with-draws
From out the bloudy and ambitious paws
Of a fell Tyrant, whose proud bounds extend
Past bounds for breadth, and for their length past end;
Whose swarms of Arms, insulting every-where,
Made all to quake (ev'n at his name) for fear.
Already were the *Cælo-Syrian* Towr's
All sackt, and seized by th' *Assyrian* Powr's:
And, of all Cities where th' *Isaacians* reign'd,
Onely the great *Jerusalem* remain'd;

Railing *Rabsakeh* in the name of his Master *Zenacherib* braving and blaspheming against God and good king *Ezechiah*.

When *Rabsakeh*, with railing insolence,
Thus braves the *Hebrews* and upbraids their Prince
(Weening, them all with vaunt-full threats to snib)
Thus saith th' Almighty, great *Zenacherib*:
O *Salem's* Kingling, wherefore art thou shut
In these weak walls? is thine affiance put
In th' ayd of *Egypt*? O deceitfull prop!
O feeble stay! O hollow-grounded hope!
Egypt's a staffe of Reed; which, broken soon,
Runs through the hand of him that leans there-on.
Perhaps thou trustest in the Lord thy God:
What! whom so bold thou hast abus'd so broad,
Whom to his face thou daily hast defi'd,
Depriv'd of Altars, robb'd on every side
Of his High-places, hallow'd-Groves, and all
(Where yerst thy Fathers wont on him to call)
Whom (to conclude) thou hast exiled quite
From every place, and with profane despight
(As if condemned to perpetuall dark)
Keep'st him close-Prisoner in a certain Ark?
Will Hee (can Hee) take *Sion's* part and Thine;
And with his Foes will Hee unjustly joyn?
No (wretched) know, I have His Warrant too
(Expresse Commission) what I have to doe:
I am the Scourge of God: 'tis vain to stand
Against the pow'r of my victorious hand:
I execute the counsails of the Lord:
I prosecute his vengeance on th' abhorr'd
Profaners of his Temples: and if Hee
Have any Pow'r, 'tis all conferr'd to mee.
Yeeld therefore, *Ezechia*, yeeld; and waigh
Who I am; who thou art: and by delay
Blow not the Fire which shall consume the[e] quite,
And utterly confound the *Israelite*.
Alas! poor People, I lament your hap:
This lewd Impostor doth but puff you up
With addle hope, and idle confidence
(In a delusion) of your God's Defence.
Which of the Gods, against my pow'r could stand,
Or save their cities from my mightier hand?
Where's *Hamath's* God? where's *Arpad's* God becom?
Where *Sephervaim's* God? and where (in summ)
Where are the Gods of *Heva*, and *Iva* too?
Have I not conquer'd all? So will I doe
You and your God; and I will lead you all
Into *Assyria*, in perpetuall Thrall:
I 'll have your *Manna*, and your *Aron's Rod*,
I 'll have the *Ark* of your Almighty God,
All richly furnisht, and new furbisht o'r,
To hang among a hundred Tropheis more:
And your great God shall in the Roule be read
Among the Gods that I have Conquered;
I 'll have it so, it must, it shall be thus,
And worse then so, except you yeeld to us.
Scarce had hee done, when *Ezechias*, gor'd
With blasphemies so spewd against the Lord,
Hies to the Temple, tears his purple weed,
And fals to Prayer, as sure hold at need.

Prayer, the Refuge of the godly.

O King of All, but Ours, especially;
Ah! sleep'st thou Lord? What boots it, that thine ey
Pierceth to Hell, and even from Heav'n beholds
The dumbest Thoughts in our hearts' in-most folds,
If thou perceiv'st not this proud Chalenger,
Nor hear'st the barking of this foul-mouth'd Cur?
Not against us so much his threats are meant,
As against Thee: his Blasphemies are bent
Against Thy Greatnesse; whom hee (proudly-rude)
Yokes with the Godlings which hee hath subdu'd.
'Tis true indeed hee is a mighty Prince,
Whose numbrous Arms, with furious insolence,
Have over-born as many as with-stood,
Made many a Province even to swim in bloud,
Burnt many a Temple; and (insatiate still)
Of neighbour Gods have wholly had their will.
But, O! What Gods are those? Gods void of Beeing
(Save, by their hands that serve them) Gods un-seeing,
New, up-start Gods, of yester-dayes device;
To Men indebted, for their Deities:
Gods made with hands, gods without life, or breath;
Gods, which the Rust, Fire, Hammer conquereth.
But, thou art Lord, th' invincible alone,
Th' All-seeing GOD, the Everlasting ONE:
And, whoso dares him 'gainst thy Pow'r oppose,
Seems as a Puff which roaring *Boreas* blows,
Weening to tear the *Alps* off at the Foot,
Or Clowds-prop *Athos* from his massie Root:
Who but mis-speaks of thee, hee spets at Heav'n,
And his owne spettle in his face is driven.
Lord, shew thee such: take on thee the Defence
Of thine owne glory, and our innocence:
Cleer thine own name of blame: let him not thus
Triumph of Thee, in triumphing of us:
But, let there (Lord) unto thy Church appear
Just Cause of Joy, and to thy Foes of fear.

Miraculous slaughter of the Assyrians.

God hears his Cry, and (from th' Emperial Round)
Hee wrathfull sends a winged Champion down;
Who, richly arm'd in more then humane Arms,
Mowes in one night of Heathen men at Arms,
Thrice-three-score thousand, & five thousand more
Feld round about; beside, behinde, before.

Simile. Here, his two eyes, which Sun-like brightly turn,
Two armed Squadrons in a moment burn:
Not much unlike unto a fire in stubble,
Which, sodain spreading, stil the flame doth double,
And with quick succour of some Southern blasts
Crick-crackling quickly all the Country wastes.
Here the stiff storm, that from his mouth he blows
Thousands of Souldiers each on other throwes;
Simile. Even as a Winde, a Rock, a sodain Floud
Bears down the Trees in a side-hanging Wood;
Th' Yew over-turns the Pine, the Pine the Elm,
The Elm the Oak, th' Oak doth the Ash o'er-whelm;
And from the top, down to the vale below,
The Mount 's dis-mantled and even shamed, so.
Here, with a Sword (such as that sacred blade
For the Bright Guard of *Eden's* entry made)
Hee hacks, he heaws; and sometimes with one blow
A Regiment hee all at once doth mow:
Simile. And, as a Cannon's thundry roaring Ball,
Batt'ring one Turret shakes the next withall,
And oft in Armies (as by proof they finde)
Kils oldest Souldiers with his very winde:
The whiffing flashes of this Sword so quick,
Strikes dead a many, which it did not strike.
Here, with his hands hee strangles all at-once
Legions of Foes. O Arm that Kings dis-thrones:
O Army-shaving Sword! Rock-razing Hands!
World-tossing Tempest! All-consuming Brands!
O, let some other (with more sacred fire,
Then I, inflam'd) into my Muse inspire
The wondrous manner of this Overthrow,
The which (alas!) God knowes, I little know:
I but admire it in confused sort;
Conceive I cannot; and, much lesse report.
Come-on, *Zenacherib:* where 's now thine Hoast?
Where are thy Champions? Thou didst lately boast,
Th' hadst in thy Camp as many Souldiers,
As Sea hath Fishes, or the Heav'ns have Stars:
Now, th' art alone: and yet, not all alone:
Fear and Despair, and Fury wait upon
Thy shame-full Flight: but, bloudy Butcher, stay:
Stay, noysom Plague, fly not so fast away,
Fear not Heav'n's Fauchin: that foul brest of thine
Shall not be honor'd with such wounds divine:
Nor shalt thou yet in timely bed decease;
No: Tyrants use not to Depart in Peace:
As bloud they thirsted, they are drown'd in bloud;
Their cruell Life a cruell Death makes good.
Senacherib slain by his own Sons. For (O just Judgement!) lo, thy Sons (yer-long)
At *Nisroch's* Shrine revenge the *Hebrews'* wrong:
Yea, thine owne Sons (foul eggs of fouler Bird)
Kill their own Father, sheath their either sword
In thine owne throat; and, heirs of all thy vices,
Mix thine own bloud among thy Sacrifices.
Ezechiah's sickneese. This Miracle is shortly seconded
By one as famous, and as strange, indeed.
It pleas'd the Lord with heavie hand to smite
King *Ezechiah;* who, in dolefull plight,
Upon his bed lies vexed grievously,
Sick of an Ulcer past all remedy.
Art fails the Leach, and issue faileth Art,
Each of the Courtiers sadly wails a-part
His losse and Lord: Death, in a mourn-full sort,
Through every Chamber daunteth all the Court;
And, in the City, seems in every Hall
T' have light a Taper for his Funerall.
Then *Amos'* * Son, his bed approaching, pours
From plentious lips these sweet & golden show'rs;
But that I know, you know the Lawes Divine,
But that your Faith so every-where doth shine,
But that your Courage so confirm'd I see;
I should, my Liege, I should not speake so free;
I would not tell you, that incontinent
You must prepare to make your Testament:
That your Disease shall have the upper hand:
And Death already at your Door doth stand.
What? fears my Lord? Know you not here beneath
Wee alwayes sail towards the Port of Death;
Where, who first anch'reth, first is glorified?
That 't is decreed, confirm'd, and ratified,
That (of necessity) the fatall Cup,
Once, all of us must (in our turn) drink up?
That Death 's no pain, but of all pains the end,
The Gate of Heav'n, and Ladder to ascend?
That Death 's the death of all our storms and strife,
And sweet beginning of immortall Life?
For, by one death a thousand deaths wee slay:
There-by, we rise from body-Toomb of Clay,
There-by, our Soules feast with celestiall food,
There-by, we come to th' Heav'nly Brother-hood,
There-by, w' are chang'd to Angels of the Light,
And, face to face, behold God's beauties bright.
The Prophet ceast: and soon th' *Isaacian* Prince,
Deep apprehending Death's drad form and sense,
Unto the Wall-ward turns his weeping eyes:
And, sorrow-torn, thus (to himselfe) he cries:
Lord, I appeal, Lord (as thine humble childe)
From thy just *Justice* to thy *Mercy* milde:
Why will thy strength destroy a silly-one,
Weakned and wasted even to skin and bone;
One that adores thee with sincere affection,
The wrack of Idols, and the Saint's protection:
O! shall the good thy servant had begun
For *Sion*, rest now by his death undon?
O! shall a Pagan After-king restore
The Groves and Idols I have raz'd before?
Shall I dye Childeless? shall thine Heritage
In vain expect that glorious golden Age
Under thy CHRIST? O! mercy, mercy, Lord:
O Father milde, to thy dear Childe accord
Some space of life: O! let not, Lord, the voice
Of Infidels at my poor death rejoyce.
Then said the Seer; Bee of good cheer, my Liege:
Thy sighes and tears and prayers so besiege
The throne of pitty, that, as pierc't with-all,
Thy smiling Health God yeeldeth to re-call,

* The prophet *Isaiah.*

A comfortable Visitation of the sick.

A prayer for a sick Person, *mutatis mutandis.*

The King's Praier heard and his life prolonged 15. years.

Wils, to his Temple (three daies hence) thou mount,
Retracts his Sentence, and corrects his count,
Makes Death go back, for fifteen yeers: as lo,
This *Dial's* shadow shall here back-ward go.
The Sun goes back.
His Word's confirm'd with wonderfull effect:
For, lo, the *Dial*, which doth houres direct
(Life's-guider, Day's-divider, Sun's-consorter,
Shadow's dull shifter, and Time's dumb reporter)
Puts-up-again his passed hours (perforce)
And back-ward goes against his wonted course.
'Tis Noon at Mid-night; and a triple morn
Seems that long day to brandish and adorn:
Sol goes, and coms; and, yer that in the Deep
Of *Atlas'* shade hee lay him down to sleep,
His bright, light-winged, gold-shod wheels do cut
Three times together in the self-same rut.
Lord! what are we? or, what is our deserving!
That, to confirm our Faith (so prone to swerving)
Thou daign'st to shake heav'n's solid Orbs so bright;
Th' Order of Nature to dis-order quite?
To make the Sun's Teem with a swift slow pase,
Back, back to trot; and not their wonted Race?
That, to dispell the Night so blindely-black,
Which siels our souls, thou mak'st the shade go back
On *Ahaz Dial*? And, as self-un-stable,
Seem'st to revoke thine *Acts* irrevocable,
Raze thine own Dooms (tost in unsteddy storm)
And, to reform us, thine own speech reform;
To give thy Self the Lie: and (in a word)
As Self-blam'd, softly to put-up thy Sword?
Thrice glorious God! thrice great! thrice gracious
Here-in (O Lord) thou seem'st to deal with us,
Simile.
As a wise Father, who with tender hand
Severely shaking the correcting Wand,
With voyce and gesture seems his Son to threat:
Whom yet indeed hee doth not mean to beat;
But, by his curb of fained Rigour, aims
To awe his Son: and so him oft reclaims.
This Prince no sooner home to Heav'n retturns,
But *Israel* back to his vomit turns;
Him re-bemires: and, like a head-strong Colt,
Runs headlong down into a strange Revolt.
And, though *Josias*, Heav'n-dear Prince (who young
Coms wisely-old, to live the older long)
Had re-advanc't the sacred Lawes divine,
Propt *Sion's* Wall (all ready to decline)
With his own back; and, in his happy Reign,
The Truth re-flowr'n, as in her Prime again:
Simile.
Yet *Jacob's* Heirs strive to resemble still
A stiff-throw'n Bowl, which running down a Hill,
Meets in the way some stub, for rub, that stops
The speed a space; but instantly it hops,
It over-jumps; and stayes not, though it stumble,
Till to the botom up-side-down it tumble.
Nebuchadnezzar besiegeth Jerusalem.
With puissant Hoast proud *Nebuchadnezzar*
Now threatned *Juda* with the worst of War:
His Camp comes marching to *Jerusalem*,
And her old Wals in a new Wall doth hem.

The busie-Builders of this newer Fold,
In one hand, Swords, in th' other, Trowels hold:
Nor selder strikes with blades then hammers there;
With firmer foot the Sieged's shock to bear,
Who seem a swarm of Hornets buzzing out
Among their Foes, and humming round about,
To spet their spight against their Enemies,
With poysonie Darts, in noses, brows, and eyes.
Cold *Capricorn* hath pav'd all *Juda* twice
With brittle plates of crystall-crusted Ice,
Twice glased *Jordan*; and the Sappy-bloud
Of Trees hath twice re-perriwig'd the Wood,
Since the first siege: What? said the younger sort,
Shall wee grow old, about a feeble Fort?
Shall wee (not Martial, but more Mason-skild)
Shall wee not batter Towrs, but rather build?
And while the *Hebrew* in his sumptuous Chamber
Disports himselfe, perfum'd with Nard and Amber,
Shall wee, swelting for Heat, shiv'ring for Cold,
Here, far from home, lie in a stinking Hold?
Shall time destroy us? shall our proper sloath
Annoy us more then th' *Hebrew's* valour doth?
No, no, my Lord: let not our Fervour fault,
Through length of Siege; but let us to th' Assault.
Let 's win 't and wear it: tut (Sir) nothing is
Impossible to *Chaldean* courages.
Contented, said the King: brave Blouds away,
Go seek Renown, 'mid wounds and death, to-day.
Now, in their brests, brave *Honor's* Thirst began:
Mee thinks, I see stout *Nabuzaradan* *Nabuzaradan.*
Already trouping the most resolute
Of every Band, this plot to prosecute.
Each hath his Ladder; and, the Town to take,
Bears to the Wall his Way upon his back:
But, the brave Prince cleaves quicker then the rest
His slender Firr-poles, as more prow's-full prest.
Alike they mount, affronting Death together;
But, not alike in face, nor fortune neither:
This Ladder, slippery plac't, doth slide from under: A Scalado.
That, over-sloap, snaps in the midst asunder;
And souldiers, falling, one another kill
(As with his weight, a hollow Rocky-Hill, Simile.
Torn with some Torrent, or Tempestuous windes,
Shivers it selfe on stones it under-grindes):
Some, rashly climb'd (not wont to climb so high)
With giddy brains swim headlong down the Sky:
Some over-whelm'd under a Mil-stone-storm,
Lose, with their life, their living bodie's form.
Yet mounts the Captain, and his spacious Targe
Bears off a Mountain and a Forrest large
Of Stones and Darts, that flie about his ears;
His teeth do gnash, he threats, he sweats, & swears:
As steady there, as on the ground hee goes;
And there, though weary, hee affronts his Foes,
Alone; and halfly-hanging in the ayr,
Against whole Squadrons standing firmly fair:
Upright he rears him, and his Helmet brave
(Where, not a Plume, but a huge Tree doth wave)

Reflecting bright, above the Paripet,
Affrights th' whole Citie with the shade of it.
Then, as halfe Victor, and about to venter
Over the Wall, and ready even to enter;
With his bright Gantlet's scaly fingers bent
Grasping the coping of the battlement,
His hold doth fail, the stones un-fastned, fall
Down in the Ditch, and (headlong) hee with-all:
Yet, hee escapes, and gets again to shoar;
Thanks to his strength: but, to his courage more.

Nergal. Now here (mee thinks) I hear proud *Nergal* rave:
In War (quoth hee) Master or Match to have,
By *Mars* I scorn; yea, *Mars* himselfe in Arms;
And all the Gods with all their braving storms.
O wrathfull Heav'ns, roar, lighten, thunder threat;
Gods, do your worst; with all your batt'ries beat:
If I begin, in spight of all your powrs
I 'll scale your Wals, I 'll take your Crystall Towrs.
Thus spewd the Curre; and (as hee spake) withall
Climbs up the steepest of a dreadfull Wall,
With his bare-feet on roughest places sprawling,
With hook-crookt hãds upon the smoothest crawling.

Simile. As a fell Serpent, which som Shepheard-lad
On a steep Rock encounters gladly-sad,
Turning and winding nimbly to and fro,
With wriggling pase doth still approach his Foe,
And with a Hiss, a frisk, and flashing eye,
Makes suddenly his faint Assailer flie:
Even so the Duke, with his fierce countenance,
His thundring-voice, his Helm's bright radiance,
Drives *Pashur* from the Wals and *Jucal* too
(A jolly Prater, but a Jade to doe;
Braver in Counsail then in Combat, far)
With *Sephatiah*, tinder of this War;
And *Malchy*, hee that doth in Prison keep
Under the ground (a hundred cubits deep)
Good *Jeremy*, an instrument, alone
Inspir'd with breath of th' ever-living ONE.
Let 's fly, cryes *Pashur:* fly this Infidell,
Rather this Fiend, the which no weight can fell.
What force can front, or who encounter can
An armed Faulcon, or a flying Man?
While *Nergal* speeds his Victory too-fast,
His hooks dis-pointed, disappoint his haste;
Prevent him, not of praise, but of the Prize
Which (out of doubt) hee did his own surmize.
Hee swears & tears: (what should? what could hee more?)
He cannot up, nor will he down, therefore.
Unfortunate! and vainly-valiant!

Simile. Hee 's fain to stand like the *Funambulant*
Who seems to tread the air, and fall hee must,
Save his Self's weight him counter-poyseth just;
And save the Lead, that in each hand hee bears,
Doth make him light: the gaping Vulgar fears,
Amaz'd to see him; weening nothing stranger
Then Art to master Nature, lucre danger.
At last, though loath (full of despight and rage)
Hee slideth down into a horrid hedge,
Cursing and banning all the Gods; more mad
For the disgrace, then for the hurt hee had.
Els-where the while (as imitating right
The Kinde-blinde Beast, in russet Velvet dight)
Covertly marching in the Dark by day,
Samgarnebo seeks under ground his way.
But *Ebedmelech*, warn'd of his Designes,
With-in the Town against him counter-mines
Courageously, and still proceedeth on,
Till (resolute) hee bring both Works to one;
Till one strict Berrie, till one winding Cave
Become the Fight-Field of two Armies brave.

Mines and Counter-mines.

Simile. As the selfe-swelling Badgerd, at the bay
With boldest Hounds (inured to that Fray)
First at the entry of his Burrow fights,
Then in his Earth; and either other bites:
The eager Dogs are cheer'd with claps and cryes:
The Angry Beast to his best chamber flies,
And (angled there) sits grimly inter-gerning;
And all the Earth rings with the Terryes yearning:
So fare these Miners; whom I pittie must,
That their bright valour should so darkly joust.
Whil hotly thus they skirmish in the vault,
Quick *Ebedmelech* closely hither brought
A Dry-fat, sheath'd in latton plates with-out,
With-in with feathers fill'd, and round about
Bor'd full of holes (with hollow pipes of brass)
Save at one end, where nothing out should pass;
Which (having first his *Jewish* Troups retir'd;
Just in the mouth of th' enter-Mine hee fir'd:
The smoak whereof with odious stink doth make
The *Pagans* soon their hollow Fort forsake:
As from the Berries in the Winter's night
The Keeper draws his Ferret (flesht to bite).

Simile.

Now *Rabshakeh* (as busie) other-where
A rowling Tower against the Town doth rear,
And on the top (or highest stage) of it
A flying Bridge to reach the Courtin fit,
With Pullies, poles; and planked Battlements
On every story, for his Men's defence.
On th' other side, the Towns-men are not slow
With counter-plots to counter-push their Foe:
Now, at the wooden side, then at the front,
Then at the Engins of the *Persian* Mount,
With Brakes and Slings, and * *Phalariks* they play,
To fire their Fortresse, and their Men to slay:
But yet, a Cord-Mat (stifly stretcht about)
Defends the Towr, and keeps their Tempests out.

*Instruments of Wars wherin wilde-fire is put.

While thus they deale; *Sephtiah*, desperate,
Him secretly out of the City gat,
And with a Pole of rozen-weeping Fir,
So furiously hee doth himselfe bestir,
That with the same the walking Fort hee fires:
The cruell flame so to the top aspires,
That (maugre bloud, shed from above in slaughter,
And, from below, continuall spouting Water)
It parts the fray: stage after stage it catches,
And th' half-broild Souldiers headlong down it fetches.

The King (still constant against all extremes)
To press them neerer yet, with mighty beams
Rears a new Plat-form, neerer to the Wall,
And covers it, with three-fold shelter all;
The Timber (first) with Mud, the Mud with Hides,
The Hides with Wool-sacks (wch all Shot derides).
Simile. As th' Aire exhaled by the fiery breath
Of th' Heav'nly Lion, on an open Heath,
Or on the tresses of a tufted Plain,
Pours-down at-once both Fire, and Hail, and Rain:
So all at once the *Isaacian* Souldiers threw
Flouds, Flames and Mountains on these Engins new:
But th' hungry Flames the Muddy-damp repels;
The Mounts, the Wooll; the drowning Flouds, the Fels.
There-under (safe) the Ram with yron horn,
The brazen-headed clov'n-foot Capricorn,
The boistrous Trepane, and steel Pick-ax play
Their parts apace, not idle night nor day.
Here, thorough-riv'n from top to toe, the Wall
On reeling props hangs ready ev'n to fall:
There a vast-Engine thundreth upside-down
The feeble Courtin of the sacred Town.
Simile. If you have bin, where, you have seen somwhiles,
How with the Ram they drive-in mighty Piles
In *Dover* Peer, to bridle with a Bay
The Sand-cast Current of the raging Sea;
Swift-ebbing streams bear to the Sea the sound,
Eccho assisteth, and with shrill rebound
Fils all the Town, and (as at Heav'nly Thunder)
The Coast about trembles for fear and wonder;
Then have you heard and seen the Engins beating
On Sion's Wals, and her foundations threatning.
In fine, the *Chaldees* take *Jerusalem*,
And reave for ever *Jurie's* Diadem.
The smoaky burning of her Turrets steep
Seems ev'n to make the Sun's bright eye to weep:
And wretched *Salem*, buri'd (as it were)
Under a heap of her own Children dear,
For lack of friends to keep her Obsequies,
Constraineth sighs (even) from her Enemies:
Her massie Ruines, and her Cinders show
Her Wealth and Greatnesse yer her over-throw.
A sudden horror seizeth every eye
That views the same: and every Passer-by
(Yea, were hee *Gete*, or *Turk*, or *Troglodite*)
Must needs, for pitty of so sad a Sight,
Bestow some tears, some swelling sighs, or groanes
Upon these batter'd sculs, these scatter'd stones.
In Palaces, where lately (gilded rich)
Sweet Lutes were heard, now luck-lesse Owles doe screech:
The sacred TEMPLE, held (of late) alone
Wonder of wonders, now a heap of stone:
The House of God (*the holi'st-holy-Place*)
Is now the house of Vermin vile and base:
The Vessels, destin'd unto sacred use,
Are now profan'd in Riot and Abuse:
None scapeth wounds, if any scape with life:
The Father 's reft of Son, the Man of Wife:

Jacob 's exil'd: *Juda 's* no more in *Jury*,
But (wretched) sighs under the *Chaldean* fury.
Their King in chains, wth shame & sorrow thrill'd, *Hoshea.*
Before his face sees all the fairest pill'd;
Yea, his own Daughters, and his Wives (alas!)
(Rich Vines and Olives of his lawfull Race)
Whose love and beautie did his age delight,
Shar'd to the Souldiers, ravisht in his sight.
O Father, Father, thus the Danghters cry
(About his neck still hanging tenderly)
Whither (alas!) O, whither hale they us?
O, must wee serve their base and beastly Lusts?
Shall they dissolve our Virgin-zones? Shall they
(Ignoble Grooms) gather our *Maiden-May*,
Our spot-lesse Flowr, so carefully preserv'd
For som great Prince, that mought have us deserv'd?
O Hony-dropping Hils wee yerst frequented,
O Milk-full Vales, with hundred Brooks indented,
Delicious Gardens of dear *Israel;*
Hils, Gardens, Vales, wee bid you all fare-well:
Wee (will-wee-nill-wee) hurried hence, as slaves,
Must now, for *Cedron*, sip of *Tygris'* waves;
And (weaned from our native Earth and Air)
For Hackney-Jades be sold in every Fayr;
And (O heart's horror!) see the shame-lesse Foe
Forcing our Honours, triumph in our woe.
All-sundring Sword! and (O!) all-cindring Fire!
Which (mercy-less) do SION'S Wrack conspire,
Why spare you us, more cruell (cry'd the Wives)
In leaving ours, then reaving others' lives?
Your pity 's pity-lesse, your Pardon Torture:
For, quick dispatch had made our sorrows shorter;
But your seem-Favour, that prolongs our breaths,
Makes us, alive, to dye a thousand deaths.
For, O dear Husband, dearest Lord, can wee,
Can wee survive, absented quite from Thee,
And slaves to those whose talk is nothing else
But thy Disgrace, thy Gyves, and *Israel's?*
Can wee (alas!) exchange thy Royall bed
(With cunning-cost rare-richly furnished)
For th' ugly Cabbin and the lousie Couch
Of some base Ruffon, or some beastly Slouch?
Can wee, alas! can wretched wee (I say)
Wee whose commands whole kingdoms did obay,
Wee at whose beck even Princes' knees did bend,
Wee on whose Train there dayly did attend
Hundreds of Eunuchs, and of *Maids* of *Honour*
(Kneeling about us in the humblest manner)
To dresse us neat, and duly every Morn
In silk and gold our Bodies to adorn;
Dresse others now? work, on disgrace-full frame
(Weeping the while) our SION'S wofull flame?
Dragging like Moyls? drudge in their Mils? & hold
Brooms in our hands, for Scepter-Rods of gold?
Come, Parrats come, y' have prated now enough
(The Pagans' cry in their insulting ruff)
On *Chaldé* shoars you shall goe sigh your fill,
You must with us to *Babel:* there at will

You may bewail: there, this shall be your plight,
Our Maids by day, our Bed-fellows by night.
And as they spake, the shame-less lust-full crew
With furious force the tender Ladies drew
Even from between th' arms of the wofull King,
Them haling rough, and rudely hurrying;
And little lackt the act of most despight,
Even in their Father's and their Husband's sight,
Who, his hard Fortune doth in vain accuse:
In vain hee raves, in vain hee roars and rews:
Even as a Lion pris'ned in his grate,
Whose ready dinner is bereft of late,
Roars hideously; but his fell furie-storm
May well breed horror, but it brings no harm.
The proud fell *Pagans* do yet farther pass:
They kill, they tear, before the Father's face
(The more to gore: what Marble but would bleed?)
They massacre his miserable seed.
O! said the Prince, can you lesse piteous be
To these Self-yeelders (prostrate at your knee)
Than sternly-valiant to the stubborn-stout
That 'gainst your rage courageously stood-out?
Alas! what have they done? what could they doe
To urge revenge and kindle wrath in you?
Poore silly Babes, under the Nurse's wing,
Have they conspir'd against the *Chaldean* King?
Have they sweet Infants, that yet cannot speake,
Broke faith with you? Have these so yoûg & weak,
Yet in their Cradle in their Clouts, bewayling
Their woes to-com (to all Man-kinde, unfailing)
Dis-ray'd your Ranks? Have these that yet do craul
Upon all foure, and cannot stand, at all,
With-stood your Fury, and repulst your Powrs,
Frust'red your Rams, fired your flying Towrs?
And, bravely sallying in your face (almost)
Hew'n-out their passage thorough all your Hoast?
O! no *Chaldeans*, onely I did all:
I did complot the King of *Babel's* fall:
I foyld your Troups: I fill'd your sacred Flood
With *Chaldean* bodies, dy'd it with your bloud.
Turn therefore, turn your bloudy Blades on-me;
O! let these harm-less Little-ones go free;
And stain not with the bloud of Innocents
Th' immortall *Tropheis* of your high Attents.
So, ever may the *Riphean* Mountains quake
Under your feet: so ever may you make
South, East, and West your own: on every Coast
So, ay victorious march your glorious Hoast:
So, to your Wives be you thrice welcom home,
And so God bless your lawfull-loved womb
With Self-like Babes, your substance with increase,
Your selves (at home) with hoary haires in Peace.

Simile. But as a Rock, 'gainst w^ch^ the Heav'ns do thûder,
Th' Aire roars about, the Ocean rageth under,
Yeelds not a jot: no more this savage Crew;
But rather, muse to finde-out Tortures new.
Here, in (his sight) these cruell *Lestrigons*
Between them take the eldest of his Sons,
W^th^ keenest swords his trembling flesh they heaw,
One gobbet here, another there they streaw.
And from the veins of dead-live limbs (alas!)
The spirit-full bloud spins in his Father's face.
There, by the heels his second Son they take,
And dash his head against a Chimney's back;
The scull is dasht in pieces, like a Crock,
Or earthen Stean, against a stony Rock:
The scatter'd batter'd brains about besmeard,
Some hang (O horror!) in the Father's beard.
Last, on himselfe their savage furie flies,
And with sharp bodkins bore they out his eyes:
The Sun he loses, and an end-less night
Be-clouds for ever his twin-balled sight:
Hee sees no more, but feels the woes hee bears;
And now for crystall, weeps hee crimsin tears,
For, so God would (and justly too, no doubt)
That hee which had in *Juda* clean put-out
Th' immortall Lamp of all religious light,
Should have his eyes put-out, should lose his sight;
And that his body should be outward blinde,
As inwardly (in holy things) his minde.
O Butchers (said hee) satiate your Thirst,
Swill, swill your fill of bloud, untill you burst:
O! broach mee not with Bodkin but with Knife;
O! reave mee not my bodie's light, but life:
Give mee the sight not of the Earth, but Skies:
Pull-out my heart: O! poach not out mine eyes.
Why did you not this barb'rous deed dispatch,
Yer I had seen me an unsceptred Wretch,
My Cities sackt, my wealthy subjects pill'd,
My Daughters ravisht, and my Sons all kill'd?
Or else, why stayd you not till I had seen
Your (beast-like) Master grazing on the Green:
The *Medes* conspiring to supplant your Throne:
And *Babel's* glory utter overthrowne?
Then had my soule with Fellow-Fals been eas'd:
And then your pain, my pain had part appeas'd.
O ragefull Tyrants! moody Monsters, see,
See here my Case; and see your selves in mee.
Beware contempt: tempt not the Heav'nly Powrs,
Who thunder-down the high-aspiring Towrs
(But mildely pardon, and permit secure
Poor Cottages that lye below obscure)
Who Pride abhor; who lifts us up so high,
To let us fall with greater infamie.
Th' Almighty sports him with our Crowns and us;
Our glory stands so fickle-founded thus
On slippery wheels, already rowling down:
He gives us not, but onely shews the Crown:
Our Wealth, our Pleasure, and our Honour too
(Whereat the Vulgar make so much adoe)
Our Pomp, our State, our All that can be spoken,
Seems as a glasse bright-shining, but soon broken.
Thrice-happy Hee, whom with his sacred arm,
Th' Eternall props against all Haps of Harm;
Who hangs upon his providence alone,
And more prefers GOD's Kingdome then his own.

So happy be great BRITAINE Kings (I pray)
Our Soveraigne JAMES, *and all his Seed for ay:*
Our hope-full HENRY, *and a hundred mo*
Good, faithfull STUARTS (*in successive row*)
Religious, righteous, learned, valiant, wise,
Sincere to Vertue, *and severe to* Vice;
That not alone These Dayes *of Ours may shine*
In Zeal-*full* Knowledge *of the* TRUTH divine,
And Wee (*illightned with her sacred rayes*)
May walk directly in the Saving wayes
Of faith-full Service to the ONE *true Deitie,*
And mutuall Practise of all Christian Pietie;
But, that our Nephews, and their Nephews (*till*
Time be no more) *may be* conducted *still*
By the same Cloud *by day, and* Fire *by night*
(*Through this vast* Desart *of the World's despight*)
Towards their Home *the heav'nly* CANAAN,
Prepared *for us yer the World began:*
That they with us, and wee (complete) *with them*
May meet triumphant *in* JERUSALEM;
With-in whose Pearly Gates and Jasper Wals
(*Where th'* Holy LAMB *keeps his high* Nuptials,
Where needs no shining of the Sun or Moon;
For, God's own face makes there perpetuall Noon:
Where shall no more be Waylings, Woes, nor Cryes;
For God shall wipe all tears from weeping eyes)

Shall enter nothing filthy or unclean,
No Hog, no Dog, no Sodomite obscene,
No Witch, no Wanton, no Idolater,
No Thief, no Drunkard, no Adulterer,
No wicked-liver, neither wilfull Lyer:
These are without, *in* Tophet's *end-lesse Fire.*
Yet such as these (*or some of these, at least*)
Wee all have been: in som-what all have mist
(*And, had wee broken but* one Precept *sole,*
The Law *reputes us guilty of the whole*):
But, wee are washed, *in the* Sacred-Floud;
But, wee are purged, *with the* Sprinkled-Bloud;
But, by the Spirit, *wee now are* sanctifi'd;
And, through the Faith *in* JESUS, justifi'd.
Therefore no more let us our selves defile,
No more returne unto our vomit vile,
No more profane us with Concupiscence,
Nor spot the garment of our Innocence:
But, constant in our Hope, *fervent in* Love
(*As even al-ready* conversant Above)
Proceed wee cheerly in our Pilgrimage
Towards our happy promis'd Heritage,
Towards That City *of heart-bound-lesse* Blisse
Which CHRIST *hath purchast with his bloud, for his:*
To whom, with FATHER, *and the* SPIRIT, *therefore*
Be Glory, Praise, and Thanks, for evermore.

Amen Amen
Amen.

FINIS.

PIBRAC. *Quad.* 5.

Say not, My hand This Work to END hath brought:
Nor, This my Vertue hath attained to:
Say rather thus; This GOD by mee hath wrought:
GOD's Author of the little Good I doe.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Line 6, '*a-row*' = in a row, or hereditarily.
,, 7, '*Batts*'—see ll. 258-281.
,, 80, '*nocks*' = fits to the 'notch' and string.
,, 97, '*Cockles*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 109, '*Neuts*' = newts.
,, 114, '*Startups*' = gaiters.
,, 138, '*dild*' = protect.
,, 177, '*guilt*' = gilt, gilded.
,, 201, '*Rodomont in Hell*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 322, '*through-thrilled*' = through-pierced.
,, 342, '*tatter'd*' = stirred up or started.
,, 351, '*reaks*' = reckons.
,, 360, '*Imp*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for a full note.
,, 394, '*Princox*' = pert, forward youth.
,, 396, '*Kixey*' =uncertain, insecure—but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*

Line 410, '*witty*' = wise.
,, 423, '*dizzie*' = dizzying, intoxicating.
,, 434, '*Adons*' = Adonis, as before.
,, 566, '*addle*' = addled.
,, 597, '*Godlings*' = idols, small gods.
,, 599, '*numbrous*' = numerous.
,, 672, '*Fauchin*' = falchion.
,, 839, '*prow's-full*' = prowess-full.
,, 930, '*Berrie*' = burrow : cf. l. 952.
,, 932, '*Badgerd*' = badger.
,, 938, '*inter-gerning*' = intergirning or grinning.
,, 939, '*Terryes*' = terriers.
,, 944, '*Dry-fat*'=vat : *ib.* '*latton*'=brass—but see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, from Nares, etc.
,, 594, '*Trepane*,' *ibid.*
,, 999, '*Courtin*' = curtain.
,, 1150, '*Lestrigons*'—see Glossarial Index, *s.v.*
,, 1159, '*steau*' = stone. G.

END OF VOL. I.

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